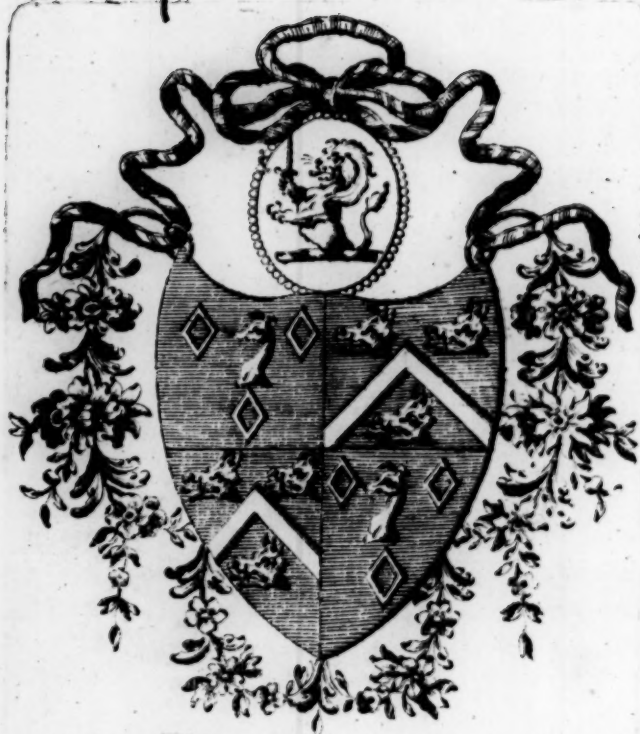


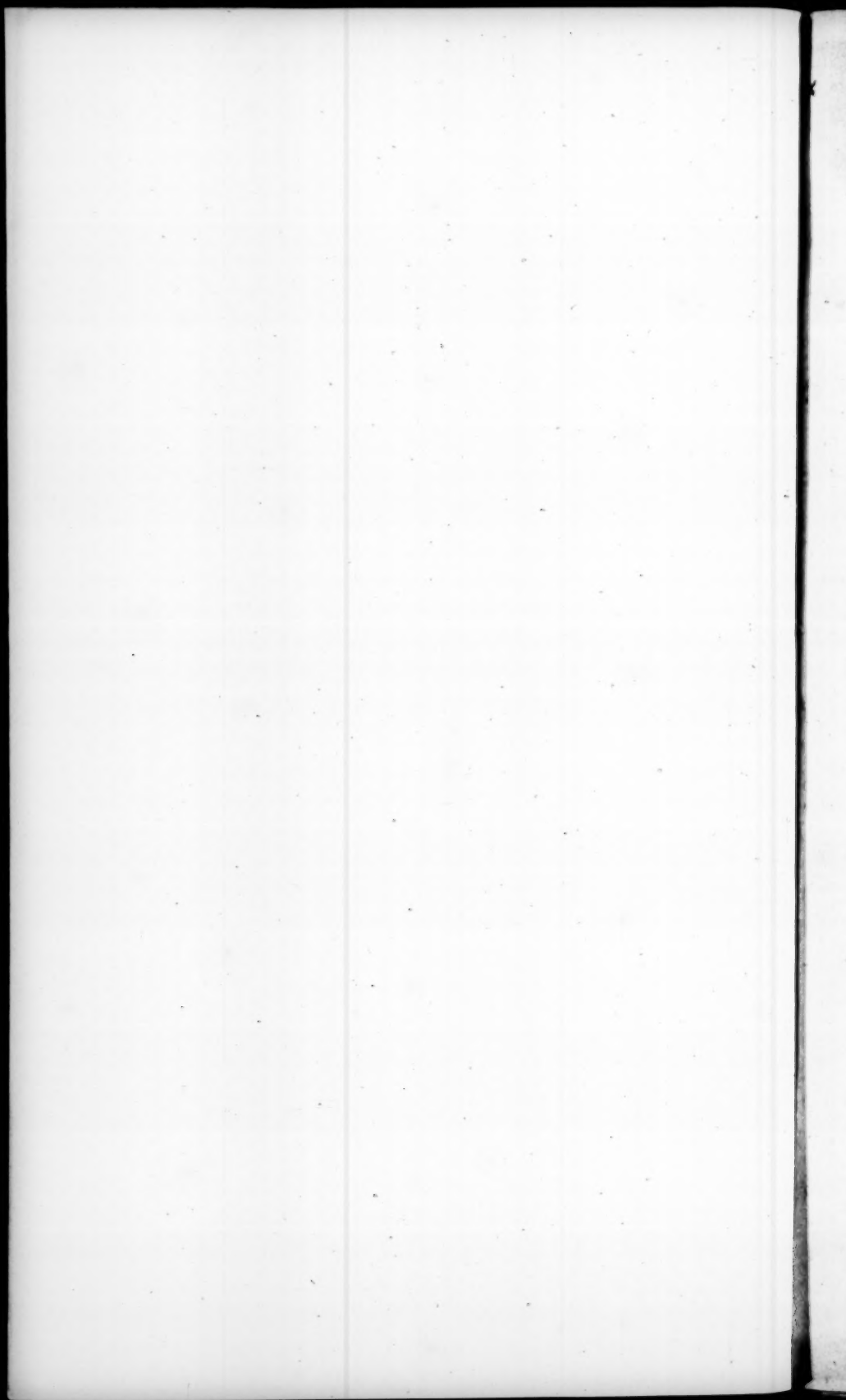
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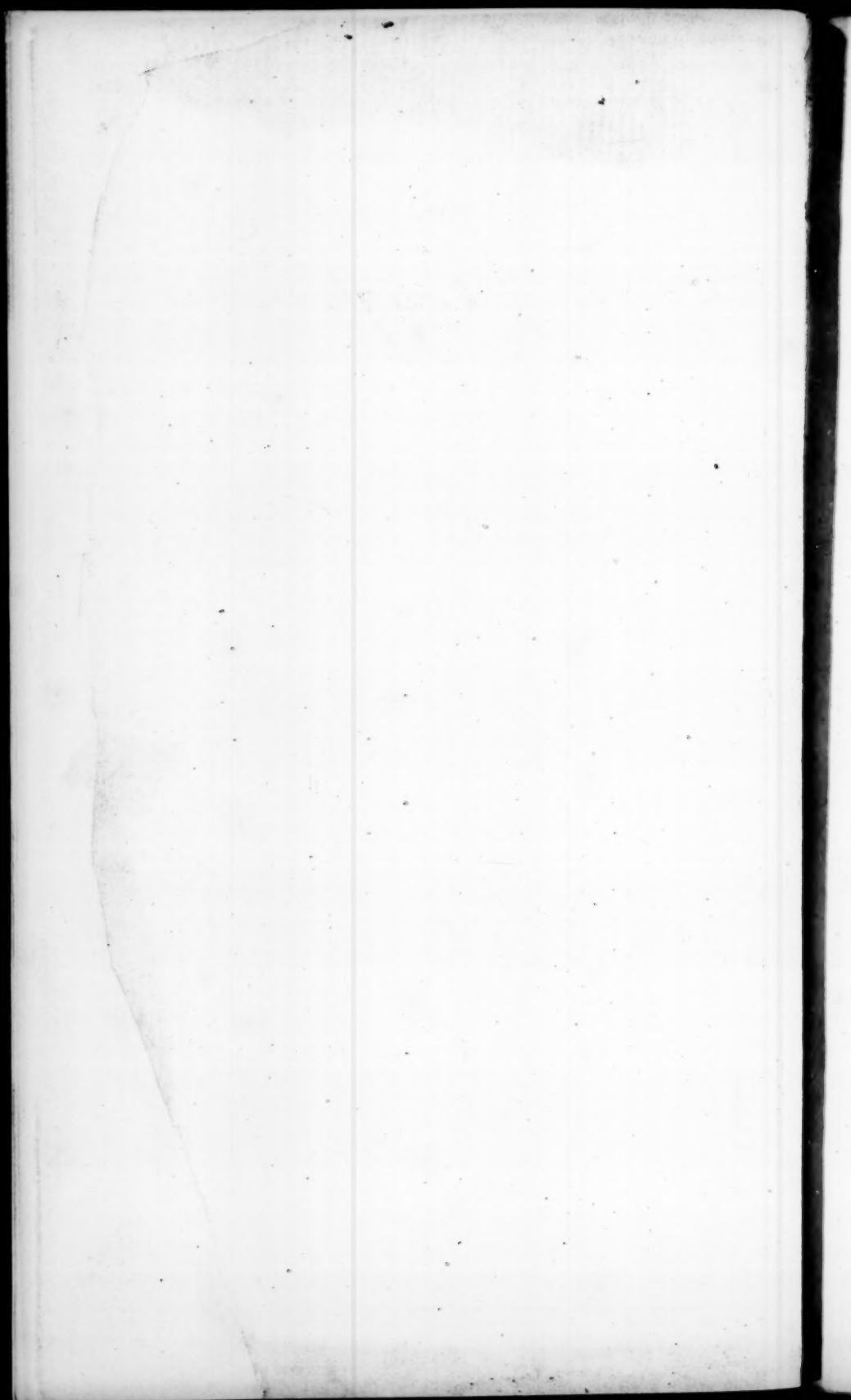


*Richard Clough  
of Cylarwyn, Esq.*





M<sup>rs</sup> Lough.



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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
TOM JONES,  
A  
FOUNDLING.

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VOL. II.

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By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

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—*Mores hominum multorum vidit*—

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THE

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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## BOOK VI.

*Containing about three Weeks.*

## CHAP. I.

*Of Love.*

**I**N our last Book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the Passion of Love; and, in our succeeding Book, shall be forced to handle this Subject still more largely. It may not, therefore, in this Place, be improper to apply ourselves to the Examination of that modern Doctrine, by which certain Philosophers, among many other wonderful Discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such Passion in the human Breast.

Whether these Philosophers be the same with that surprising Sect, who are honourably men-

tioned by the late Dr. *Swift*; as having, by the mere Force of Genius alone, without the least Assistance of any Kind of Learning, or even Reading, discovered that profound and invaluable Secret, That there was no God: or whether they are not rather the same with those who, some Years since, very much alarmed the World, by shewing that there were no such things as Virtue or Goodness really existing in Human Nature, and who deduced our best Actions from Pride, I will not here presume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to suspect, that all these several Finders of Truth are the very identical Men, who are by others called the *Finders of Gold*. The Method used in both these Searches after Truth and after Gold, being indeed one and the same; *viz.* the searching, rummaging, and examining into a nasty Place; indeed, in the former Instances, into the nastiest of all Places, A BAD MIND.

But though, in this Particular, and perhaps in their Success, the Truth-finder, and the Gold-finder, may very properly be compared together; yet in Modesty, surely, there can be no Comparison between the two; for who ever heard of a Gold-finder that had the Impudence or Folly to assert, from the ill Success of his Search, that there was no such thing as Gold in the World? Whereas the Truth-finder, having raked out that *fakes* his own Mind, and being there capable of tracing no Ray of Divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically concludes, that no such things exist in the whole Creation.

To avoid, however, all Contention, if possible, with these Philosophers, if they will be called  
so;

so; and to shew our own Disposition to accommodate Matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some Concessions, which may possibly put an End to the Dispute.

First, we will grant that many Minds, and perhaps those of the Philosophers, are entirely free from the least Traces of such a Passion.

Secondly, That what is commonly called Love, namely, the Desire of satisfying a voracious Appetite with a certain Quantity of delicate white human Flesh, is by no means that Passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly Hunger; and as no Glutton is ashamed to apply the Word Love to his Appetite, and to say he LOVES such and such Dishes; so may the Lover of this Kind, with equal Propriety say, he HUNGERS after such and such Women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a most acceptable Concession, that this Love for which I am an Advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate Manner, doth nevertheless seek its own Satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our Appetites.

And, Lastly, That this Love when it operates towards one of a different Sex, is very apt, towards its complete Gratification, to call in the Aid of that Hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its Delights to a Degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other Emotions, than what have proceeded from Appetite alone.

In return to all these Concessions, I desire of the Philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human Breasts, a kind and benevolent Disposition, which is gratified by

contributing to the Happiness of others. That in this Gratification alone, as in Friendship, in parental and filial Affection, and indeed in general Philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite Delight. That if we will not call such Disposition Love, we have no Name for it. That though the Pleasures arising from such pure Love may be heightened and sweetened by the Assistance of amorous Desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the Intervention of the latter. Lastly, That Esteem and Gratitude are the proper Motives to Love, as Youth and Beauty are to Desire; and therefore though such Desire may naturally cease, when Age or Sickness overtake its Object, yet these can have no Effect on Love, nor ever shake or remove from a good Mind, that Sensation or Passion which hath Gratitude and Esteem for its Basis.

To deny the Existence of a Passion of which we often see manifest Instances, seems to be very strange and absurd; and can indeed proceed only from that Self-Admonition which we have mentioned above: But how unfair is this? Doth the Man who recognizes in his own Heart no Traces of Avarice or Ambition, conclude therefore that there are no such Passions in Human Nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same Rule in judging of the Good, as well as the Evil of others? Or why, in any Case, will we, as *Shakespeare* phrases it, 'put the World in our own Person?'

Predominant Vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one Instance of that Adulation which we bestow on our own Minds, and this almost universally. For there is scarce  
any



any Man, how much soever he may despise the Character of a Flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest Manner to flatter himself.

To those, therefore, I apply for the Truth of the above Observations, whose own Minds can bear Testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your Heart, my good Reader, and resolve whether you do believe these Matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their Exemplification in the following Pages; if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood; and it would be wiser to pursue your Business, or your Pleasures (such as they are) than to throw away any more of your Time in reading what you can neither taste nor comprehend. To treat of the Effects of Love to you, must be as absurd as to discourse on Colours to a Man born blind; since possibly your Idea of Love may be as absurd as that which we are told such blind Man once entertained of the Colour Red: that Colour seemed to him to be very much like the Sound of a Trumpet; and Love probably may, in your Opinion, very greatly resemble a Dish of Soup, or a Sir-loin of Roast-beef.

## CH A P. II.

*The Character of Mrs. Western. Her great Learning and Knowledge of the World, and an Instance of the deep Penetration which she derived from those Advantages.*

THE Reader hath seen Mr. *Western*, his Sister and Daughter, with young *Jones*, and the Parson, going together to Mr. *Western's* House,

House, where the greater Part of the Company spent the Evening with much Joy and Festivity. *Sophia* was indeed the only grave Person: For as to *Jones*, though Love had now gotten entire Possession of his Heart, yet the pleasing Reflection on Mr. *Allworthy's* Recovery, and the Presence of his Mistress, joined to some tender Looks which she now and then could not refrain from giving him, so elevated our Heroe, that he joined the Mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured People as any in the World.

*Sophia* retained the same Gravity of Countenance the next Morning at Breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her Father and Aunt together. The Squire took no Notice of this Change in his Daughter's Disposition. To say the Truth, though he was somewhat of a Politician, and had been twice a Candidate in the Country Interest at an Election, he was a Man of no great Observation. His Sister was a Lady of a different Turn. She had lived about the Court, and had seen the World. Hence she had acquired all that Knowledge which the said World usually communicates; and was a perfect Mistress of Manners, Customs, Ceremonies, and Fashions; nor did her Erudition stop here. She had considerably improved her Mind by Study; she had not only read all the modern Plays, Operas, Oratorios, Poems and Romances; in all which she was a Critic; but had gone thro' *Rapin's* History of *England*, *Eachard's* *Roman History*, and many *French Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire*; to these she had added most of the political Pamphlets and Journals, published within the last twenty Years.

From



From which she had attained a very competent Skill in Politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the Affairs of *Europe*. She was moreover excellently well skilled in the Doctrine of Amour, and knew better than any Body who and who were together: A Knowledge which she the more easily attained, as her Pursuit of it was never diverted by any Affairs of her own; for either she had no Inclinations, or they had never been solicited; which last is indeed very probable: For her masculine Person, which was near six Foot high, added to her Manner and Learning, possibly prevented the other Sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her Petticoats, in the Light of a Woman. However, as she had considered the Matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the Arts which fine Ladies use when they desire to give Encouragement, or to conceal Liking, with all the long Appendage of Smiles, Ogles, Glances, &c. as they are at present practised in the Beau-monde. To sum the whole, no Species of Disguise or Affectation had escaped her Notice; but as to the plain simple Workings of honest Nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful Sagacity, Mrs. *Western* had now, as she thought, made a Discovery of something in the Mind of *Sophia*. The first Hint of this she took from the Behaviour of the young Lady in the Field of Battle; and the Suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some Observations which she had made that Evening, and the next Morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a Mistake, she carried the Secret a

whole Fortnight in her Bosom, giving only some oblique Hints, by Simperings, Winks, Nods, and now and then dropping an obscure Word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed *Sophia*, but did not at all affect her Brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the Truth of her Observation, she took an Opportunity, one Morning, when she was alone with her Brother, to interrupt one of his Whistles in the following Manner.

‘ Pray, Brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my Niece lately?’  
 ‘ No, not I,’ answered *Western*; ‘ Is any thing the Matter with the Girl?’ ‘ I think there is,’ replies she, ‘ and something of much Consequence too.’ ‘ Why she doth not complain of any Thing,’ cries *Western*, ‘ and she hath had the Small Pox.’ ‘ Brother,’ returned she, ‘ Girls are liable to other Distempers besides the Small Pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.’ Here *Western* interrupted her with much Earnestness, and begged her, if any thing ailed his Daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, ‘ she knew he loved her more than his own Soul, and that he would send to the World’s End for the best Physician to her.’ ‘ Nay, nay,’ answered she, smiling, ‘ the Distemper is not so terrible; but I believe, Brother, you are convinced I know the World, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my Life, if my Niece be not most desperately in Love.’ ‘ How! in Love,’ cries *Western*, in a Passion, ‘ in Love without acquainting me! I’ll disinheret her, I’ll turn her out of Doors, stark naked, without a Farthing. Is all my Kindness vor’ur, and vondness o’ur come

‘ come to this, to fall in Love without asking  
‘ me Leave!’ ‘ But you will not,’ answered  
Mrs. *Western*, ‘ turn this Daughter, whom  
‘ you love better than your own Soul, out of  
‘ Doors, before you know whether you shall ap-  
‘ prove her Choice. Suppose she should have  
‘ fixed on the very Person whom you yourself  
‘ would wish, I hope you would not be angry  
‘ then.’ ‘ No, no,’ cries *Western*, ‘ that would  
‘ make a Difference. If she marries the Man I  
‘ would ha’ her, she may love whom she pleases,  
‘ I shan’t trouble my Head about that.’ ‘ That  
‘ is spoken,’ answered the Sister, ‘ like a sensible  
‘ Man, but I believe the very Person she hath  
‘ chosen, would be the very Person you would  
‘ chuse for her. I will disclaim all Knowledge  
‘ of the World if it is not so; and I believe,  
‘ Brother, you will allow I have some.’ ‘ Why  
‘ lookee, Sister,’ said *Western*, ‘ I do believe you  
‘ have as much as any Woman; and to be sure  
‘ those are Women’s Matters. You know I  
‘ don’t love to hear you talk about Politics, they  
‘ belong to us, and Petticoats should not med-  
‘ dle: But come, Who is the Man?’ ‘ Marry!  
‘ said she, ‘ you may find him out yourself, if  
‘ you please. You who are so great a Politician  
‘ can be at no great Loss. The Judgment which  
‘ can penetrate into the Cabinets of Princes, and  
‘ discover the secret Springs which move the  
‘ great State Wheels in all the political Machines  
‘ of *Europe*, must surely, with very little Diffi-  
‘ culty find out what passes in the rude unin-  
‘ formed Mind of a Girl.’ ‘ Sister,’ cries the  
Squire, ‘ I have often warned you not to talk the  
‘ Court Gibberish to me. I tell you, I don’t  
‘ understand the Lingo; but I can read a Jour-  
‘ nal,

'nal, or the *London Evening-Post*. Perhaps indeed, there may be now and tan a Verse which I can't make much of, because half the Letters are left out; yet I know very well what is meant by that, and that our Affairs don't go so well as they should do, because of Bribery and Corruption.' 'I pity your Country Ignorance from my Heart,' cries the Lady, 'Do you?' answered *Western*, 'and I pity your Town Learning; I had rather be any Thing than a Courtier, and a Presbyterian, and a *Hanoverian* too, as some People, I believe, are.' 'If you mean me,' answered she, 'you know I am a Woman, Brother; and it signifies nothing what I am. Besides -----' 'I do know you are a Woman,' cries the Squire, 'and its well for thee, that at one; if hadst been a Man, I promise thee I had lent thee a *Flick* long ago.' 'Ay there,' said she, 'in that *Flick* lies all your fancied Superiority. Your Bodies, and not your Brains, are stronger than ours. Believe me, it is well for you that you are able to beat us, or such is the Superiority of our Understanding, we should make all of you what the brave, and wise, and witty, and polite are already,---our Slaves.' 'I am glad I know your Mind,' answered the Squire, 'but we'll talk more of this Matter another Time. At present, do tell me what Man it is you mean about my Daughter.' 'Hold a Moment,' said she, 'while I digest that sovereign Contempt I have for your Sex; or else I ought to be too angry with you. There -----I have made a Shift to gulp it down. And now, good politic Sir, what think you of Mr. *Bliss*? Did she not faint away on seeing him lie breathless on the Ground? Did she not,

‘ after he was recovered, turn pale again the  
‘ Moment we came up to that Part of the Field  
‘ where he stood? And pray what else should be  
‘ the Occasion of all her Melancholy that Night  
‘ at Supper, the next Morning, and indeed ever  
‘ since?’ ‘Fore *George!*’ cries the Squire, ‘now  
‘ you mind me on’t, I remember it all. It is  
‘ certainly so, and I am glad on’t, with all my  
‘ Heart. I knew *Sophy* was a good Girl, and  
‘ would not fall in Love to make me angry. I  
‘ was never more rejoiced in my Life: For no-  
‘ thing can lie so handy together as our two  
‘ Estates. I had this Matter in my Head some  
‘ Time ago; for certainly the two Estates are in  
‘ a Manner joined together in Matrimony al-  
‘ ready, and it would be a thousand Pities to  
‘ part them. It is true indeed, there be larger  
‘ Estates in the Kingdom, but not in this Coun-  
‘ ty, and I had rather bate something, than  
‘ marry my Daughter among Strangers and Fo-  
‘ reigners. Besides most o’ zuch great Estates be  
‘ in the Hands of Lords, and I heate the very  
‘ Name of *themmun*. Well but, Sister, what  
‘ would you advise me to do: For I tell you  
‘ Women know these Matters better than we do?’  
‘ O, your humble Servant, Sir,’ answered the  
Lady, ‘we are obliged to you for allowing us a  
‘ Capacity in any Thing. Since you are pleased  
‘ then, most politic Sir, to ask my Advice, I  
‘ think you may propose the Match to *Allworthy*  
‘ yourself. There is no Indecorum in the Pro-  
‘ posal’s coming from the Parent of either Side.  
‘ King *Alcinous*, in Mr. *Pope*’s *Odyssy*, offers  
‘ his Daughter to *Ulysses*. I need not caution so  
‘ politic a Person not to say that your Daughter is  
‘ in Love; that would indeed be against all  
‘ Rules.’



‘ Rules.’ ‘ Well,’ said the Squire, ‘ I will propose it; but I shall certainly lend un a *Flick*, if he should refuse me.’ ‘ Fear not,’ cries Mrs. *Western*, ‘ the Match is too advantageous to be refused.’ ‘ I don’t know that,’ answered the Squire, ‘ *Allworthy* is a queer B—ch, and Money hath no Effect o’un.’ ‘ Brother,’ said the Lady, ‘ your Politics astonish me. Are you really to be imposed on by Professions? Do you think Mr. *Allworthy* hath more Contempt for Money than other Men, because he professes more? Such Credulity would better become one of us weak Women, than that wise Sex which Heaven hath formed for Politicians. Indeed, Brother, you would make a fine Plenipo to negotiate with the *French*. They would soon persuade you, that they take Towns out of mere defensive Principles.’ ‘ Sister,’ answered the Squire, with much Scorn, let your Friends at Court answer for the Towns taken; as you are a Woman, I shall lay no Blame upon you: For I suppose they are wiser than to trust Women with Secrets.’ He accompanied this with so sarcastical a Laugh, that Mrs. *Western* could bear no longer. She had been all this Time fretted in a tender Part (for she was indeed very deeply skilled in these Matters, and very violent in them) and therefore burst forth in a Rage, declared her Brother to be both a Clown and a Blockhead, and that she would stay no longer in his House.

The Squire, tho’ perhaps he had never read *Machiavel*, was, however, in many Points, a perfect Politician. He strongly held all those wise Tenets, which are so well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic School of *Exchange-Alley*.

*Alley.* He knew the just Value and only Use of Money, *viz.* to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact Value of Reversions, Expectations, &c. and had often considered the Amount of his Sister's Fortune, and the Chance which he or his Posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling Resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried Matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult Task, as the Lady had great Affection for her Brother; and still greater for her Niece; and tho' too susceptible of an Affront offered to her Skill in Politics, on which she much valued herself, was a Woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet Disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent Hands on the Horses, for whose Escape from the Stable no Place but the Window was left open; he next applied himself to his Sister, softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by Assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the Eloquence of *Sophia* to his Assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning Address, had the Advantage of being heard with great Favour and Partiality by her Aunt.

The Result of the whole was a kind Smile from Mrs. *Western*, who said, ' Brother, you  
' are absolutely a perfect *Croat*; but as those  
' have their Use in the Army of the Empress  
' Queen, so you likewise have some good in  
' you. I will therefore once more sign a Treaty  
' of Peace with you, and see that you do not in-  
' fringe it on your Side; at least, as you are so  
' excellent a Politician, I may expect you will  
I ' keep



‘ keep your Leagues, like the *French*, till your  
 ‘ Interest calls upon you to break them.’

### C H A P. III.

*Containing two Defiances to the Critics.*

THE Squire having settled Matters with his Sister, as we have seen in the last Chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the Proposal to *Allworthy*, that Mrs. *Western* had the utmost Difficulty to prevent him from visiting that Gentleman in his Sickness, for this Purpose.

Mr. *Allworthy* had been engaged to dine with Mr. *Western* at the Time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no sooner discharged out of the Custody of Physic, but he thought (as was usual with him on all Occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his Engagement.

In the Interval between the Time of the Dialogue in the last Chapter, and this Day of public Entertainment, *Sophia* had, from certain obscure Hints thrown out by her Aunt, collected some Apprehension that the sagacious Lady suspected her Passion for *Jones*. She now resolved to take this Opportunity of wiping out all such Suspicion, and for that Purpose to put an entire Constraint on her Behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy Heart with the utmost Sprightliness in her Countenance, and the highest Gayety in her Manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole Discourse to Mr. *Blifil*, and took not the least Notice of poor *Jones* the whole Day.

The Squire was so delighted with this Conduct of his Daughter, that he scarce eat any  
 Dinner,

Dinner, and spent almost his whole Time in watching Opportunities of conveying Signs of his Approbation by Winks and Nods to his Sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her Brother.

In short, *Sophia* so greatly overacted her Part, that her Aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some Affectation in her Niece; but as she was herself a Woman of great Art, so she soon attributed this to extreme Art in *Sophia*. She remembered the many Hints she had given her Niece concerning her being in Love, and imagined the young Lady had taken this Way to rally her out of her Opinion, by an overacted Civility; a Notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive Gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this Conjecture would have been better founded, had *Sophia* lived ten Years in the Air of *Grosvenor-square*, where young Ladies do learn a wonderful Knack of rallying and playing with that Passion, which is a mighty serious Thing in Woods and Groves a hundred Miles distant from *London*.

To say the Truth, in discovering the Deceit of others, it matters much that our own Art be wound up, if I may use the Expression, in the same Key with theirs: For very artful Men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or in other Words, greater Knaves than they really are. As this Observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short Story. Three Countrymen were pursuing a *Wiltshire* Thief through *Brentford*. The simplest of them seeing the *Wiltshire House* written under a Sign, advised his Companions to enter it, for there most probably

bably they would find their Countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this Simplicity; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, 'Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own Countrymen.' They accordingly went in and searched the House, and by that Means missed overtaking the Thief, who was, at that Time, but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The Reader will pardon a Digression in which so invaluable a Secret is communicated, since every Gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the Play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a Reason why the wiser Man, as is often seen, is the Bubble of the weaker, and why many simple and innocent Characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented; but what is most material, this will account for the Deceit which *Sophia* put on her politic Aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the Company retired into the Garden, Mr. *Western*, who was thoroughly convinced of the Certainty of what his Sister had told him, took Mr. *Allworthy* aside, and very bluntly proposed a Match between *Sophia* and young Mr. *Bliffl*.

Mr. *Allworthy* was not one of those Men, whose Hearts flutter at any unexpected and sudden Tidings of worldly Profit. His Mind was, indeed, tempered with that Philosophy which becomes a Man and a Christian. He affected no absolute Superiority to all Pleasure and Pain, to all Joy and Grief; but was not at the same time to be discomposed and ruffled by every accidental Blast;

Blast ; by every Smile or Frown of Fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. *Western's* Proposal without any visible Emotion, or without any Alteration of Countenance. He said, the Alliance was such as he sincerely wished ; then launched forth into a very just Encomium on the young Lady's Merit ; acknowledged the Offer to be advantageous in Point of Fortune ; and after thanking Mr. *Western* for the good Opinion he had profess'd of his Nephew, concluded, that if the young People liked each other, he should be very desirous to complete the Affair.

*Western* was a little disappointed at Mr. *Allworthy's* Answer ; which was not so warm as he expected. He treated the Doubt whether the young People might like one another with great Contempt ; saying, ' That Parents were the best Judges of proper Matches for their Children ; that, for his Part, he should insist on the most resigned Obedience from his Daughter ; and if any young Fellow could refuse such a Bedfellow, he was his humble Servant, and hoped there was no Harm done.'

*Allworthy* endeavoured to soften this Resentment by many Elogiums on *Sophia* ; declaring, he had no doubt but that Mr. *Bliffl* would very gladly receive the Offer ; but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other Answer from the Squire but—' I say no more—I humbly hope there's no Harm done—that's all.' Which Words he repeated at least, a hundred Times before they parted.

*Allworthy* was too well acquainted with his Neighbour to be offended at this Behaviour ; and tho' he was so averse to the Rigour which some Parents exercise on their Children in the Article  
of

of Marriage, that he had resolved never to force his Nephew's Inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleased with the Prospect of this Union: For the whole Country resounded the Praises of *Sophia*, and he had himself greatly admired the uncommon Endowments of both her Mind and Person. To which, I believe we may add, the Consideration of her vast Fortune, which, tho' he was too sober to be intoxicated with, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in Defiance of all the barking Critics in the World, I must and will introduce a Digression concerning true Wisdom, of which Mr. *Allworthy* was in Reality as great a Pattern as he was of Goodness.

True Wisdom then, notwithstanding all which Mr. *Hogarth's* poor Poet may have writ against Riches, and in Spite of all which any rich, well-fed Divine may have preached against Pleasure, consists not in the Contempt of either of these. A Man may have as much Wisdom in the Possession of an affluent Fortune, as any Beggar in the Streets; or may enjoy a handsome Wife or a hearty Friend, and still remain as wise as any four Popish Recluse, who buries all his social Faculties, and starves his Belly while he well lashes his Back.

To say Truth, the wisest Man is the likeliest to possess all worldly Blessings in an eminent Degree: For as that Moderation which Wisdom prescribes is the surest Way to useful Wealth; so can it alone qualify us to taste many Pleasures. The wise Man gratifies every Appetite and every Passion, while the Fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.



It may be objected, That very wise Men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, Not in that Instance. It may likewise be said, That the wisest Men have been, in their Youth, immoderately fond of Pleasure. I answer, They were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose Lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her School, teaches us only to extend a simple Maxim universally known and followed even in the lowest Life, a little farther than that Life carries it. And this is not to buy at too dear a Price.

Now, whoever takes this Maxim abroad with him into the grand Market of the World, and constantly applies it to Honours, to Riches, to Pleasures, and to every other Commodity which that Market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise Man; and must be so acknowledged in the worldly Sense of the Word: For he makes the best of Bargains, since in Reality he purchases every Thing at the Price only of a little Trouble, and carries home all the good Things I have mentioned, while he keeps his Health, his Innocence, and his Reputation, the common Prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this Moderation, likewise, he learns two other Lessons, which complete his Character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best Bargain, nor dejected when the Market is empty, or when its Commodities are too dear for his Purchase.

But I must remember on what Subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the Patience  
of

of a good-natured Critic. Here therefore I put an End to the Chapter.

## C H A P. IV.

*Containing sundry curious Matters.*

AS soon as Mr. *Allworthy* returned home, he took Mr. *Blifil* apart, and after some Preface, communicated to him the Proposal which had been made by Mr. *Western*, and, at the same Time, informed him how agreeable this Match would be to himself.

The Charms of *Sophia* had not made the least Impression on *Blifil*; not that his Heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of Beauty, or had any Aversion to Women; but his Appetites were, by Nature, so moderate, that he was easily able, by Philosophy or by Study, or by some other Method, to subdue them; and as to that Passion which we have treated of in the first Chapter of this Book, he had not the least Tincture of it in his whole Composition.

But tho' he was so entirely free from that mixed Passion, of which we there treated, and of which the Virtues and Beauty of *Sophia* formed so notable an Object; yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other Passions, that promised themselves very full Gratification in the young Lady's Fortune. Such were Avarice and Ambition, which divided the Dominion of his Mind between them. He had more than once considered the Possession of this Fortune as a very desirable Thing, and had entertained some distant Views concerning it: But his own Youth and that of the young Lady, and indeed principally a  
Re-



Reflection that Mr. *Western* might marry again, and have more Children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a Pursuit.

This last and most material Objection was now in great Measure removed, as the Proposal came from Mr. *Western* himself. *Blifil*, therefore, after a very short Hesitation, answered Mr. *Allworthy*, that Matrimony was a Subject on which he had not yet thought: But that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly Care, that he should in all Things submit himself to his Pleasure.

*Allworthy* was naturally a Man of Spirit, and his present Gravity arose from true Wisdom and Philosophy, not from any original Phlegm in his Disposition: For he had possessed much Fire in his Youth, and had married a beautiful Woman for Love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleased with this cold Answer of his Nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the Praises of *Sophia*, and expressing some Wonder that the Heart of a young Man could be impregnable to the Force of such Charms, unless it was guarded by some prior Affection.

*Blifil* assured him he had no such Guard; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on Love and Marriage, that he would have stopt the Mouth of a Parent much less devoutly inclined than was his Uncle. In the End, the good Man was satisfied, that his Nephew, far from having any Objections to *Sophia*, had that Esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous Minds is the sure Foundation of Friendship and Love. And as he doubted not but the Lover would, in a little Time, become altogether as agreeable to his Mistress, he foresaw great Happiness

piness arising to all Parties by so proper and desirable a Union. With Mr. *Bliss*'s Consent, therefore, he wrote the next Morning to Mr. *Western*, acquainting him that his Nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the Proposal, and would be ready to wait on the young Lady, whenever she should be pleased to accept his Visit.

*Western* was much pleased with this Letter, and immediately returned an Answer; in which, without having mentioned a Word to his Daughter, he appointed that very Afternoon for opening the Scene of Courtship.

As soon as he had dispatched this Messenger, he went in Quest of his Sister, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to Parson *Suppl.* To this Exposition he was obliged to attend near a Quarter of an Hour, tho' with great Violence to his natural Impetuosity, before he was suffered to speak. At length, however, he found an Opportunity of acquainting the Lady, that he had Business of great Consequence to impart to her; to which she answered, 'Brother, I am entirely at your Service. Things look so well in the North that I was never in a better Humour.'

The Parson then withdrawing, *Western* acquainted her with all which had passed, and desired her to communicate the Affair to *Sophia*, which she readily and chearfully undertook; tho' perhaps her Brother was a little obliged to that agreeable Northern Aspect which had so delighted her, that he heard no Comment on his Proceedings: for they were certainly somewhat too hasty and violent.

## C H A P. V.

*In which is related what passed between Sophia and her Aunt.*

SOPHIA was in her Chamber reading, when her Aunt came in. The Moment she saw Mrs. *Western*, she shut the Book with so much Eagerness, that the good Lady could not forbear asking her, What Book that was which she seemed so much afraid of shewing? ‘Upon my Word, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘it is a Book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own I have read. It is the Production of a young Lady of Fashion, whose good Understanding, I think, doth Honour to her Sex, and whose good Heart is an Honour to Human Nature.’ Mrs. *Western* then took up the Book, and immediately after threw it down, saying--- ‘Yes, the Author is of a very good Family; but she is not much among People one knows. I have never read it; for the best Judges say, there is not much in it.’ ‘I dare not, Madam, set up my own Opinion,’ says *Sophia*, ‘against the best Judges, but there appears to me a great deal of human Nature in it; and in many Parts, so much true Tenderness and Delicacy, that it hath cost me many a Tear.’ ‘Ay, and do you love to cry then?’ says the Aunt. ‘I love a tender Sensation,’ answered the Niece, ‘and would pay the Price of a Tear for it at any Time.’ ‘Well, but shew me,’ said the Aunt, ‘what you was reading when I came in; there was something very tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You  
‘ blush,

‘ blush, my dear *Sophia*. Ah! Child, you should  
‘ read Books, which would teach you a little  
‘ Hypocrisy, which would instruct you how to  
‘ hide your Thoughts a little better.’ ‘ I hope,  
‘ Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have no Thoughts  
‘ which I ought to be ashamed of discovering.’  
‘ Ashamed! no,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ I don’t think  
‘ you have any Thoughts which you ought to be  
‘ ashamed of; and yet, Child, you blushed just  
‘ now when I mentioned the Word *Loving*.  
‘ Dear *Sophy*, be assured you have not one  
‘ Thought which I am not well acquainted with;  
‘ as well, Child, as the *French* are with our Mo-  
‘ tions, long before we put them in Execution.  
‘ Did you think, Child, because you have been  
‘ able to impose upon your Father, that you  
‘ could impose upon me? Do you imagine I did  
‘ not know the Reason of your over-acting all  
‘ that Friendship for Mr. *Blifil* yesterday? I have  
‘ seen a little too much of the World, to be so  
‘ deceived. Nay, nay, do not blush again. I  
‘ tell you it is a Passion you need not be ashamed  
‘ of.---It is a Passion I myself approve, and have  
‘ already brought your Father into the Approba-  
‘ tion of. Indeed, I solely consider your Inclination;  
‘ for I would always have that gratified,  
‘ if possible, though one may sacrifice higher  
‘ Prospects. Come, I have News which will de-  
‘ light your very Soul. Make me your Confi-  
‘ dent, and I will undertake you shall be happy  
‘ to the very Extent of your Wishes.’ ‘ La,  
‘ Madam,’ says *Sophia*, looking more foolishly  
‘ than ever she did in her Life, ‘ I know not what  
‘ to say---Why, Madam, should you suspect?’--  
‘ Nay, no Dishonesty,’ returned Mrs. *Western*.  
‘ Consider, you are speaking to one of your own  
‘ Sex,

‘ Sex, to an Aunt, and I hope you are convinced  
‘ you speak to a Friend. Consider, you are on-  
‘ ly revealing to me what I know already, and  
‘ what I plainly saw yesterday through that most  
‘ artful of all Disguises, which you had put on,  
‘ and which must have deceived any one who  
‘ had not perfectly known the World. Lastly,  
‘ consider it is a Passion which I highly approve.’  
‘ La, Madam,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ you come upon one  
‘ so unawares, and on a sudden. To be sure,  
‘ Madam, I am not blind---and certainly, if it  
‘ be a Fault to see all human Perfections assem-  
‘ bled together---But is it possible my Father and  
‘ you, Madam, can see with my Eyes?’ I tell  
‘ you,’ answered the Aunt, ‘ we do entirely ap-  
‘ prove; and this very Afternoon your Father  
‘ hath appointed for you to receive your Lover.’  
‘ My Father, this Afternoon!’ cries *Sophia*, with  
the Blood starting from her Face.---‘ Yes, Child,’  
said the Aunt, ‘ this Afternoon. You know the  
‘ Impetuosity of my Brother’s Temper. I ac-  
‘ quainted him with the Passion which I first dis-  
‘ covered in you that Evening when you fainted  
‘ away in the Field. I saw it in your Fainting.  
‘ I saw it immediately upon your Recovery. I  
‘ saw it that Evening at Supper, and the next  
‘ Morning at Breakfast: (you know, Child, I  
‘ have seen the World). Well, I no sooner ac-  
‘ quainted my Brother, but he immediately  
‘ wanted to propose it to *Alworthy*. He pro-  
‘ posed it Yesterday, *Alworthy* consented, (as to  
‘ be sure he must with Joy) and this Afternoon,  
‘ I tell you, you are to put on all your best Airs.’  
‘ This Afternoon!’ cries *Sophia*. ‘ Dear Aunt,  
‘ you frighten me out of my Senses.’ ‘ O, my  
‘ Dear,’ said the Aunt, ‘ you will soon come to  
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‘ yourself again; for he is a charming young  
 ‘ Fellow, that’s the Truth on’t.’ ‘ Nay, I will  
 ‘ own,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ I know none with such  
 ‘ Perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle; so  
 ‘ witty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so civil,  
 ‘ so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his  
 ‘ being base born, when compared with such  
 ‘ Qualifications as these?’ ‘ Base born! what do  
 ‘ you mean?’ said the Aunt, ‘ Mr. *Blifil* base  
 ‘ born!’ *Sophia* turned instantly pale at this  
 Name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the  
 Aunt cried, ‘ Mr. *Blifil*, ay Mr. *Blifil*, of whom  
 ‘ else have we been talking?’ ‘ Good Heavens,’  
 answered *Sophia*, ready to sink, ‘ of Mr. *Jones*, I  
 ‘ thought; I am sure I know no other who de-  
 ‘ serves----’ ‘ I protest,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ you  
 ‘ frighten me in your Turn. Is it Mr. *Jones*,  
 ‘ and not Mr. *Blifil*, who is the Object of your  
 ‘ Affection?’ ‘ Mr. *Blifil*!’ repeated *Sophia*.  
 ‘ Sure it is impossible you can be in Earnest; if  
 ‘ you are, I am the most miserable Woman alive.’  
 Mrs. *Western* now stood a few Moments silent,  
 while Sparks of fiery Rage flashed from her Eyes.  
 At length, collecting all her Force of Voice,  
 she thundered forth in the following articulate  
 Sonuds :

‘ And is it possible you can think of disgracing  
 ‘ your Family by allying yourself to a Bastard  
 ‘ Can the Blood of the *Westerns* submit to such  
 ‘ Contamination! If you have not Sense suffi-  
 ‘ cient to restrain such monstrous Inclinations, I  
 ‘ thought the Pride of our Family would have  
 ‘ prevented you from giving the least Encourage-  
 ‘ ment to so base an Affection; much less did I  
 ‘ imagine you would ever have had the Assurance  
 ‘ to own it to my Face.’

‘ Madam,’

‘Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, trembling, ‘what I have said you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the Name of Mr. *Jones*, with Approbation, to any one before; nor should I now, had I not conceived he had had your Approbation. What ever were my Thoughts of that poor unhappy young Man, I intended to have carried them with me to my Grave---To that Grave where now, I find, I am only to seek Repose.’---Here she sunk down in her Chair, drowned in her Tears, and, in all the moving Silence of unutterable Grief, presented a Spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest Heart.

All this tender Sorrow, however, raised no Compassion in her Aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent Rage---‘And I would rather,’ she cried, in a most vehement Voice, ‘follow you to your Grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your Family by such a Match. O Heavens! could I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a Niece of mine declare a Passion for such a Fellow? You are the first---yes, Miss *Western*, you are the first of your Name who ever entertained so groveling a Thought. A Family so noted for the Prudence of its Women’---Here she run on a full Quarter of an Hour, till having exhausted her Breath rather than her Rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her Brother.

*Sophia* then threw herself at her Feet, and laying hold of her Hands, ‘begged her, with Tears, to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the Violence of her Father’s Temper, and protesting that no Inclinations of hers



‘ should ever prevail with her to do any thing which might offend him.’

Mrs. *Western* stood a Moment looking at her, and then having recollected herself, said, that ‘ on one Consideration only she would keep the Secret from her Brother; and this was, that *Sophia* should promise to entertain Mr. *Blifil* that very Afternoon as her Lover, and to regard him as the Person who was to be her Husband.’

Poor *Sophia* was too much in her Aunt’s Power to deny her any thing positively; she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. *Blifil*, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her Aunt that the Match might not be hurried on. She said, ‘ Mr. *Blifil* was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her Father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of Women.’

Mrs. *Western* assured her, ‘ that the Match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or should prevent it.’ ‘ I must own,’ said she, ‘ I looked on it as on a Matter of Indifference; nay, perhaps, had some Scruples about it before, which were actually got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your own Inclinations; but now I regard it as the most eligible Thing in the World; nor shall there be, if I can prevent it, a Moment of Time lost on the Occasion.’

*Sophia* replied, ‘ Delay at least, Madam, I may expect from both your Goodness and my Father’s. Surely you will give me Time to endeavour to get the better of so strong a Disinclination as I have at present to this Person.’

The

The Aunt answered, ‘ She knew too much of the World to be so deceived ; that as she was sensible another Man had her Affections, she should persuade Mr. *Western* to hasten the Match as much as possible. It would be bad Politics indeed,’ added she, ‘ to protract a Siege when the Enemy’s Army is at Hand, and in Danger of relieving it. No, no, *Sophy*,’ said she, ‘ as I am convinced you have a violent Passion, which you can never satisfy with Honour, I will do all I can to put your Honour out of the Care of your Family : For when you are married, those Matters will belong only to the Consideration of your Husband. I hope, Child, you will always have Prudence enough to act as becomes you ; but if you should not, Marriage hath saved many a Woman from Ruin.’

*Sophia* well understood what her Aunt meant ; but did not think proper to make her an Answer. However, she took a Resolution to see Mr. *Blifil*, and to behave to him as civilly as she could : For on that Condition only she obtained a Promise from her Aunt to keep secret the Liking which her ill Fortune, rather than any Scheme of Mrs. *Western*, had unhappily drawn from her.

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing a Dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve those tender Affections which the foregoing Scene may have raised in the Mind of a good-natured Reader.*

MRS. *Western* having obtained that Promise from her Niece which we have seen in the last Chapter, withdrew ; and presently after

arrived Mrs. *Honour*. She was at Work in a neighbouring Apartment, and had been summoned to the Key-hole by some Vociferation in the preceding Dialogue, where she had continued during the remaining Part of it. At her Entry into the Room, she found *Sophia* standing motionless, with the Tears trickling from her Eyes. Upon which she immediately ordered a proper Quantity of Tears into her own Eyes, and then began, 'O Gemini, my dear Lady, what is the Matter?' 'Nothing,' cries *Sophia*. 'Nothing! O dear Madam,' answers Mrs. *Honour*, 'you must not tell me that, when your Ladyship is in this Taking, and when there hath been such a *Preamble* between your Ladyship and Madam *Western*.' 'Don't teaze me,' cries *Sophia*, 'I tell you nothing is the Matter.---' 'Good Heavens! Why was I born!-----' 'Nay, Madam,' says Mrs. *Honour*, 'you shall never persuade me, that your La'ship can lament yourself so for nothing. To be sure, I am but a Servant; but to be sure I have been always faithful to your Ladyship, and to be sure I would serve your La'ship with my Life.' 'My dear *Honour*,' says *Sophia*, 'tis not in thy Power to be of any Service to me. I am irretrievably undone.' 'Heaven forbid,' answered the Waiting-woman; 'but if I can't be of any Service to you, pray tell me, Madam, it will be some Comfort to me to know: Pray, dear Ma'am, tell me what's the Matter.' 'My Father,' cries *Sophia*, 'is going to marry me to a Man I both despise and hate.' 'O, dear Ma'am,' answered the other, 'who is this wicked Man? For to be sure he is very bad, or your La'ship would not despise him.' 'His  
Name

‘ Name is Poison to my ‘Tongue,’ replied *Sophia*,  
‘ thou wilt know it too soon.’ Indeed, to confess the Truth, she knew it already, and therefore was not very inquisitive as to that Point. She then proceeded thus: ‘ I don’t pretend to  
‘ give your La’ship Advice, *whereof* your La’ship  
‘ knows much better than I can pretend to, being  
‘ but a Servant; but, i-sackins! no Father in  
‘ *England* should marry me against my Consent.  
‘ And to be sure, the Squire is so good, that if he  
‘ did but know your La’ship despises and hates  
‘ the young Man, to be sure he would not desire  
‘ you to marry him. And if your La’ship would  
‘ but give me Leave to tell my Master so--To be  
‘ sure, it would be more properer to come from  
‘ your own Mouth; but as your La’ship doth  
‘ not care to foul your Tongue with his nasty  
‘ Name.’ ‘ You are mistaken, *Honour*,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ my Father was determined before he  
‘ ever thought fit to mention it to me.’ ‘ More  
‘ Shame for him,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ you are to go  
‘ to Bed to him, and not Master. And tho’ a  
‘ Man may be a very proper Man, yet every  
‘ Woman mayn’t think him handsome alike. I  
‘ am sure my Master would never act in this  
‘ Manner of his own Head. I wish some People  
‘ would trouble themselves only with what  
‘ belongs to them; they would not, I believe,  
‘ like to be served so, if it was their own Case:  
‘ For tho’ I am a Maid, I can easily believe as  
‘ how all Men are not equally agreeable. And  
‘ what signifies your La’ship having so great a  
‘ Fortune, if you can’t please yourself with the  
‘ Man you think most handsomest? Well, I say  
‘ nothing, but to be sure it is Pity some Folks  
‘ had not been better born; nay, as for that

‘ Matter, I should not mind it myself : But then  
‘ there is not so much Money, and what of that,  
‘ your La’ship hath Money enough for both ;  
‘ and where can your La’ship bestow your For-  
‘ tune better ? For to be sure every one must  
‘ allow, that he is the most handsomest, charm-  
‘ ingest, finest, tallest, properest Man in the  
‘ World.’ ‘ What do you mean by running on  
‘ in this Manner to me ?’ cries *Sophia*, with a  
very grave Countenance. ‘ Have I ever given  
‘ any Encouragement for these Liberties ?’ ‘ Nay  
‘ Ma’am, I ask Pardon ; I meant no Harm,’ an-  
‘ swered she ; ‘ but to be sure the poor Gentleman  
‘ hath run in my Head ever since I saw him this  
‘ Morning.----To be sure, if your Ladyship had  
‘ but seen him just now, you must have pitied  
‘ him. Poor Gentleman ! I wishes some Mis-  
‘ fortune hath not happened to him : For he hath  
‘ been walking about with his Arms a-cross, and  
‘ looking so melancholy all this Morning ; I vow  
‘ and protest it made me almost cry to see him.’  
‘ To see whom ?’ says *Sophia*. ‘ Poor Mr.  
‘ *Jones*,’ answered *Honour*. ‘ See him ! Why,  
‘ where did you see him ?’ cries *Sophia*. ‘ By  
‘ the Canal, Ma’am,’ says *Honour*. ‘ There he  
‘ hath been walking all this Morning, and at  
‘ last there he laid himself down ; I believe he  
‘ lies there still. To be sure, if it had not been  
‘ for my Modesty, being a Maid as I am, I should  
‘ have gone and spoke to him. Do, Ma’am, let  
‘ me go and see, only for a Fancy, whether he  
‘ is there still.’ ‘ Pugh !’ says *Sophia*, ‘ There !  
‘ no, no, what should he do there ? He is gone  
‘ before this Time to be sure. Besides, why---  
‘ what--why should you go to see ?---Besides, I  
‘ want you for something else. Go, fetch me  
‘ my



‘ my Hat and Gloves. I shall walk with my Aunt in the Grove before Dinner.’ *Honour* did immediately as she was bid, and *Sophia* put her Hat on; when looking in the Glass, she fancied the Ribbon with which her Hat was tied, did not become her, and so sent her Maid back again for a Ribbon of a different Colour; and then giving Mrs. *Honour* repeated Charges not to leave her Work on any Account, as she said it was in violent Haste, and must be finished that very Day; she muttered something more about going to the Grove, and then sallied out the contrary Way, and walked as fast as her tender trembling Limbs could carry her, directly towards the Canal.

*Jones* had been there, as Mrs. *Honour* had told her: He had indeed spent two Hours there that Morning in melancholy Contemplation on his *Sophia*, and had gone out from the Garden at one Door, the Moment she entered it at another. So that those unlucky Minutes which had been spent in changing the Ribbons, had prevented the Lovers from meeting at this Time. A most unfortunate Accident, from which my fair Readers will not fail to draw a very wholesome Lesson. And here I strictly forbid all Male Critics to intermeddle with a Circumstance, which I have recounted only for the Sake of the Ladies, and upon which they only are at Liberty to comment.

## C H A P. VII.

*A Picture of formal Courtship in Miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a Scene of a tenderer Kind, painted at full Length.*

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that Misfortunes do not come single. This wise Maxim was now verified by *Sophia*, who was not only disappointed of seeing the Man she loved; but had the Vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a Visit from the Man she hated.

That Afternoon, Mr. *Western*, for the first Time, acquainted his Daughter with his Intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her Aunt. *Sophia* looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few Pearls from stealing into her Eyes. ‘Come, come,’ says *Western*, ‘none of your Maidenish Airs; I know all; I assure you, Sister hath told me all.’

‘Is it possible,’ says *Sophia*, ‘that my Aunt can have betrayed me already?’ ‘Ay, ay,’ says *Western*, ‘betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourself yesterday at Dinner. You shewed your Fancy very plainly, I think. But you young Girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the Man you are in Love with! Your Mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same Manner; but it was all over within twenty-four Hours after we were married. Mr. *Basil* is a brisk young Man, and will soon put an End to your Squeamishness. Come, cheer



‘chear up, chear up, I expect un every Minute.’

*Sophia* was now convinced that her Aunt had behaved honourably to her; and she determined to go through that disagreeable Afternoon with as much Resolution as possible, and without giving the least Suspicion in the World to her Father.

Mr. *Blissl* soon arrived; and Mr. *Western* soon after withdrawing, left the young Couple together.

Here a long Silence of near a Quarter of an Hour ensued: For the Gentleman who was to begin the Conversation had all that unbecoming Modesty which consists in Bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his Words just at the very Point of Utterance. At last out they broke in a Torrent of far-fetched and high-strained Compliments, which were answered, on her Side, by downcast Looks, half Bows and civil Monosyllables. *Blissl* from his Inexperience in the Ways of Women, and from his Conceit of himself, took this Behaviour for a modest Assent to his Courtship; and when to shorten a Scene which she could no longer support, *Sophia* rose up and left the Room, he imputed that too, merely to Bashfulness, and comforted himself, that he should soon have enough of her Company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his Prospect of Success: For as to that entire and absolute Possession of the Heart of his Mistress, which romantic Lovers require, the very Idea of it never entered his Head. Her Fortune and her Person wer the sole Objects of his Wishes, of which he made no Doubt soon to obtain the ab-

solute Property ; as Mr. *Western's* Mind was so earnestly bent on the Match ; and as he well knew the strict Obedience which *Sophia* was always ready to pay to her Father's Will, and the greater still which her Father would exact, if there was Occasion. This Authority, therefore, together with the Charms which he fancied in his own Person and Conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young Lady, whose Inclinations, were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of *Jones* he certainly had not even the least Jealousy ; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the Character which *Jones* bore all over the Country, (how justly let the Reader determine) of being one of the wildest Fellows in *England*, might render him odious to a Lady of the most exemplary Modesty. Perhaps his Suspicions might be laid asleep by the Behaviour of *Sophia*, and of *Jones* himself, when they were all in Company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another Self in the Case. He fancied that he knew *Jones* to the Bottom, and had in reality a great Contempt for his Understanding, for not being more attached to his own Interest. He had no Apprehension that *Jones* was in Love with *Sophia* ; and as for any lucrative Motives, he imagined they would sway very little with so silly a Fellow. *Bliss*, moreover, thought the Affair of *Molly Seagrim* still went on, and indeed believed it would end in Marriage : For *Jones* really loved him from his Childhood, and had kept no Secret from him, till his Behaviour on the Sickness of Mr. *Allworthy* had entirely alienated his Heart ; and it was by

by Means of the Quarrel which had ensued on this Occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. *Blifil* knew nothing of the Alteration which had happened in the Affection which *Jones* had formerly borne towards *Molly*.

From these Reasons, therefore, Mr. *Blifil* saw no Bar to his Success with *Sophia*. He concluded, her Behaviour was like that of all other young Ladies on a first Visit from a Lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his Expectations.

Mr. *Western* took Care to way-lay the Lover at his Exit from his Mistress. He found him so elevated with his Success, so enamoured with his Daughter, and so satisfied with her Reception of him, that the old Gentleman began to caper and dance about his Hall, and by many other antic Actions, to express the Extravagance of his Joy: For he had not the least Command over any of his Passions: and that which had at any Time the Ascendant in his Mind, hurried him to the wildest Excesses.

As soon as *Blifil* was departed, which was not till after many hearty Kisses and Embraces bestowed on him by *Western*, the good Squire went instantly in Quest of his Daughter, whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant Raptures, bidding her chuse what Clothes and Jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other Use for Fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost Profusion of Fondness, called her by the most endearing Names, and protested she was his only Joy on Earth.

*Sophia* perceiving her Father in this Fit of Affection, which she did not absolutely know the Reason of (for Fits of Fondness were not unusual  
to

to him, tho' this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought she should never have a better Opportunity of disclosing herself than at present; as far at least, as regarded Mr. *Blifil*; and she too-well foresaw the Necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full Explanation. After having thanked the Squire, therefore for all his Professions of Kindness, she added, with a Look full of inexpressible Softness, 'And is it possible my Papa can be so good to place all his Joy in his *Sophy's* Happiness?' which *Western* having confirmed by a great Oath, and a Kiss; she then laid hold of his Hand, and falling on her Knees, after many warm and passionate Declarations of Affection and Duty, she begged him, 'not to make her the most miserable Creature on Earth, by forcing her to marry a Man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear Sir, said she, 'for your Sake as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your Happiness depends on mine.' 'How! what!' says *Western*, staring wildly. 'O Sir,' continued she, 'not only your poor *Sophy's* Happiness; her very Life, her Being depends upon your granting her Request. I cannot live with Mr. *Blifil*. To force me into this Marriage, would be killing me.' 'You can't live with Mr. *Blifil*!' says *Western*. 'No, upon my Soul I can't,' answered *Sophia*. 'Then die and be d--ned,' cries he, spurning her from him. 'Oh! Sir,' cries *Sophia*, catching hold of the Skirt of his Coat, 'take Pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look, and say such cruel--Can you be unmoved while you see your *Sophy* in this dreadful Condition? Can the best of Fathers break my Heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering Death?

‘Death?’ ‘Pooh! Pooh!’ cries the Squire, all  
‘Stuff and Nonsense, all maidenish Tricks. Kill  
‘you indeed! Will Marriage kill you?’—‘Oh!  
‘Sir,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘such a Marriage is worse  
‘than Death—He is not even indifferent, I hate  
‘and detest him.’—‘If you detest un never so  
‘much,’ cries *Western*, ‘you shall ha’ un.’ This  
he bound by an Oath too shocking to repeat, and  
after many violent Asseverations, concluded in  
these Words: ‘I am resolved upon the Match,  
‘and unless you consent to it, I will not give  
‘you a Groat, not a single Farthing; no, tho’  
‘I saw you expiring with Famine in the Street,  
‘I would not relieve you with a Morsel of Bread.  
‘This is my fixed Resolution, and so I leave you  
‘to consider on it.’ He then broke from her  
with such Violence, that her Face dashed against  
the Floor, and he burst directly out of the Room,  
leaving poor *Sophia* prostrate on the Ground.

When *Western* came into the Hall, he there  
found *Jones*; who seeing his Friend looking wild,  
pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear en-  
quiring the Reason of all these melancholy Ap-  
pearances. Upon which the Squire immediately  
acquainted him with the whole Matter, conclud-  
ing with bitter Denunciations against *Sophia*, and  
very pathetic Lamentations of the Misery of all  
Fathers who are so unfortunate to have Daugh-  
ters.

*Jones*, to whom all the Resolutions which had  
been taken in Favour of *Elisl* were yet a Secret,  
was at first almost struck dead with this Relation;  
but recovering his Spirits a little, mere Despair,  
as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a  
Matter to Mr. *Western*, which seemed to require  
more Impudence than a human Forehead was  
ever



ever gifted with. He desired Leave to go to *Sophia*, that he might endeavour to obtain her Concurrence with her Father's Inclinations.

If the Squire had been as quick-sighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, Passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked *Jones* for offering to undertake the Office, and said, 'Go, go, prithee, try what can't do;' and then swore many execrable Oaths that he would turn her out of Doors unless she consented to the Match.

### C H A P. VIII.

#### *The Meeting between Jones and Sophia.*

*JONES* departed instantly in Quest of *Sophia*, whom he found just risen from the Ground where her Father had left her, with the Tears trickling from her Eyes, and the Blood running from her Lips. He presently ran to her, and with a Voice full at once of Tendernefs and Terroure, cried, 'O my *Sophia*, what means this dreadful Sight!'—She looked softly at him for a Moment before she spoke, and then said, 'Mr. *Jones*, for Heaven's Sake, how came you here?'—'Leave me, I beseech you, this Moment.' 'Do not,' says he, 'impose so harsh a Command upon me—my Heart bleeds faster than those Lips. O *Sophia*, how easily could I drain my Veins to preserve one Drop of that dear Blood.' 'I have too many Obligations to you already,' answered she, 'for sure you meant them such.—Here she looked at him tenderly almost a Minute, and then bursting into an Agony, cried, — 'O Mr. *Jones*, — why did you save  
' my



‘ my Life? --- my Death would have been happier for us both.’ --- ‘ Happier for us both!’ cried he, ‘ Could Racks or Wheels kill me so painfully as *Sophia*’s! --- I cannot bear the dreadful Sound --- Do I live but for her?’ --- Both his Voice and Look were full of inexpressible Tenderness when he spoke these Words, and at the same Time he laid gently hold on her Hand, which she did not withdraw from him; to say the Truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few Moments now passed in Silence between these Lovers, while his Eyes were eagerly fixed on *Sophia*, and hers declining towards the Ground; at last she recovered Strength enough to desire him again to leave her; for that her certain Ruin would be the Consequence of their being found together; adding, --- ‘ O Mr. *Jones*, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel Afternoon.’ I know all, ‘ my *Sophia*,’ answered he; your cruel Father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you.’ ‘ My Father sent you to me!’ replied she, ‘ sure you dream.’ ‘ Would to Heaven,’ cries he, ‘ it was but a Dream. O *Sophia*, your Father hath sent me to you, to be an Advocate for my odious Rival, to solicit you in his Favour --- I took any Means to get Access to you --- O speak to me, *Sophia*, comfort my bleeding Heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle Hand --- One Moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me --- Nothing less than this cruel Occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the Respect and Awe, with which you have inspired me.’ She stood a Moment silent and covered

vered with Confusion, then lifting up her Eyes gently towards him, she cried, 'What would Mr. Jones have me say?' 'O do but promise,' cries he, 'that you never will give yourself to *Bliss*.' 'Name not,' answered she, 'the detested Sound. Be assured I never will give him what it is in my Power to with-hold from him.' 'Now then,' cries he, 'while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope.' — 'Alas,' says she, Mr. Jones, 'whither will you drive me? What Hope have I to bestow? You know my Father's Intentions.' — 'But I know,' answered he, 'your Compliance with them cannot be compelled.' 'What,' says she, 'must be the dreadful Consequence of my Disobedience? My own Ruin is my least Concern. I cannot bear the Thoughts of being the Cause of my Father's Misery.' 'He is himself the Cause,' cries Jones, 'by exacting a Power over you which Nature hath not given him. Think on the Misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which Side Pity will turn the Ballance.' 'Think of it!' replied she, 'can you imagine I do not feel the Ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your Desire — It is that Thought which gives me Resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own Destruction.' 'I fear no Destruction,' cries he, 'but the Loss of *Sophia*; if you would save me from the most bitter Agonies, recall that cruel Sentence — Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot.'

The Lovers now stood both silent and trembling, *Sophia* being unable to withdraw her Hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold

hold it; when the Scene, which I believe some of my Readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a Nature, that we shall reserve the Relation of it for a different Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

*Being of a much more tempestuous Kind than the former.*

**B**EFORE we proceed with what now happened to our Lovers, it may be proper to recount what had past in the Hall, during their tender Interview.

Soon after *Jones* had left Mr. *Western* in the Manner above-mentioned, his Sister came to him; and was presently informed of all that had past between her Brother and *Sophia*, relating to *Bliss*.

This Behaviour in her Niece, the good Lady construed to be an absolute Breach of the Condition, on which she had engaged to keep her Love for Mr. *Jones* a Secret. She considered herself, therefore, at full Liberty to reveal all she knew to the Squire, which she immediately did in the most explicate Terms, and without any Ceremony or Preface.

The Idea of a Marriage between *Jones* and his Daughter, had never once entered into the Squire's Head, either in the warmest Minutes of his Affection towards that young Man, or from Suspicion, or on any other Occasion. He did indeed consider a Parity of Fortune and Circumstances, to be physically as necessary an Ingredient in Marriage, as Difference of Sexes, or any other

other Essential; and had no more Apprehension of his Daughter's falling in Love with a poor Man, than with any Animal of a different Species.

He became, therefore, like one Thunderstruck at his Sister's Relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any Answer, having been almost deprived of his Breath by the Violence of the Surprise. This, however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other Cases after an Intermision, with redoubled Force and Fury.

The first Use he made of the Power of Speech, after his Recovery from the sudden Effects of his Astonishment, was to discharge a round Volley of Oaths and Imprecations. After which he proceeded hastily to the Apartment, where he expected to find the Lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth Intentions of Revenge every Step he went.

As when two Doves, or two Wood-pigeons, or as when *Strepson* and *Phillis* (for that comes nearest to the Mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary Grove, to enjoy the delightful Conversation of Love; that bashful Boy who cannot speak in Public, and is never a good Companion to more than two at a Time. Here while every Object is serene, should hoarse Thunder burst suddenly through the shattered Clouds, and rumbling roll along the Sky, the frightened Maid starts from the mossy Bank or verdant Turf; the pale Livery of Death succeeds the red Regimentals in which Love had before dressed her Cheeks; Fear shakes her whole Frame, and her Lover scarce supports her trembling, tottering Limbs.

Or as when the two Gentlemen, Strangers to the wonderful Wit of the Place, are cracking a  
Bottle

Bottle together at some Inn or Tavern at *Salisbury*, if the great *Dewdy* who acts the Part of a Madman, as well as some of his Setters-on do that of a Fool, should rattle his Chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling Catch along the Gallery; the frightened Strangers stand aghast, scared at the horrid Sound, they seek some Place of Shelter from the approaching Danger, and if the well-barred Windows did admit their Exit, would venture their Necks to escape the threatening Fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor *Sophia*, so turned she pale at the Noise of her Father, who in a Voice most dreadful to hear, came on swearing, cursing and vowing the Destruction of *Jones*. To say the Truth, I believe the Youth himself would, from some prudent Considerations, have preferred another Place of Abode at this Time, had his Terror on *Sophia's* Account given him Liberty to reflect a Moment on what any otherways concerned himself, than as his Love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the Squire having burst open the Door, beheld an Object which instantly suspended all his Fury against *Jones*; this was the ghastly Appearance of *Sophia*, who had fainted away in her Lover's Arms. This tragical Sight Mr. *Western* no sooner beheld, than all his Rage forsook him, he roared for Help with his utmost Violence; ran first to his Daughter, then back to the Door, calling for Water, and then back again to *Sophia*, never considering in whose Arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a Person in the World as *Jones*: For, indeed, I believe, the present Circumstances



of his Daughter were now the sole Consideration which employed his Thoughts.

Mrs. *Western* and a great Number of Servants soon came to the Assistance of *Sophia* with Water, Cordials, and every Thing necessary on those Occasions. These were applied with such Success, that *Sophia* in a very few Minutes began to recover, and all the Symptoms of Life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own Maid and Mrs. *Western*; nor did that good Lady depart without leaving some wholesome Admonitions with her Brother, on the dreadful Effects of his Passion, or, as she pleased to call it, Madness.

The Squire, perhaps, did not understand this good Advice, as it was delivered in obscure Hints, Shrugs, and Notes of Admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: For no sooner was he cured of his immediate Fears for his Daughter, than he relapsed into his former Frenzy, which must have produced an immediate Battle with *Jones*, had not Parson *Supple*, who was a very strong Man, been present, and by mere Force restrained the Squire from Acts of Hostility.

The Moment *Sophia* was departed, *Jones* advanced in a very suppliant Manner to Mr. *Western*, whom the Parson held in his Arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a Passion, it would be impossible to give him any Satisfaction.

‘I wull have Satisfaction o’ thee,’ answered the Squire, ‘so doff thy Clothes. At unt half a Man, and I’ll lick thee as well as wast ever licked in thy Life.’ He then bespattered the Youth with Abundance of that Language, which

passes between Country Gentlemen who embrace opposite Sides of the Question; with frequent Applications to him to salute that Part which is generally introduced into all Controversies, that arise among the lower Orders of the *English* Gentry, at Horse-races, Cock-matches, and other public Places. Allusions to this Part are likewise often made for the Sake of the Jest. And here, I believe, the Wit is generally misunderstood. In Reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your A---- for having just before threatened to kick his: For I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this Part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing, that in the many thousand kind Invitations of this Sort, which every one who hath conversed with Country Gentlemen must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single Instance where the Desire hath been complied with. A great Instance of their Want of Politeness: For in Town, nothing can be more common than for the finest Gentlemen to perform this Ceremony every Day to their Superiors, without having that Favour once requested of them.

To all such Wit, *Jones* very calmly answered, ‘ Sir, this Usage may, perhaps, cancel every other Obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your Abuse, to lift my Hand against the Father of *Sophia*. ’

At these Words the Squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the Parson begged *Jones* to retire, saying, ‘ You behold, Sir, how he waxeth wroth at your Abode here; therefore let me pray you not to tarry any longer.

‘ His

‘ His Anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your Visit, and refer what Matters you have to urge in your Behalf to some other Opportunity.’

*Jones* accepted this Advice with Thanks, and immediately departed. The Squire now regained the Liberty of his Hands, and so much Temper as to express some Satisfaction in the Restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat his Brains out; and adding, ‘ It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a Rascal.’

The Parson now began to triumph in the Success of his Peace-making Endeavours, and proceeded to read a Lecture against Anger, which might perhaps rather have tended to raise than to quiet that Passion in some hasty Minds. This Lecture he enriched with many valuable Quotations from the Antients, particularly from *Seneca*; who hath, indeed, so well handled this Passion, that none but a very angry Man can read him without great Pleasure and Profit. The Doctor concluded his Harangue with the famous Story of *Alexander* and *Clytus*; but as I find that entered in my Common-Place under Title Drunkenness, I shall not insert it here.

The Squire took no Notice of this Story, nor perhaps of any Thing he said: For he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a Tankard of Beer; observing (which is perhaps as true as any Observation on this Fever of the Mind) that *Anger makes a Man dry*.

No sooner had the Squire swallowed a large Draught than he renewed the Discourse on *Jones*, and declared a Resolution of going the next Morn-

Morning early to acquaint Mr. *Allworthy*. His Friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere Motive of Good-nature; but his Dissuasion had no other Effect than to produce a large Volley of Oaths and Curses, which greatly shocked the pious Ears of *Supple*; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a Privilege, which the Squire claimed as a free-born *Englishman*. To say Truth, the Parson submitted to please his Palate at the Squire's Table, at the Expence of suffering this Violence now and then to his Ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil Practice, and that the Squire would not swear an Oath the less if he never entered within his Gates. However, tho' he was not guilty of ill Manners by rebuking a Gentleman in his own House, he paid him off obliquely in the Pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good Effect of working a Reformation in the Squire himself, yet it so far operated on his Conscience, that he put the Laws very severely in Execution against others, and the Magistrate was the only Person in the Parish who could swear with Impunity.

## C H A P. X.

*In which Mr. Western visits Mr. Allworthy.*

MR. *Allworthy* was now retired from Breakfast with his Nephew, well satisfied with the Report of the young Gentleman's successful Visit to *Sophia*, (for he greatly desired the Match, more on Account of the young Lady's Character than of her Riches) when Mr. *Western* broke

abruptly in upon them, and without any Ceremony began as follows.

‘ There, you have done a fine Piece of Work  
 ‘ truly. You have brought up your Bastard to a  
 ‘ fine Purpose; not that I believe you have had  
 ‘ any Hand in it neither, that is, as a Man may  
 ‘ say, designedly; but there is a fine Kettle of  
 ‘ Fish made o’t up at our House.’ ‘ What can  
 ‘ be the Matter, Mr. *Western*?’ said *Allworthy*.  
 ‘ O Matter *enow* of all Conscience; my Daugh-  
 ‘ ter hath fallen in Love with your Bastard, that’s  
 ‘ all; but I won’t ge her a *Hapenny*, not the  
 ‘ Twentieth Part of a Brass Farthing. I always  
 ‘ thought what would come o’ breeding up a  
 ‘ Bastard like a Gentleman, and letting *un* come  
 ‘ about to *Volk*’s Houses. Its well *vor un* I could  
 ‘ not get *at un*, I’d a licked *un*, I’d a spoil’d his  
 ‘ Caterwauling. I’d a taught the Son of a Whore  
 ‘ to meddle with Meat for his Master. He shan’t  
 ‘ ever have a Morfel of Meat of mine, or a  
 ‘ Farthing to buy it: If she will *ba un*, one  
 ‘ Smock shall be her Portion. I’ll sooner ge my  
 ‘ *Estate* to the *sinking* Fund, that it may be sent  
 ‘ to *Hannover* to corrupt our Nation with.’ ‘ I  
 ‘ am heartily sorry,’ cries *Allworthy*. ‘ Pox o’  
 ‘ your Sorrow,’ says *Western*, ‘ it will do me  
 ‘ Abundance of Good, when I have lost my only  
 ‘ Child, my poor *Sephy*, that was the Joy of my  
 ‘ Heart, and all the Hope and Comfort of my  
 ‘ Age; but I am resolved I will turn her out  
 ‘ o’ Doors; she shall beg and starve, and rot in  
 ‘ the Streets. Not one *Hapenny*, not a *Hapenny*  
 ‘ shall she ever *bae* o’ mine. The Son of a Bitch  
 ‘ was always good at finding a Hare sitting; an  
 ‘ be rotted to’n, I little thought what Puss he was  
 ‘ looking after; but it shall be the worst he ever

‘ *wund*



'wound in his Life. She shall be no better than  
 'Carrion; the Skin o'er is all he shall ha, and  
 'zu you may tell us.' 'I am in Amazement,'  
 cries *Allworthy*, 'at what you tell me, after what  
 'passed between my Nephew and the young  
 'Lady no longer ago than Yesterday.' 'Yes,  
 'Sir,' answered *Western*, 'it was after what  
 'passed between your Nephew and she that the  
 'whole Matter came out. Mr. *Blifl* there was  
 'no sooner gone than the Son of a Whore came  
 'lurching about the House. Little did I think,  
 'when I used to love him for a Sportsman, that  
 'he was all the while a poaching after my  
 'Daughter.' 'Why, truly,' says *Allworthy*,  
 'I could wish you had not given him so many  
 'Opportunities with her; and you will do me  
 'the Justice to acknowledge, that I have always  
 'been averse to his staying so much at your  
 'House, tho' I own I had no Suspicion of this  
 'Kind.' 'Why, Zounds!' cries *Western*,  
 'who could have thought it? What the Devil  
 'had she to do wi'n? He did not come there  
 'a courting to her; he came there a hunting  
 'with me.' 'But was it possible,' says *All-*  
*worthy*, 'that you should never discern any  
 'Symptoms of Love between them, when you  
 'have seen them so often together?' 'Never  
 'in my Life, as I hope to be saved,' cries *Wes-*  
*tern*. 'I never so much as feed him kiss her in  
 'all my Life; and so far from courting her, he  
 'used rather to be more silent when she was in  
 'Company than at any other Time: And as for  
 'the Girl, she was always less civil to'n than to  
 'any young Man that came to the House. As  
 'to that Matter, I am not more easy to be de-  
 'ceived than another; I would not have you

‘ think I am, Neighbour.’ *Allworthy* could scarce refrain Laughter at this ; but he resolved to do a Violence to himself : For he perfectly well knew Mankind, and had too much good Breeding and good Nature to offend the Squire in his present Circumstances. He then asked *Western* what he would have him do upon this Occasion. To which the other answered, ‘ That he would have him keep the Rascal away from his House, and that he would go and lock up the Wench : For he was resolved to make her marry Mr. *Blifil* in Spite of her Teeth.’ He then shook *Blifil* by the Hand, and swore he would have no other Son-in-law. Presently after which he took his Leave, saying, his House was in such Disorder, that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his Daughter did not give him the Slip ; and as for *Jones*, he swore, if he caught him at his House, he would qualify him to run for the Gelding’s Plate.

When *Allworthy* and *Blifil* were again left together, a long Silence ensued between them ; all which Interval the young Gentleman filled up with Sighs, which proceeded partly from Disappointment, but more from Hatred : For the Success of *Jones* was much more grievous to him than the Loss of *Sophia*.

At length his Uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following Words. ‘ Alas, Sir, can it be a Question what Step a Lover will take, when Reason and Passion point different Ways ? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that Dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to me, to quit all Thoughts of a Woman who places her Affections on another ; my Passion bids me  
‘ hope

' hope she may, in Time, change her Inclina-  
 ' tions in my Favour. Here, however, I con-  
 ' ceive an Objection may be raised, which, if it  
 ' could not fully be answered, would totally deter  
 ' me from any further Pursuit. I mean the In-  
 ' justice of endeavouring to supplant another, in  
 ' a Heart, of which he seems already in Pos-  
 ' session; but the determined Resolution of Mr.  
 ' *Western* shews, that in this Case I shall, by so  
 ' doing, promote the Happiness of every Party;  
 ' not only that of the Parent, who will thus be  
 ' preserved from the highest Degree of Misery,  
 ' but of both the others, who must be undone  
 ' by this Match. The Lady, I am sure, will be  
 ' undone in every Sense: For, besides the Loss  
 ' of most Part of her own Fortune, she will be  
 ' married not only to a Beggar, but the little  
 ' Fortune which her Father cannot with-hold  
 ' from her, will be squandered on that Wench,  
 ' with whom I know he yet converses.----Nay,  
 ' that is a Trifle: For I know him to be one of  
 ' the worst Men in the World: For had my  
 ' dear Uncle known what I have hitherto endea-  
 ' voured to conceal, he must have long since  
 ' abandoned so profligate a Wretch.' 'How,'  
 said *Allworthy*, 'hath he done any Thing worse  
 ' than I already know? Tell me, I beseech you.'  
 'No,' replied *Blifil*, 'it is now past, and per-  
 ' haps he may have repented of it.' 'I com-  
 ' mand you, on your Duty,' said *Allworthy*, 'to  
 ' tell me what you mean.' 'You know, Sir,'  
 says *Blifil*, 'I never disobeyed you; but I am  
 ' sorry I mentioned it, since it may now look  
 ' like Revenge, whereas, I thank Heaven, no  
 ' such Motive ever entered my Heart; and if  
 ' you oblige me to discover it, I must be his Pe-  
 ' tititioner

‘itioner to you for your Forgiveness.’ ‘I will  
‘have no Conditions,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘I  
‘think I have shewn Tenderness enough towards  
‘him, and more perhaps than you ought to  
‘thank me for.’ ‘More, indeed, I fear than  
‘he deserved,’ cries *Blifil*; ‘for in the very Day  
‘of your utmost Danger, when myself and all  
‘the Family were in Tears, he filled the House  
‘with Riot and Debauchery. He drank and  
‘sung and roared; and when I gave him a gentle  
‘Hint of the Indecency of his Actions, he fell  
‘into a violent Passion, swore many Oaths, called  
‘me Rascal, and struck me.’ ‘How!’ cries  
*Allworthy*, ‘did he dare to strike you?’ ‘I am  
‘sure,’ cries *Blifil*, ‘I have forgiven him that  
‘long ago. I wish I could so easily forget his  
‘Ingratitude to the best of Benefactors; and yet,  
‘even that, I hope you will forgive him, since  
‘he must have certainly been possessed with the  
‘Devil: For that very Evening, as Mr. *Thwackum*  
‘and myself were taking the Air in the Fields,  
‘and exulting in the good Symptoms which  
‘then first began to discover themselves; we un-  
‘luckily saw him engaged with a Wench in a  
‘Manner not fit to be mentioned. Mr.  
‘*Thwackum*, with more Boldness than Prudence,  
‘advanced to rebuke him, when (I am sorry to  
‘say it) he fell upon the worthy Man, and beat  
‘him so outrageously, that I wish he may have  
‘yet recovered the Bruises. Nor was I without  
‘my Share of the Effects of his Malice, while I  
‘endeavoured to protect my Tutor: But that I  
‘have long forgiven, nay I prevailed with Mr.  
‘*Thwackum* to forgive him too, and not to in-  
‘form you of a Secret which I feared might be  
‘fatal to him. And now, Sir, since I have un-  
‘advisedly

‘advisedly dropped a Hint of this Matter, and  
 ‘your Commands have obliged me to discover  
 ‘the Whole, let me intercede with you for him.’  
 ‘O Child,’ said *Alworthy*, ‘I know not whether  
 ‘I should blame or applaud your Goodness, in  
 ‘concealing such Villany a Moment: But where  
 ‘is Mr. *Thwackum*? Not that I want any Con-  
 ‘firmation of what you say; but I will examine  
 ‘all the Evidence of this Matter, to justify to  
 ‘the World the Example I am resolved to make  
 ‘of such a Monster.’

*Thwackum* was now sent for, and presently ap-  
 peared. He corroborated every Circumstance  
 which the other had deposed; nay, he produced  
 the Record upon his Breast, where the Hand-  
 writing of Mr. *Jones* remained very legible in  
 Black and Blue. He concluded with declaring to  
 Mr. *Alworthy*, that he should have long since in-  
 formed him of this Matter, had not Mr. *Blifil*,  
 by the most earnest Interpositions, prevented him.  
 ‘He is,’ says he, ‘an excellent Youth; though  
 ‘such Forgiveness of Enemies is carrying the  
 ‘Matter too far.’

In reality, *Blifil* had taken some Pains to pre-  
 vail with the Parson, and to prevent the Disco-  
 very at that Time; for which he had many Rea-  
 sons. He knew that the Minds of Men are apt  
 to be softened and relaxed from their usual Seve-  
 rity by Sickness. Besides, he imagined that if  
 the Story was told when the Fact was so recent,  
 and the Physician about the House, who might  
 have unravelled the real Truth, he should never  
 be able to give it the malicious Turn which he  
 intended. Again, he resolved to hold up this  
 Business, till the Indiscretion of *Jones* should af-  
 ford some additional Complaints; for he thought



the joint Weight of many Facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him; and he watched therefore some such Opportunity as that with which Fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by prevailing with *Thwackum* to conceal the Matter for a Time, he knew he should confirm an Opinion of his Friendship to *Jones*, which he had greatly laboured to establish in Mr. *Allworthy*.

## C H A P. XI.

*A short Chapter; but which contains sufficient Matter to affect the good-natured Reader.*

IT was Mr. *Allworthy*'s Custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a Servant, in a Passion. He resolved, therefore, to delay passing Sentence on *Jones* till the Afternoon.

The poor young Man attended at Dinner, as usual; but his Heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His Grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind Looks of Mr. *Allworthy*; whence he concluded that *Western* had discovered the whole Affair between him and *Sephia*: But as to Mr. *Blifil*'s Story, he had not the least Apprehension; for of much the greater Part he was entirely innocent; and for the Residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no Remembrance on the other Side. When Dinner was over, and the Servants departed, Mr. *Allworthy* began to harangue. He set forth, in a long Speech, the many Iniquities of which *Jones* had been guilty, particularly those which this Day had brought to Light; and concluded by telling him, 'That un-  
'less

‘ less he could clear himself of the Charge, he  
‘ was resolved to banish him from his Sight for  
‘ ever.’

Many Disadvantages attended poor *Jones* in making his Defence; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his Accusation: For as Mr. *Allworthy*, in recounting the Drunkenness, &c. while he lay ill, out of Modesty sunk every thing that related particularly to himself, which indeed principally constituted the Crime, *Jones* could not deny the Charge. His Heart was, besides, almost broken already; and his Spirits were so sunk, that he could say nothing for himself; but acknowledged the Whole, and, like a Criminal in Despair, threw himself upon Mercy; concluding, ‘ That  
‘ tho’ he must own himself guilty of many Fol-  
‘ lies and Inadvertencies, he hoped he had done  
‘ nothing to deserve what would be to him the  
‘ greatest Punishment in the World.’

*Allworthy* answered, ‘ That he had forgiven  
‘ him too often already, in Compassion to his  
‘ Youth, and in Hopes of his Amendment: That  
‘ he now found he was an abandoned Reprobate,  
‘ and such as it would be criminal in any one to  
‘ support and encourage. Nay,’ said Mr. *All-  
worthy* to him, ‘ your audacious Attempt to steal  
‘ away the young Lady, calls upon me to justify  
‘ my own Character in punishing you. The  
‘ World, who have already censured the Regard  
‘ I have shewn for you, may think, with some  
‘ Colour at least of Justice, that I connive at so  
‘ base and barbarous an Action. An Action of  
‘ which you must have known my Abhorrence;  
‘ and which, had you had any Concern for my  
‘ Ease and Honour, as well as for my Friend-  
‘ ship, you would never have thought of under-  
‘ taking.

‘ taking. Fie upon it, young Man! indeed  
‘ there is scarce any Punishment equal to your  
‘ Crimes, and I can scarce think myself justifi-  
‘ able in what I am now going to bestow on  
‘ you. However, as I have educated you like  
‘ a Child of my own, I will not turn you naked  
‘ into the World. When you open this Paper,  
‘ therefore, you will find something which may  
‘ enable you, with Industry, to get an honest  
‘ Livelihood; but if you employ it to worse  
‘ Purposes, I shall not think myself obliged to  
‘ supply you farther, being resolved, from this  
‘ Day forward, to converse no more with you  
‘ on any Account. I cannot avoid saying,  
‘ There is no Part of your Conduct which I re-  
‘ sent more than your ill Treatment of that good  
‘ young Man (meaning *Bliss*) who hath behaved  
‘ with so much Tenderness and Honour towards  
‘ you.’

These last Words were a Dose almost too bitter to be swallowed. A Flood of Tears now gushed from the Eyes of *Jones*, and every Faculty of Speech and Motion seemed to have deserted him. It was some Time before he was able to obey *Allworthy*’s peremptory Commands of departing; which he at length did, having first kissed his Hands with a Passion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be described.

The Reader must be very weak, if, when he considers the Light in which *Jones* then appeared to Mr. *Allworthy*, he should blame the Rigour of his Sentence. And yet all the Neighbourhood, either from this Weakness, or from some worse Motive, condemned this Justice and Severity as the highest Cruelty. Nay, the very Persons who had before censured the good Man for the Kind-

ness and Tenderneſs ſhewn to a Baſtard (his own, according to the general Opinion) now cried out as loudly againſt turning his own Child out of Doors. The Women eſpecially were unanimous in taking the Part of *Jones*, and raiſed more Stories on the Occaſion than I have room, in this Chapter, to ſet down.

One Thing muſt not be omitted, that in their Cenſures on this Occaſion, none ever mentioned the Sum contained in the Paper which *Allworthy* gave *Jone*, which was no leſs than Five hundred Pounds; but all agreed that he was ſent away Pennyleſs, and ſome ſaid, naked from the Houſe of his inhuman Father.

## C H A P. XII.

*Containing Love-Letters, &c.*

**J**ONES was commanded to leave the Houſe immediately, and told, that his Clothes and every Thing elſe ſhould be ſent to him whitherſoever he ſhould order them.

He accordingly ſet out, and walked above a Mile, not regarding, and indeed ſcarce knowing whither he went. At length a little Brook obſtructing his Paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the Side of it; nor could he help muttering, with ſome little Indignation, ‘Sure my Father will not deny me this Place to reſt in?’

Here he preſently fell into the moſt violent Agonies, tearing his Hair from his Head, and uſing moſt other Actions which generally accompany Fits of Madneſs, Rage, and Deſpair.

When he had in this Manner vented the firſt Emotions of Paſſion, he began to come a little

to himself. His Grief now took another Turn, and discharged itself in a gentler Way, till he became at last cool enough to reason with his Passion, and to consider what Steps were proper to be taken in his deplorable Condition.

And now the great Doubt was, how to act with regard to *Sophia*. The Thoughts of leaving her, almost rent his Heart asunder; but the Consideration of reducing her to Ruin and Beggary still racked him, if possible, more; and if the violent Desire of possessing her Person could have induced him to listen one Moment to this Alternative, still he was by no means certain of her Resolution to indulge his Wishes at so high an Expence. The Resentment of Mr. *Allworthy*, and the Injury he must do to his Quiet, argued strongly against this latter; and lastly, the apparent Impossibility of his Success, even if he would sacrifice all these Considerations to it, came to his Assistance; and thus Honour at last, backed with Despair, with Gratitude to his Benefactor, and with real Love to his Mistress, got the better of burning Desire, and he resolved rather to quit *Sophia* than to pursue her to her Ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing Warmth which filled his Breast on the first Contemplation of this Victory over his Passion. Pride flattered him so agreeably, that his Mind perhaps enjoyed perfect Happiness; but this was only momentary; *Sophia* soon returned to his Imagination, and allayed the Joy of his Triumph with no less bitter Pangs than a good-natured General must feel when he surveys the bleeding Heaps, at the Price of whose Blood he hath purchased his Laurels; for thou-



sands of tender Ideas lay murdered before our Conqueror.

Being resolved, however, to pursue the Paths of this Giant Honour, as the gigantic Poet *Lee* calls it, he determined to write a farewell Letter to *Sophia*; and accordingly proceeded to a House not far off, where, being furnished with proper Materials, he wrote as follows:

MADAM,

‘ **W**HEN you reflect on the Situation in which I write, I am sure your Good-nature will pardon any Inconsistency or Absurdity which my Letter contains; for every Thing here flows from a Heart so full, that no Language can express its Dictates.

‘ I have resolved, Madam, to obey your Commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely Sight. Cruel indeed those Commands are; but it is a Cruelty which proceeds from Fortune, not from my *Sophia*. Fortune hath made it necessary, necessary to your Preservation, to forget there ever was such a Wretch as I am.

‘ Believe me, I would not hint all my Sufferings to you, if I imagined they could possibly escape your Ears. I know the Goodness and Tendernefs of your Heart, and would avoid giving you any of those Pains which you always feel for the Miserable. O let nothing, which you shall hear of my hard Fortune, cause a Moment’s Concern; for after the Loss of you, every Thing is to me a Trifle.

‘ O my *Sophia*! it is hard to leave you; it is harder still to desire you to forget me; yet the sincerest Love obliges me to both. Pardon my con-

' conceiving that any Remembrance of me can  
 ' give you Disquiet; but if I am so gloriously  
 ' wretched, sacrifice me every Way to your Re-  
 ' lief. Think I never loved you; or think truly  
 ' how little I deserve you; and learn to scorn  
 ' me for a Presumption which can never be too  
 ' severely punished. -----I am unable to say more.  
 ' -----May Guardian Angels protect you for  
 ' ever.'

He was now searching his Pockets for his  
 Wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing  
 else, therein; for in Truth he had, in his frantic  
 Disposition, tossed every thing from him, and,  
 amongst the rest, his Pocket-book, which he had  
 received from Mr. *Allworthy*, which he had ne-  
 ver opened, and which now first occurred to  
 his Memory.

The House supplied him with a Wafer for his  
 present Purpose, with which having sealed his  
 Letter, he returned hastily towards the Brook  
 Side, in order to search for the Things which he  
 had there lost. In his Way he met his old Friend  
*Black George*, who heartily condoled with him on  
 his Misfortune; for this had already reached his  
 Ears, and indeed those of all the Neighbour-  
 hood.

*Jones* acquainted the Game-keeper with his  
 Loss, and he as readily went back with him to  
 the Brook, where they searched every Tuft of  
 Grass in the Meadow, as well where *Jones* had  
 not been, as where he had been; but all to no  
 Purpose, for they found nothing: For indeed,  
 though the Things were then in the Meadow,  
 they omitted to search the only Place where they  
 were deposited; to wit, in the Pockets of the  
 said *George*; for he had just before found them,

and

and being luckily apprized of their Value, had very carefully put them up for his own Use.

The Game-keeper having exerted as much Diligence in Quest of the lost Goods, -as if he had hoped to find them, desired Mr. *Jones* to recollect if he had been in no other Place; 'For sure, said he, 'if you had lost them here so lately, the 'Things must have been here still; for this is a 'very unlikely Place for any one to pass by;' and indeed it was by great Accident that he himself had passed through that Field, in order to lay Wires for Hares, with which he was to supply a Poulterer at *Bath* the next Morning.

*Jones* now gave over all Hopes of recovering his Loss, and almost all Thoughts concerning it, and turning to *Black George*, asked him earnestly, if he would do him the greatest Favour in the World.

*George* answered, with some Hesitation, 'Sir, 'you know you may command me whatever is 'in my Power, and I heartily wish it was in my 'Power to do you any Service.' In fact, the Question staggered him; for he had, by selling Game, amassed a pretty good Sum of Money in Mr. *Western's* Service, and was afraid that *Jones* wanted to borrow some small Matter of him; but he was presently relieved from his Anxiety, by being desired to convey a Letter to *Sophia*, which with great Pleasure he promised to do. And indeed, I believe there are few Favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. *Jones*; for he bore as much Gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honest as Men who love Money better than any other Thing in the Universe generally are.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Honour* was agreed by both to be the proper Means by which this Letter should pass to *Sophia*. They then separated; the Game-keeper returned home to Mr. *Western's*, and *Jones* walked to an Alehouse at half a Mile's Distance, to wait for his Messenger's Return.

*George* no sooner came home to his Master's House, than he met with Mrs. *Honour*; to whom, having first sounded her with a few previous Questions, he delivered the Letter for her Mistress, and received at the same Time another from her for Mr. *Jones*; which *Honour* told him she had carried all that Day in her Bosom, and began to despair of finding any Means of delivering it.

The Game-keeper returned hastily and joyfully to *Jones*, who having received *Sophia's* Letter from him, instantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

SIR,

‘IT is impossible to express what I have felt  
 ‘ since I saw you. Your submitting, on my  
 ‘ Account, to such cruel Insults from my Father,  
 ‘ lays me under an Obligation I shall ever own.  
 ‘ As you know his Temper, I beg you will, for  
 ‘ my Sake, avoid him. I wish I had any Com-  
 ‘ fort to send you; but believe this, that nothing  
 ‘ but the last Violence shall ever give my Hand  
 ‘ or Heart where you would be sorry to see them  
 ‘ bestowed.’

*Jones* read this Letter a hundred Times over, and kissed it a hundred Times as often. His Passion now brought all tender Desires back into his Mind. He repented that he had writ to *Sophia* in the Manner we have seen above; but he repented more that he had made use of the Interval  
 of

of his Messenger's Absence to write and dispatch a Letter to Mr. *Allworthy*, in which he had faithfully promised and bound himself to quit all Thoughts of his Love. However, when his cool Reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his Case was neither mended nor altered by *Sophia's* Billet, unless to give him some little Glimpse of Hope from her Constancy, of some favourable Accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his Resolution, and taking leave of *Black George*, set forward to a Town about five Miles distant, whither he had desired Mr. *Allworthy*, unless he pleased to revoke his Sentence, to send his Things after him.

## C H A P. XIII.

*The Behaviour of Sophia on the present Occasion ; which none of her Sex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the same Manner. And the Discussion of a knotty Point in the Court of Conscience.*

**SOPHIA** had passed the last twenty-four Hours in no very desirable Manner. During a large Part of them she had been entertained by her Aunt, with Lectures of Prudence, recommending to her the Example of the polite World, where Love (so the good Lady said) is at present entirely laughed at, and where Women consider Matrimony, as Men do Offices of public Trust, only as the Means of making their Fortunes, and of advancing themselves in the World. In commenting on which Text Mrs. *Western* had displayed her Eloquence during several Hours.

These



These sagacious Lectures, though little suited either to the Taste or Inclination of *Sophia*, were, however, less irksome to her than her own Thoughts, that formed the Entertainment of the Night, during which she never once closed her Eyes.

But though she could neither sleep nor rest in her Bed, yet, having no Avocation from it, she was found there by her Father at his Return from *Allworthy's*, which was not till past Ten o'Clock in the Morning. He went directly up to her Apartment, opened the Door, and seeing she was not up---cried---‘Oh! you are safe ‘ then, and I am resolved to keep you so.’ He then locked the Door, and delivered the Key to *Honour*, having first given her the strictest Charge, with great Promises of Rewards for her Fidelity, and most dreadful Menaces of Punishment, in case she should betray her Trust.

*Honour's* Orders were not to suffer her Mistress to come out of her Room without the Authority of the Squire himself, and to admit none to her but him and her Aunt; but she was herself to attend her with whatever *Sophia* pleased, except only Pen, Ink, and Paper, of which she was forbidden the Use.

The Squire ordered his Daughter to dress herself and attend him at Dinner; which she obeyed; and having sat the usual Time, was again conducted to her Prison.

In the Evening, the Goaler *Honour* brought her the Letter which she received from the Game-keeper. *Sophia* read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herself upon the Bed, and burst into a Flood of Tears. Mrs. *Honour* expressed great Astonishment at this Behaviour

haviour in her Mistress; nor could she forbear very eagerly begging to know the Cause of this Passion. *Sophia* made her no Answer for some Time, and then starting suddenly up, caught her Maid by the Hand, and cried, 'O Honour! I am undone.' 'Marry forbid,' cries *Honour*, 'I wish the Letter had been burnt before I had brought it to your La'ship. I'm sure I thought it would have comforted your La'ship, or I would have seen it at the Devil before I would have touch'd it.' '*Honour*,' says *Sophia*, 'you are a good Girl, and it is vain to attempt concealing longer my Weakness from you; I have thrown away my Heart on a Man who hath forsaken me.' 'And is Mr. *Jones*, answered the Maid, such a Perfidy Man?' 'He hath taken his Leave of me,' says *Sophia*, 'for ever in that Letter. Nay, he hath desired me to forget him. Could he have desired that, if he had loved me? Could he have borne such a Thought? Could he have written such a Word?' 'No certainly, Ma'am,' cries *Honour*, 'and to be sure, if the best Man in *England* was to desire me to forget him, I'd take him at his Word. Marry come up! I am sure your La'ship hath done him too much Honour ever to think on him. A young Lady who may take her Choice of all the young Men in the County. And to be sure, if I may be so presumptuous as to offer my poor Opinion, there is young Mr. *Bliss*, who besides that he is come of honest Parents, and will be one of the greatest Squires all hereabouts, he is to be sure, in my poor Opinion, a more handsomer, and a more politer Man by half; and besides, he is a young Gentleman of

‘ a sober Character, and who may defy any of  
‘ the Neighbours to say black is his Eye: He  
‘ follows no dirty Trollops, nor can any Bastards  
‘ be laid at his Door. Forget him indeed! I  
‘ thank Heaven I myself am not so much at my  
‘ last Prayers, as to suffer any Man to bid me  
‘ forget him twice. If the best He that wears a  
‘ Head was for to go for to offer to say such an  
‘ affronting Word to me, I would never give  
‘ him my Company afterwards, if there was ano-  
‘ ther young Man in the Kingdom. And as I  
‘ was a saying, to be sure, there is young Mr.  
‘ *Bliss*!---Name not his detested Name,’ cries  
*Sophia*. ‘ Nay, Ma’am, says *Honour*, if your  
‘ La’ship doth not like him, there be more jolly  
‘ handsome young Men that would court your  
‘ La’ship, if they had but the least Encourage-  
‘ ment. I don’t believe there is arrow young  
‘ Gentleman in this County, or in the next to  
‘ it, that if your La’ship was but to look as if  
‘ you had a Mind to him, would not come  
‘ about to make his Offers directly.’ ‘ What a  
‘ Wretch dost thou imagine me,’ cries *Sophia*,  
‘ by affronting my Ears with such Stuff! I detest  
‘ all Mankind.’ ‘ Nay, to be sure, Ma’am,’  
answered *Honour*, ‘ your La’ship hath had enough  
‘ to give you a Surfeit of them. To be used ill  
‘ by such a poor beggarly bastardly Fellow.’  
‘ Hold your blasphemous Tongue,’ cries *Sophia*,  
‘ how dare you mention his Name with Disre-  
‘ spect before me? He use me ill? No, his poor  
‘ bleeding Heart suffered more when he writ the  
‘ cruel Words, than mine from reading them.  
‘ O! he is all heroic Virtue, and angelic Good-  
‘ ness. I am ashamed of the Weakness of my  
‘ own Passion, for blaming what I ought to ad-  
‘ mire.

‘mire.---O *Honour*! it is my Good only which  
 ‘he consults. To my Interest he sacrifices both  
 ‘himself and me.----- The Apprehension of  
 ‘ruining me hath driven him to Despair. ‘I  
 ‘am very glad, says *Honour*, ‘to hear your  
 ‘Ladyship takes that into your Consideration: for  
 ‘to be sure, it must be nothing less than Ruin,  
 ‘to give your Mind to one that is turned out of  
 ‘Doors, and is not worth a Farthing in the  
 ‘World.’ ‘Turned out of Doors!’ cries *Sophia*  
 hastily, ‘how! what dost thou mean?’  
 ‘Why, to be sure, Ma’am, my Master no  
 ‘sooner told Squire *Allworthy* about Mr. *Jones*  
 ‘having offered to make Love to your Ladyship,  
 ‘than the Squire stripped him stark naked, and  
 ‘turned him out of Doors.’ ‘Ha!’ says *Sophia*,  
 ‘have I been the cursed, wretched Cause of his  
 ‘Destruction?---Turn’d naked out of Doors!  
 ‘Here, *Honour*, take all the Money I have;  
 ‘take the Rings from my Fingers.---Here my  
 ‘Watch, carry him all.-----Go, find him im-  
 ‘mediately. For Heaven’s Sake, Ma’am,’ an-  
 swered Mrs. *Honour*, ‘do but consider, if my  
 ‘Master should miss any of these Things, I  
 ‘should be made to answer for them. Therefore  
 ‘let me beg your Ladyship not to part with your  
 ‘Watch and Jewels. Besides the Money, I  
 ‘think, is enough of all Conscience; and as  
 ‘for that, my Master can never know any thing  
 ‘of the Matter.’ ‘Here then,’ cries *Sophia*,  
 ‘take every Farthing I am worth, find him out  
 ‘immediately and give it him. Go, go, lose  
 ‘not a Moment.

Mrs. *Honour* departed according to Orders,  
 and finding *Black George* below Stairs, delivered  
 him the Purse which contained Sixteen Guineas,  
 being

being indeed the whole Stock of *Sophia*: For tho' her Father was very liberal to her, she was much too generous herself to be rich.

*Black George* having received the Purse, set forward towards the Alehouse; but in the Way a Thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this Money likewise. His Conscience, however, immediately started at this Suggestion, and began to upbraid him with Ingratitude to his Benefactor. To this his Avarice answered, 'That his Conscience should have considered that Matter before, when he deprived poor *Jones* of his 500*l*. That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater Importance, it was absurd, if not downright Hypocrisy, to affect any Qualms at this Trifle.' In return to which, Conscience, like a good Lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute Breach of Trust, as here where the Goods were delivered, and a bare Concealment of what was found, as in the former Case: Avarice presently treated this with Ridicule, called it a Distinction without a Difference, and absolutely insisted, that when once all Pretensions of Honour and Virtue were given up in any one Instance, that there was no Precedent for resorting to them upon a second Occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the Argument, had not Fear stepped in to her Assistance, and very strenuously urged, that the real Distinction between the two Actions, did not lie in the different Degrees of Honour, but of Safety: For that the secreting the 500*l*. was a Matter of very little Hazard; whereas the detaining the Sixteen Guineas was liable to the utmost Danger of Discovery.



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By this Friendly Aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a compleat Victory in the Mind of *Black George*; and after making him a few Compliments on his Honesty, forced him to deliver the Money to *Jones*.

### C H A P. XIV.

*A short Chapter, containing a short Dialogue between Squire Western and his Sister.*

MRS. *Western* had been engaged abroad all that Day. The Squire met her at her Return home; and when she enquired after *Sophia*, he acquainted her that he had secured her safe enough. ‘She is locked up in Chamber,’ cries he, ‘and *Honour* keeps the Key.’ As his Looks were full of prodigious Wisdom and Sagacity when he gave his Sister this Information, it is probable he expected much Applause from her for what he had done; but how was he disappointed, when with a most disdainful Aspect, she cry’d, ‘Sure, Brother, you are the weakest of all Men. Why will you not confide in me for the Management of my Niece? Why will you interpose? You have now undone all that I have been spending my Breath in order to bring about. While I have been endeavouring to fill her Mind with Maxims of Prudence, you have been provoking her to reject them. *English Women*, Brother, I thank Heaven, are no Slaves. We are not to be locked up like the *Spanish* and *Italian Wives*. We have as good a Right to Liberty as yourselves. We are to be convinced by Reason and Persuasion only, and not governed by Force. I have seen the  
‘ World,

‘ World, Brother, and know what Arguments  
 ‘ to make Use of; and if your Folly had not  
 ‘ prevented me, should have prevailed with her  
 ‘ to form her Conduct by those Rules of Pru-  
 ‘ dence and Discretion which I formerly taught  
 ‘ her.’ ‘ To be sure,’ said the Squire, ‘ I am  
 ‘ always in the Wrong.’ ‘ Brother,’ answered  
 the Lady, ‘ you are not in the Wrong, unless  
 ‘ when you meddle with Matters beyond your  
 ‘ Knowledge. You must agree, that I have  
 ‘ seen most of the World; and happy had it  
 ‘ been for my Niece, if she had not been taken  
 ‘ from under my Care. It is by living at home  
 ‘ with you that she hath learnt romantic Notions  
 ‘ of Love and Nonsense.’ ‘ You don’t imagine,  
 ‘ I hope,’ cries the Squire, ‘ that I have taught  
 ‘ her any such Things.’ ‘ Your Ignorance,  
 ‘ Brother,’ returned she, ‘ as the great *Milton*  
 ‘ says, almost subdues my Patience.’\* ‘ D-----n  
 ‘ *Milton*,’ answered the Squire, ‘ if he had the  
 ‘ Impudence to say so to my Face, I’d lend him  
 ‘ a Douce, tho’ he was never so great a Man.  
 ‘ Patience! an you come to that, Sister, I have  
 ‘ more Occasion of Patience, to be used like an  
 ‘ overgrown School-boy as I am by you. Do  
 ‘ you think no one hath any Understanding, un-  
 ‘ less he hath been about at Court? Pox! the  
 ‘ World is come to a fine Pass indeed, if we are  
 ‘ all Fools, except a Parcel of Roundheads and  
 ‘ *Hannover* Rats. Pox! I hope the Times are a  
 ‘ coming that we shall make Fools of them,  
 ‘ and every Man shall enjoy his own. That’s  
 ‘ all, Sister, and every Man shall enjoy his own.  
 ‘ I hope to see it, Sister, before the *Hannover*

\* The Reader may perhaps subdue his own Patience, if he searches for this in *Milton*.

‘Rats have eat up all our Corn, and left us nothing but Turneps to feed upon.’ ‘I protest, Brother,’ cries she, you are now got beyond my Understanding. Your Jargon of Turneps and *Hannover* Rats, is to me perfectly unintelligible.’ ‘I believe,’ cries he, ‘you don’t care to hear o’em; but the Country Interest may succeed one Day or other for all that.’ ‘I wish,’ answered the Lady, ‘you would think a little of your Daughter’s Interest: For believe me, she is in greater Danger than the Nation.’ ‘Just now,’ said he, ‘you chid me for thinking on her, and would ha’ her left to you.’ ‘And if you will promise to interpose no more,’ answered she, ‘I will out of my Regard to my Niece, undertake the Charge.’ ‘Well, do then,’ said the Squire, ‘for you know I always agreed, that Women are the properest to manage Women.’

Mrs. *Western* then departed, muttering something with an Air of Disdain, concerning Women and the Management of the Nation. She immediately repaired to *Sophia*’s Apartment, who was now, after a Day’s Confinement, released again from her Captivity.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK VII.

*Containing three Days.*

CHAP. I.

*A Comparison between the World and the Stage.*

THE World hath been often compared to the Theatre; and many grave Writers, as well as the Poets, have considered human Life as a great Drama, resembling, in almost every Particular, those scenical Representations, which *Thespis* is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much Approbation and Delight in all polite Countries.

This Thought hath been carried so far, and become so general, that some Words proper to the Theatre, and which were, at first, metaphorically

phorically applied to the World, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: Thus Stage and Scene are by common Use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of Life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic Performances; and when we mention Transactions behind the Curtain, *St. James's* is more likely to occur to our Thoughts than *Drury-Lane*.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical Stage is nothing more than a Representation, or, as *Aristotle* calls it, an Imitation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high Compliment to those, who by their Writings or Actions have been so capable of imitating Life, as to have their Pictures in a Manner confounded with, or mistaken for the Originals.

But, in Reality, we are not so fond of paying Compliments to these People, whom we use as Children frequently do the Instruments of their Amusement; and have much more Pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their Excellence. There are many other Reasons which have induced us to see this Analogy between the World and the Stage.

Some have considered the larger Part of Mankind in the Light of Actors, as personating Characters no more their own, and to which, in Fact, they have no better Title, than the Player hath to be in Earnest thought the King or Emperor whom he represents. Thus the Hypocrite may be said to be a Player; and indeed the *Greeks* called them both by one and the same Name.

The Brevity of Life hath likewise given Occasion to this Comparison. So the immortal *Shakespeare*.



———*Life's a poor Player,  
That storms and struts his Hour upon the Stage,  
And then is heard no more.*

For which hackneyed Quotation, I will make the Reader Amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a Poem called the DEITY, published about nine Years ago, and long since buried in Oblivion. A Proof that good Books no more than good Men do always survive the bad.

*From thee \* all human Actions take their Springs,  
The Rise of Empires, and the Fall of Kings!  
See the VAST THEATRE OF TIME display'd,  
While o'er the Scene succeeding Heroes tread!  
With Pomp the shining Images succeed,  
What Leaders triumph, and what Monarchs  
bleed!*

*Perform the Parts thy Providence assigned,  
Their Pride, their Passions to thy Ends inclin'd:  
A while they glitter in the Face of Day,  
Then at thy Nod the Phantoms pass away;  
No Traces left of all the busy Scene,  
But that Remembrance says—THE THINGS  
HAVE BEEN!*

In all these, however, and in every other Similitude of Life to the Theatre, the Resemblance hath been always taken from the Stage only. None, as I remember, have at all considered the Audience at this great Drama.

But as Nature often exhibits some of her best Performances to a very full House; so will the

\* The DEITY.

Beha

Behaviour of her Spectators no less admit the above mentioned Comparison than that of her Actors. In this vast Theatre of Time are seated the Friend and the Critic; here are Claps and Shouts, Hisses and Groans; in short, every Thing which was ever seen or heard at the Theatre-Royal.

Let us examine this in one Example: For Instance, in the Behaviour of the great Audience on that Scene which Nature was pleased to exhibit in the 12th Chapter of the preceding Book, where she introduced *Black George* running away with the 500*l.* from his Friend and Benefactor.

Those who sat in the World's upper Gallery, treated that Incident, I am well convinced, with their usual Vociferation; and every Term of scurrilous Reproach was most probably vented on that Occasion.

If we had descended to the next Order of Spectators, we should have found an equal Degree of Abhorrence, tho' less of Noise and Scurrility; yet here the good Women gave *Black George* to the Devil, and many of them expected every Minute that the cloven-footed Gentleman would fetch his own.

The Pit, as usual, was no doubt divided: Those who delight in heroic Virtue and perfect Character, objected to the producing such Instances of Villainy, without punishing them very severely for the Sake of Example. Some of the Author's Friends cry'd---'Look'e, Gentlemen, 'the Man is a Villain; but it is Nature for all 'that.' And all the young Critics of the Age, the Clerks, Apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the Boxes, they behaved with their accustomed Politeness. Most of them were attending to something else. Some of those few who regarded the Scene at all, declared he was a bad Kind of Man; while others refused to give their Opinion 'till they had heard that of the best Judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the Scenes of this great Theatre of Nature, (and no Author ought to write any Thing besides Dictionaries and Spelling Books who hath not this Privilege) can censure the Action, without conceiving any absolute Detestation of the Person, whom perhaps Nature may not have designed to act an ill Part in all her Dramas: For in this Instance, Life most exactly resembles the Stage, since it is often the same Person who represents the Villain and the Heroe; and he who engages your Admiration To-day, will probably attract your Contempt To-morrow. As *Garrick*, whom I regard in Tragedy to be the greatest Genius the World hath ever produced, sometimes condescends to play the Fool; so did *Scipio* the Great and *Lælius* the Wise, according to *Horace*, many Years ago: nay, *Cicero* reports them to have been 'incredibly childish.'----These, it is true, played the Fool, like my Friend *Garrick*, in Jest only; but several eminent Characters have, in numberless Instances of their Lives, played the Fool egregiously in Earnest; so far as to render it a Matter of some Doubt, whether their Wisdom or Folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the Applause or Censure, the Admiration or Contempt, the Love or Hatred of Mankind.

Thot

Those Persons, indeed, who have passed any Time behind the Scenes of this great Theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several Disguises which are there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious Behaviour of the Passions, who are the Managers and Directors of this Theatre, (for as to Reason the Patentee, he is known to be a very idle Fellow, and seldom to exert himself) may most probably have learned to construe the famous *Nil admirari* of *Horace*, or in the *English* Phrase, *To stare at nothing*.

A single bad Act no more constitutes a Villain in Life, than a single bad Part on the Stage. The Passions, like the Managers of a Playhouse, often force Men upon Parts, without consulting their Judgment, and sometimes without any Regard to their Talents. Thus the Man, as well as the Player, may condemn what he himself acts; nay, it is common to see Vice sit as awkwardly on some Men, as the Character of *Iago* would on the honest Face of Mr. *William Mills*.

Upon the whole, then, the Man of Candour and of true Understanding is never hasty to condemn. He can censure an Imperfection, or even a Vice, without Rage against the guilty Party. In a Word, they are the same Folly, the same Childishness, the same Ill-breeding, and the same Ill-nature, which raise all the Clamours and Up- roars both in Life and on the Stage. The worst of Men generally have the Words *Rogue* and *Villain* most in their Mouths, as the lowest of all Wretches are the aptest to cry out *low* in the Pit.

## C H A P. II.

*Containing a Conversation which Mr. Jones had with himself.*

JONES received his Effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the Morning, with the following Answer to his Letter.

SIR,

I Am commanded by my Uncle to acquaint you, that as he did not proceed to those Measures he hath taken with you, without the greatest Deliberation, and after the fullest Evidence of your Unworthiness, so will it be always out of your Power to cause the least Alteration in his Resolution. He expresses great Surprize at your Presumption in saying, you have resigned all Pretensions to a young Lady, to whom it is impossible you should ever have had any, her Birth and Fortune having made her so infinitely your Superior. Lastly, I am commanded to tell you, that the only Instance of your Compliance with my Uncle's Inclinations, which he requires, is, your immediately quitting this Country. I cannot conclude this without offering you my Advice, as a Christian, that you would seriously think of amending your Life: That you may be assisted with Grace so to do, will be always the Prayer of

*Your Humble Servant,*

W. BLIFIL.

Many



Many contending Passions were raised in our Heroe's Mind by this Letter; but the Tender prevailed at last over the Indignant and Irascible, and a Flood of Tears came seasonably to his Assistance, and possibly prevented his Misfortunes from either turning his Head, or bursting his Heart.

He grew, however, soon ashamed of indulging this Remedy; and starting up, he cried, 'Well then, I will give Mr. *Allworthy* the only Instance he requires of my Obedience. I will go this Moment---but whither?---why let Fortune direct; since there is no other who thinks it of any Consequence what becomes of this wretched Person, it shall be a Matter of equal Indifference to myself. Shall I alone regard what no other?----Ha! have I not Reason to think there is another?---One whose Value is above that of the whole World!----I may, I must imagine my *Sophia* is not indifferent to what becomes of me. Shall I then leave this only Friend---and such a Friend? Shall I not stay with her?---Where? How can I stay with her? Have I any Hopes of even seeing her, tho' she was as desirous as myself, without exposing her to the Wrath of her Father? And to what Purpose? Can I think of soliciting such a Creature to consent to her own Ruin? Shall I indulge any Passion of mine at such a Price?--Shall I lurk about this Country like a Thief, with such Intentions?---No, I disdain, I detest the Thought. Farewel, *Sophia*; farewel most lovely, most beloved---' Here Passion stopped his Mouth, and found a Vent at his Eyes.

And now, having taken a Resolution to leave the Country, he began to debate with himself whither he should go. *The World*, as *Milton* phrases it, lay all before him; and *Jones*, no more than *Adam*, had any Man to whom he might resort for Comfort or Assistance. All his Acquaintance were the Acquaintance of Mr. *Allworthy*, and he had no Reason to expect any Countenance from them, as that Gentleman had withdrawn his Favour from him. Men of great and good Characters should indeed be very cautious how they discard their Dependents; for the Consequence to the unhappy Sufferer is being discarded by all others.

What Course of Life to pursue, or to what Business to apply himself, was a second Consideration; and here the Prospect was all a melancholy Void. Every Profession, and every Trade, required Length of Time, and what was worse, Money; for Matters are so constituted, that 'Nothing out of Nothing' is not a truer Maxim in Physics than in Politics; and every Man who is greatly destitute of Money, is on that Account entirely excluded from all Means of acquiring it.

At last the Ocean, that hospitable Friend to the Wretched, opened her capacious Arms to receive him; and he instantly resolved to accept her kind Invitation. To express myself less figuratively, he determined to go to Sea.

This Thought indeed no sooner suggested itself, than he eagerly embraced it; and having presently hired Horses, he set out for *Bristol* to put it in Execution.

But before we attend him on his Expedition, we shall resort a while to Mr. *Western's*, and see what farther happened to the charming *Sophia*.

## C H A P. III.

*Containing several Dialogues.*

THE Morning in which Mr. *Jones* departed, Mrs. *Western* summoned *Sophia* into her Apartment, and having first acquainted her that she had obtained her Liberty of her Father, she proceeded to read her a long Lecture on the Subject of Matrimony; which she treated not as a romantic Scheme of Happiness arising from Love, as it hath been described by the Poets; nor did she mention any of those Purposes for which we are taught by Divines to regard it as instituted by sacred Authority; she considered it rather as a Fund in which prudent Women deposite their Fortunes to the best Advantage, in order to receive a larger Interest for them than they could have elsewhere.

When Mrs. *Western* had finished, *Sophia* answered, 'That she was very incapable of arguing with a Lady of her Aunt's superior Knowledge and Experience, especially on a Subject which she had so very little considered, as this of Matrimony.'

'Argue with me, Child!' replied the other, 'I do not indeed expect it. I should have seen the World to very little Purpose truly, if I am to argue with one of your Years. I have taken this Trouble, in order to instruct you. The ancient Philosophers, such as *Socrates*, *Alcibiades*, and others, did not use to argue with  
E 6 ' their

‘ their Scholars. You are to consider me, Child, as *Socrates*, not asking your Opinion, but only ‘ informing you of mine.’ From which last Words the Reader may possibly imagine, that this Lady had read no more of the Philosophy of *Socrates*, than she had of that of *Alcibiades*; and indeed we cannot resolve his Curiosity as to this Point.

‘ Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ I have never presumed to controvert any Opinion of yours; and this Subject, as I said, I have never yet ‘ thought of, and perhaps never may.’

‘ Indeed, *Sophy*,’ replied the Aunt, ‘ this ‘ Diffimulation with me is very foolish. The ‘ *French* shall as soon persuade me, that they ‘ take foreign Towns in Defence, only of their ‘ own Country, as you can impose on me to ‘ believe you have never yet thought seriously of ‘ Matrimony. How can you, Child, affect to ‘ deny that you have considered of contracting ‘ an Alliance, when you so well know I am acquainted with the Party with whom you desire ‘ to contract it. An Alliance as unnatural, and ‘ contrary to your Interest, as a separate League ‘ with the *French* would be to the Interest of the ‘ *Dutch*! But however, if you have not hitherto ‘ considered of this Matter, I promise you it ‘ is now high Time; for my Brother is resolved ‘ immediately to conclude the Treaty with Mr. ‘ *Bliss*; and indeed I am a sort of Guarantee in ‘ the Affair, and have promised your Concurrence.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ this is the ‘ only Instance in which I must disobey both ‘ yourself and my Father. For this is a Match ‘ which

‘ which requires very little Consideration in me  
‘ to refuse.’

‘ If I was not as great a Philosopher as *Socrates*  
‘ himself,’ returned Mrs. *Western*, ‘ you would  
‘ overcome my Patience. What Objection can  
‘ you have to the young Gentleman?’

‘ A very solid Objection, in my Opinion,’  
says *Sophia*,---‘ I hate him.’

‘ Will you never learn a proper Use of  
‘ Words?’ answered the Aunt. ‘ Indeed, Child,  
‘ you should consult *Bailey’s Dictionary*. It is  
‘ impossible you should hate a Man from whom  
‘ you have received no Injury. By Hatred,  
‘ therefore, you mean no more than Dislike,  
‘ which is no sufficient Objection against your  
‘ marrying of him. I have known many Cou-  
‘ ples, who have entirely disliked each other,  
‘ lead very comfortable, genteel Lives. Believe  
‘ me, Child, I know these Things better than  
‘ you. You will allow me, I think, to have  
‘ seen the World, in which I have not an Ac-  
‘ quaintance who would not rather be thought  
‘ to dislike her Husband, than to like him. The  
‘ contrary is such out-of-Fashion romantic Non-  
‘ sense, that the very Imagination of it is  
‘ shocking.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ replied *Sophia*, ‘ I shall  
‘ never marry a Man I dislike. If I promise my  
‘ Father never to consent to any Marriage con-  
‘ trary to his Inclinations, I think I may hope he  
‘ will never force me into that State contrary to  
‘ my own.’

‘ Inclinations!’ cries the Aunt, with some  
‘ Warmth. ‘ Inclinations! I am astonished at  
‘ your Assurance. A young Woman of your  
‘ Age, and unmarried, to talk of Inclinations!

‘ But



‘ But whatever your Inclinations may be, my  
 ‘ Brother is resolved ; nay, since you talk of In-  
 ‘ clinations, I shall advise him to hasten the  
 ‘ Treaty. Inclinations !’

*Sophia* then flung herself upon her Knees, and  
 Tears began to trickle from her shining Eyes.  
 She entreated her Aunt ‘ to have Mercy upon  
 ‘ her, and not to resent so cruelly her Unwilling-  
 ‘ ness to make herself miserable ; often urging,  
 ‘ that she alone was concerned, and that her  
 ‘ Happiness only was at Stake.’

As a Bailiff, when well authorised by his Writ,  
 having possessed himself of the Person of some  
 unhappy Debtor, views all his Tears without  
 Concern : In vain the wretched Captive attempts  
 to raise Compassion ; in vain the tender Wife be-  
 reft of her Companion, the little prattling Boy,  
 or frightened Girl, are mentioned as Inducements  
 to Reluctance. The noble Bumtrap, blind and  
 deaf to every Circumstance of Distress, greatly  
 rises above all the Motives to Humanity, and  
 into the Hands of the Goaler resolves to deliver  
 his miserable Prey.

Not less blind to the Tears, or less deaf to  
 every Entreaty of *Sophia* was the politic Aunt,  
 nor less determined was she to deliver over the  
 trembling Maid into the Arms of the Goaler  
*Blissl*. She answered with great Impetuosity,  
 ‘ So far, Madam, from your being concerned  
 ‘ alone, your Concern is the least, or surely the  
 ‘ least important. It is the Honour of your Fa-  
 ‘ mily which is concerned in this Alliance ; you  
 ‘ are only the Instrument. Do you conceive,  
 ‘ Mistress, that in an Intermarriage between  
 ‘ Kingdoms, as when a Daughter of *France* is  
 ‘ married into *Spain*, the Princess herself is alone  
 con-

‘ considered in the Match? No, it is a Match  
 ‘ between two Kingdoms, rather than between  
 ‘ two Persons. The same happens in great Fa-  
 ‘ milies, such as ours. The Alliance between  
 ‘ the Families is the principal Matter. You  
 ‘ ought to have a greater Regard for the Honour  
 ‘ of your Family, than for your own Person;  
 ‘ and if the Example of a Princess cannot inspire  
 ‘ you with these noble Thoughts, you cannot  
 ‘ surely complain at being used no worse than all  
 ‘ Princesses are used.’

‘ I hope, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, with a little  
 ‘ Elevation of Voice, ‘ I shall never do any  
 ‘ Thing to dishonour my Family; but as for  
 ‘ Mr. *Elifil*, whatever may be the Consequence,  
 ‘ I am resolved against him, and no Force shall  
 ‘ prevail in his Favour.’

*Western*, who had been within hearing during  
 the greater Part of the preceding Dialogue, had  
 now exhausted all his Patience; he therefore en-  
 tered the Room in a violent Passion, crying,  
 ‘ D---n me then if *shatunt* ha’ un, d---n me if  
 ‘ *shatunt*, that’s all---that’s all----- D--n me if  
 ‘ *shatunt*.’

Mrs. *Western* had collected a sufficient Quan-  
 tity of Wrath for the Use of *Sophia*; but she now  
 transferred it all to the Squire. ‘ Brother,’ said  
 she, ‘ it is astonishing that you will interfere in  
 ‘ a Matter which you had totally left to my Ne-  
 ‘ gotiation. Regard to my Family hath made  
 ‘ me take upon myself to be the mediating Power,  
 ‘ in order to rectify those Mistakes in Policy  
 ‘ which you have committed in your Daughter’s  
 ‘ Education. For, Brother, it is you; it is  
 ‘ your preposterous Conduct which hath eradi-  
 ‘ cated all the Seeds that I had formerly sown in  
 ‘ her

‘ her tender Mind.--It is you yourself who have  
‘ taught her Disobedience.’-----‘ Blood !’ cries  
the Squire, foaming at the Mouth, ‘ you are  
‘ enough to conquer the Patience of the Devil !  
‘ Have I ever taught my Daughter Disobedience ?  
‘ --Here she stands ; Speak honestly, Girl, did  
‘ ever I bid you be disobedient to me ? Have not  
‘ I done every Thing to humour, and to gratify  
‘ you, and to make you obedient to me ? And  
‘ very obedient to me she was when a little Child,  
‘ before you took her in Hand and spoiled her,  
‘ by filling her Head with a Pack of Court No-  
‘ tions.---Why--why--why--did not I over-hear  
‘ you telling her she must behave like a Princess ?  
‘ You have made a Whig of the Girl ; and how  
‘ should her Father, or any body else, expect  
‘ any Obedience from her ?’ ‘ Brother,’ an-  
swered Mrs. *Western*, with an Air of great Dis-  
dain, ‘ I cannot express the Contempt I have for  
‘ your Politics of all Kinds ; but I will appeal  
‘ likewise to the young Lady herself, whether I  
‘ have ever taught her any Principles of Disobe-  
‘ dience. On the contrary, Niece, have I not  
‘ endeavoured to inspire you with a true Idea of  
‘ the several Relations in which a human Crea-  
‘ ture stands in Society ? Have I not taken infi-  
‘ nite Pains to shew you, that the Law of Na-  
‘ ture hath enjoined a Duty on Children to their  
‘ Parents ? Have I not told you what *Plato* says  
‘ on that Subject ?---A Subject on which you was  
‘ so notoriously ignorant when you came first  
‘ under my Care, that I verily believe you did  
‘ not know the Relation between a Daughter  
‘ and a Father.’ ‘ ’Tis a Lie,’ answered *Western*.  
‘ The Girl is no such Fool, as to live to eleven  
‘ Years old without knowing that she was her  
‘ Father’s

‘ Father’s Relation.’ ‘ O more than *Gothic* Ignorance,’ answered the Lady.----And as for your Manners, Brother, I must tell you, they deserve a Cane.’ ‘ Why then you may gi’ it me, if you think you are able,’ cries the Squire; ‘ nay, I suppose your Niece there will be ready enough to help you.’ ‘ Brother,’ said Mrs. *Western*, ‘ tho’ I despise you beyond Expression, yet I shall endure your Insolence no longer; so I desire my Coach may be got ready immediately, for I am resolved to leave your House this very Morning.’ ‘ And a good Riddance too,’ answered he; ‘ I can bear your Insolence no longer, an you come to that. Blood! it is almost enough of itself, to make my Daughter undervalue my Sense, when she hears you telling me every Minute you despise me.’ ‘ It is impossible, it is impossible,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ no one can undervalue such a Boor.’ ‘ Boar,’ answered the Squire, ‘ I am no Boar; no, nor Ass; no, nor Rat neither, Madam. Remember that--I am no Rat. I am a true *Englishman*, and not of your *Hanover* Breed, that have eat up the Nation.’ ‘ Thou art one of those wise Men,’ cries she, ‘ whose nonsensical Principles have undone the Nation; by weakening the Hands of our Government at home, and by discouraging our Friends, and encouraging our Enemies abroad.’ ‘ Ho! are you come back to your Politics,’ cries the Squire, ‘ as for those I despise them as much as I do a F--t.’ Which last Word he accompanied and graced with the very Action, which, of all others, was the most proper to it. And whether it was this Word, or the Contempt express for her Politics, which most affected Mrs. *Western*,

I will not determine; but she flew into the most violent Rage, uttered Phrases improper to be here related, and instantly burst out of the House. Nor did her Brother or her Niece think proper either to stop or to follow her: For the one was so much possessed by Concern, and the other by Anger, that they were rendered almost motionless.

The Squire, however, sent after his Sister the same Holla which attends the Departure of a Hare, when she is first started before the Hounds. He was indeed a great Master of this Kind of Vociferation, and had a Holla proper for most Occasions in Life.

Women who, like Mrs. *Western*, know the World, and have applied themselves to Philosophy and Politics, would have immediately availed themselves of the present Disposition of Mr. *Western's* Mind; by throwing in a few artful Compliments to his Understanding at the Expence of his absent Adversary; but poor *Sophia* was all Simplicity. By which Word we do not intend to insinuate to the Reader, that she was silly, which is generally understood as a synonymous Term with simple: For she was indeed a most sensible Girl, and her Understanding was of the first Rate; but she wanted all that useful Art which Females convert to so many good Purposes in Life, and which, as it rather arises from the Heart, than from the Head, is often the Property of the silliest of Women.



## C H A P. IV.

*A Picture of a Country Gentlewoman taken from the Life.*

**M**R. *Western* having finished his *Holla*, and taken a little Breath, began to lament, in very pathetic Terms, the unfortunate Condition of Men, who are, says he, always *whipt in* by the Humours of some d---nd B---- or other. I think I was *hard run* enough by your Mother for one Man; but after giving her a *Dodge*, here's another B---- follows me upon the *Foil*; but curse my Jacket if I will be *run down* in this Manner by any o'um.

*Sophia* never had a single Dispute with her Father, till this unlucky Affair of *B'ifil*, on any Account, except in Defence of her Mother, whom she had loved most tenderly, though she lost her in the eleventh Year of her Age. The Squire, to whom that poor Woman had been a faithful upper Servant all the Time of their Marriage, had returned that Behaviour, by making what the World calls a good Husband. He very seldom swore at her (perhaps not above once a Week) and never beat her: She had not the least Occasion for Jealousy, and was perfect Mistress of her Time: for she was never interrupted by her Husband, who was engaged all the Morning in his Field Exercises, and all the Evening with Bottle Companions. She scarce indeed ever saw him but at Meals; where she had the Pleasure of carving those Dishes which she had before attended at the Dressing. From these Meals she retired about five Minutes after the other Servants, having

having only stayed to drink the King over the Water. Such were, it seems, Mr. *Western's* Orders: For it was a Maxim with him, that Women should come in with the first Dish, and go out after the first Glass. Obedience to these Orders was perhaps no difficult Task: For the Conversation (if it may be called so) was seldom such as could entertain a Lady. It consisted chiefly of Hollowing, Singing, Relations of sporting Adventures, B---d---y, and Abuse of Women and of the Government.

These, however, were the only Seasons when Mr. *Western* saw his Wife: For when he repaired to her Bed, he was generally so drunk that he could not see; and in the sporting Season he always rose from her before it was light. Thus was she perfect Mistress of her Time; and had besides a Coach and four usually at her Command; tho' unhappily indeed the Badness of the Neighbourhood, and of the Roads, made this of little Use: For none who had set much Value on their Necks would have passed through the one, or who had set any Value on their Hours, would have visited the other. Now to deal honestly with the Reader, she did not make all the Return expected to so much Indulgence: For she had been married against her Will, by a fond Father, the Match having been rather advantageous on her Side: For the Squire's Estate was upwards of 3000*l.* a Year, and her Fortune no more than a bare 8000*l.* Hence perhaps she had contracted a little Gloominess of Temper: For she was rather a good Servant than a good Wife; nor had she always the Gratitude to return the extraordinary Degree of roaring Mirth, with which the Squire received her, even with a good humoured

humoured Smile. She would, moreover, sometimes interfere with Matters which did not concern her, as the violent Drinking of her Husband, which in the gentlest Terms she would take some of the few Opportunities he gave her of remonstrating against. And once in her Life she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two Months to *London*, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his Wife for the Request ever after, being well assured, that all the Husbands in *London* are Cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good Reasons, *Western* at length heartily hated his Wife; and as he never concealed this Hatred before her Death, so he never forgot it afterwards; but when any Thing in the least soured him, as a bad scenting Day, or a Distemper among his Hounds, or any other such Misfortune, he constantly vented his Spleen by Invectives against the Deceased; saying,---‘ If my Wife was alive now, she would be glad of this.’

These Invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before *Sophia*: For as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her Mother better than him. And this Jealousy *Sophia* seldom failed of heightening on these Occasions: For he was not contented with violating her Ears with the Abuse of her Mother; but endeavoured to force an explicit Approbation of all this Abuse, with which Desire he never could prevail upon her by any Promise or Threats to comply.

Hence some of my Readers will, perhaps, wonder that the Squire had not hated *Sophia* as much as he had hated her Mother; but I must inform them, that Hatred is not the Effect of Love, even  
 3 through

through the Medium of Jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous Persons to kill the Objects of their Jealousy, but not to hate them. Which Sentiment being a pretty hard Morfel, and bearing something of the Air of a Paradox, we shall leave the Reader to chew the Cud upon it to the End of the Chapter.

## C H A P. V.

*The generous Behaviour of Sophia towards her Aunt.*

**S**OPHIA kept Silence during the foregoing Speech of her Father, nor did she once answer otherwise than with a Sigh; but as he understood none of the Language, or as he called it, Lingo of the Eyes, so he was not satisfied without some further Approbation of his Sentiments; which he now demanded in the usual Way of his Daughter; telling her, ‘he expected she was ready to take the Part of every Body against him, as she had always done that of the B----- her Mother.’ Sophia remaining still silent, he cry’d out, ‘What art dumb? why dost unt speak. Was not thy Mother a d---d B--- to me? Answer me that. What, I suppose, you despise your Father too, and don’t think him good enough to speak to?’

‘For Heaven’s Sake, Sir,’ answered Sophia, ‘do not give so cruel a Turn to my Silence. I am sure I would sooner die than be guilty of any Disrespect towards you; but how can I venture to speak, when every Word must either offend my dear Papa, or convict me of the blackest Ingratitude as well as Impiety to the Memory  
‘ of

‘ of the best of Mothers: For such, I am certain my Mamma was always to me?’

‘ And your Aunt, I suppose, is the best of Sisters too!’ replied the Squire. ‘ Will you be so kind as to allow that she is a B----? I may fairly insist upon that, I think.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ I have great Obligations to my Aunt. She hath been a second Mother to me.’

‘ And a second Wife to me too,’ returned *Western*; ‘ so you will take her Part too! You won’t confess that she hath acted the Part of the vilest Sister in the World?’

‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ cries *Sophia*, I must belie my Heart wickedly if I did. I know my Aunt and you differ very much in your Ways of thinking; but I have heard her a thousand Times express the greatest Affection for you; and I am convinced, so far from her being the worst Sister in the World, there are very few who love a Brother better.’

‘ The *English* of all which is,’ answered the Squire, ‘ that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly. Ay, to be sure the Woman is in the Right, and the Man in the Wrong always.’

‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ I do not say so.’

‘ What don’t you say,’ answered the Father? ‘ you have the Impudence to say she’s in the Right; doth it not follow then of Course that I’m in the wrong? And perhaps I am in the wrong to suffer such a Presbyterian *Hannoverian* B---- to come into my House. She may dote me of a Plot for any Thing I know, and give my Estate to the Government.’

‘ So



‘ So far, Sir, from injuring you or your Estate,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ if my Aunt had died Yesterday, I am convinced she would have left you her whole Fortune.’

Whether *Sophia* intended it or no, I shall not presume to assert; but certain it is, these last Words penetrated very deep into the Ears of her Father, and produced a much more sensible Effect than all she had said before. He received the Sound with much the same Action as a Man receives a Bullet in his Head. He started, staggered and turned pale. After which he remained silent above a Minute, and then began in the following hesitating Manner. ‘ Yesterday! she would have left me her Estate Yesterday! would she? Why Yesterday of all the Days in the Year? I suppose if she dies To-morrow she will leave it to somebody else, and perhaps out of the Vamily:’ My Aunt, Sir,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ hath very violent Passions, and I can’t answer what she may do under their Influence.’

‘ You can’t!’ returned the Father, ‘ and pray who hath been the Occasion of putting her into those violent Passions? Nay, who hath actually put her into them? Was not you and she hard at it before I came into the Room? Besides, was not all our Quarrel about you? I have not quarreled with Sister these many Years but upon your Account; and now you would throw the whole Blame upon me, as thof I should be the Occasion of her leaving her Estate out o’ the Vamily. I could have expected no better indeed, this is like the Return you make to all the rest of my Fondness.’

‘ I beseech you then,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ upon my Knees I beseech you, if I have been the  
‘ unhappy

‘ unhappy Occasion of this Difference, that you  
 ‘ will endeavour to make it up with my Aunt,  
 ‘ and not suffer her to leave your House in this  
 ‘ violent Rage of Anger: She is a very good-  
 ‘ natured Woman, and a few civil Words will  
 ‘ satisfy her---Let me intreat you, Sir.’

‘ So I must go and ask Pardon for your Fault,  
 ‘ must I?’ answered *Western*. ‘ You have lost  
 ‘ the Hare, and I must draw every Way to find  
 ‘ her again? Indeed if I was certain’---Here he  
 stopt, and *Sophia* throwing in more Entreaties,  
 at length prevailed upon him; and after venting  
 two or three bitter sarcastical Expressions against  
 his Daughter, he departed as fast as he could to  
 recover his Sister, before her Equipage could be  
 gotten ready.

*Sophia* then retired to her Chamber of Mourning, where she indulged herself (if the Phrase may be allowed me) in all the Luxury of tender Grief. She read over the Letter which she had received from *Jones* more than once; her Muff too was used on this Occasion; and she bathed both these, as well as herself, with her Tears. In this Situation, the friendly Mrs. *Honour* exerted her utmost Abilities to comfort her afflicted Mistress. She ran over the Names of many young Gentlemen; and having greatly commended their Parts and Persons, assured *Sophia* that she might take her Choice of any. These Methods must have certainly been used with some Success in Disorders of the like Kind, or so skilful a Practitioner as Mrs. *Honour* would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the College of Chambermaids hold them to be as sovereign Remedies as any in the female Dispensary; but whether it was that *Sophia’s* Disease differed

inwardly, from those Cases with which it agreed in external Symptoms, I will not assert; but, in Fact; the good Waiting-woman did more Harm than Good, and at last so incensed her Mistress (which was no easy Matter) that with an angry Voice she dismissed her from her Presence.

## CHAP. VI.

*Containing great Variety of Matter.*

THE Squire overtook his Sister just as she was stepping into the Coach, and partly by Force and partly by Solicitations, prevailed upon her to order her Horses back into their Quarters. He succeeded in this Attempt without much Difficulty: For the Lady was, as we have already hinted, of a most placable Disposition, and greatly loved her Brother, tho' she despised his Parts, or rather his little Knowledge of the World.

Poor *Sophia*, who had first set on Foot this Reconciliation, was now made the Sacrifice to it. They both concurred in their Censures on her Conduct; jointly declared War against her; and directly proceeded to Council, how to carry it on in the most vigorous Manner. For this Purpose, Mrs. *Western* proposed not only an immediate Conclusion of the Treaty with *Aliworthy*; but as immediately to carry it into Execution; saying, 'That there was no other Way to succeed with her Niece but by violent Methods, which she was convinced *Sophia* had not sufficient Resolution to resist. By violent,' says she, 'I mean rather, hasty Measures: For as to Confinement or absolute Force, no such Things must

‘ must or can be attempted. Our Plan must be  
 ‘ concerted for a Surprize, and not for a Storm.’

These Matters were resolved on, when Mr. *Blifil* came to pay a Visit to his Mistress. The Squire no sooner heard of his Arrival, than he stept aside, by his Sister’s Advice, to give his Daughter Orders for the proper Reception of her Lover; which he did with the most bitter Execrations and Denunciations of Judgment on her Refusal.

The Impetuosity of the Squire bore down all before him; and *Sophia*, as her Aunt very wisely foresaw, was not able to resist him. She agreed, therefore, to see *Blifil*, tho’ she had scarce Spirits or Strength sufficient to utter her Assent. Indeed, to give a peremptory Denial to a Father whom she so tenderly loved, was no easy Task. Had this Circumstance been out of the Case, much less Resolution than what she was really Mistress of, would, perhaps, have served her; but it is no unusual Thing to ascribe those Actions entirely to Fear, which are in a great Measure produced by Love.

In Pursuance, therefore, of her Father’s peremptory Command, *Sophia* now admitted Mr. *Blifil*’s Visit. Scenes, like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have observed, very little Entertainment to the Reader. Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a Rule of *Horace*; by which Writers are directed to pass over all those Matters, which they despair of placing in a shining Light. A Rule, we conceive, of excellent Use as well to the Historian as to the Poet; and which, if followed, must, at least, have this good Effect, that many a great Evil (for so all

great Books are called) would thus be reduced to a small one.

It is possible the great Art used by *Blifil* at this Interview, would have prevailed on *Sophia* to have made another Man in his Circumstances her Confident, and to have revealed the whole Secret of her Heart to him; but she had contracted so ill an Opinion of this young Gentleman, that she was resolved to place no Confidence in him: For Simplicity, when set on its Guard, is often a Match for Cunning. Her Behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed such as is generally prescribed to Virgins upon the second formal Visit from one who is appointed for their Husband.

But tho' *Blifil* declared himself perfectly satisfied with his Reception to the Squire, yet that Gentleman, who in Company with his Sister had overheard all, was not so well pleased. He resolved, in Pursuance of the Advice of the sage Lady, to push Matters as forward as possible; and addressing himself to his intended Son-in-Law in the hunting Phrase, he cry'd after a loud Holla, 'Follow her, Boy, follow her; run in, run in, that's it, Honeys. Dead, dead, dead.—Never be bashful, nor stand shall I, shall I?—*Al! worthy* and I can finish all Matters between us this Afternoon, and let us ha' the Wedding To-morrow.'

*Blifil* having conveyed the utmost Satisfaction into his Countenance, answered; 'As there is nothing, Sir, in this World, which I so eagerly desire as an Alliance with your Family, except my Union with the most amiable and deserving *Sophia*, you may easily imagine how impatient I must be to see myself in Possession  
of



‘ of my two highest Wishes. If I have not  
 ‘ therefore importuned you on this Head, you  
 ‘ will impute it only to my Fear of offending  
 ‘ the Lady, by endeavouring to hurry on so blef-  
 ‘ sed an Event, faster than a strict Compliance  
 ‘ with all the Rules of Decency and Decorum  
 ‘ will permit. But if by your Interest, Sir, she  
 ‘ might be induced to dispence with any Forma-  
 ‘ lities’—

‘ Formalities! with a Pox!’ answered the  
 Squire, ‘ Pooh, all Stuff and Nonsense. I tell  
 ‘ thee, she shall ha’ thee To-morrow; you will  
 ‘ know the World better hereafter, when you  
 ‘ come to my Age. Women never gi’ their  
 ‘ Consent, Man, if they can help it, ’tis not  
 ‘ the Fashion. If I had staid for her Mother’s  
 ‘ Consent, I might have been a Batchelor to this  
 ‘ Day.—To her, to her, co to her, that’s it,  
 ‘ you jolly Dog. I tell thee that ha’ her To-  
 ‘ morrow Morning.’

*Blifil* suffered himself to be overpowered by the forcible Rhetoric of the Squire; and it being agreed that *Western* should close with *Allworthy* that very Afternoon, the Lover departed home, having first earnestly begged that no Violence might be offered to the Lady by this Haste, in the same Manner as a Popish Inquisitor begs the Lay Power to do no Violence to the Heretic, delivered over to it, and against whom the Church hath passed Sentence.

And to say the Truth, *Blifil* had passed Sentence against *Sophia*; for however pleased he had declared himself to *Western*, with his Reception, he was by no means satisfied, unless it was that he was convinced of the Hatred and Scorn of his Mistress; and this had produced no less recipro-

cal Hatred and Scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, Why then did he not put an immediate End to all further Courtship? I answer, for that very Reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the Reader.

Tho' Mr. *Blifil* was not of the Complexion of *Jones*, nor ready to eat every Woman he saw, yet he was far from being destitute of that Appetite which is said to be the common Property of all Animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing Taste, which serves to direct Men in their Choice of the Objects, or Food of their several Appetites; and this taught him to consider *Sophia* as a most delicious Morsel, indeed to regard her with the same Desires which an *Ortolan* inspires into the Soul of an Epicure. Now the Agonies which affected the Mind of *Sophia* rather augmented than impaired her Beauty; for her Tears added Brightness to her Eyes, and her Breasts rose higher with her Sighs. Indeed no one hath seen Beauty in its highest Lustre, who hath never seen it in Distress. *Blifil* therefore looked on this human *Ortolan* with greater Desire than when he had viewed her last; nor was his Desire at all lessened by the Aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the Pleasure he proposed in rifling her Charms, as it added Triumph to Lust; nay, he had some further Views, from obtaining the absolute Possession of her Person, which we detest too much even to mention; and Revenge itself was not without its Share in the Gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor *Jones*, and supplanting him in her Affections, added another  
Spur

Spur to his Pursuit, and promised another additional Rapture to his Enjoyment.

Besides all these Views, which to some scrupulous Persons may seem to favour too much of Malevolence, he had one Prospect, which few Readers will regard with any great Abhorrence. And this was the Estate of Mr. *Western*; which was all to be settled on his Daughter and her Issue; for so extravagant was the Affection of that fond Parent, that provided his Child would but consent to be miserable with the Husband he chose, he cared not at what Price he purchased him.

For these Reasons Mr. *Blifil* was so desirous of the Match, that he intended to deceive *Sophia*, by pretending Love to her; and to deceive her Father and his own Uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himself of the Piety of *Thwackum*, who held, that if the End proposed was religious (as surely Matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the Means. As, to other Occasions he used to apply the Philosophy of *Square*, which taught, that the End was immaterial, so that the Means were fair and consistent with moral Rectitude. To say Truth, there were few Occurrences in Life on which he could not draw Advantage from the Precepts of one or other of those great Masters.

Little Deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr. *Western*; who thought the Inclinations of his Daughter of as little Consequence, as *Blifil* himself conceived them to be; but as the Sentiments of Mr. *Allworthy* were of a very different Kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, *Blifil* was so

well assisted by *Western*, that he succeeded, without Difficulty: For as Mr. *Allworthy* had been assured by her Father, that *Sophia* had a proper Affection for *Bliss*, and that all which he had suspected concerning *Jones*, was entirely false, *Bliss* had nothing more to do, than to confirm these Assertions; which he did with such Equivocations, that he preserved a Salvo for his Conscience; and had the Satisfaction of conveying a Lie to his Uncle, without the Guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the Inclinations of *Sophia*, by *Allworthy*, who said, 'he would, on no Account, be accessary to forcing a young Lady into a Marriage contrary to her own Will,' he answered, 'That the real Sentiments of young Ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her Behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it, and that if he could believe her Father, she had all the Affection for him which any Lover could desire. As for *Jones*,' said he, 'whom I am loth to call Villain, tho' his Behaviour to you, Sir, sufficiently justifies the Appellation, his own Vanity, or perhaps some wicked Views, might make him boast of a Falshood; for if there had been any Reality in Miss *Western*'s Love to him, the Greatness of her Fortune would never have suffered him to desert her, as you are well informed he hath. Lastly, Sir, I promise you I would not myself, for any Consideration, no not for the whole World, consent to marry this young Lady, if I was not persuaded she had all the Passion for me which I desire she should have.'

This excellent Method of conveying a Falshood with the Heart only, without making the Tongue

Tongue guilty of an Untruth, by the Means of Equivocation and Imposture, hath quieted the Conscience of many a notable Deceiver; and yet when we consider that it is Omniscience on which these endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem capable only of affording a very superficial Comfort; and that this artful and refined Distinction between communicating a Lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the Pains it costs them.

*Allworthy* was pretty well satisfied with what *Mr. Western* and *Mr. Blifil* told him; and the Treaty was now, at the End of two Days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the Office of the Priest, but the Office of the Lawyers, which threatened to take up so much Time, that *Western* offered to bind himself by all Manner of Covenants, rather than to defer the Happiness of the young Couple. Indeed he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent Person might have concluded he was more a Principal in this Match than he really was: But this Eagerness was natural to him on all Occasions; and he conducted every Scheme he undertook in such a Manner, as if the Success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole Happiness of his Life.

The joint Importunities of both Father and Son-in-law would probably have prevailed on *Mr. Allworthy*, who brooked but ill any Delay of giving Happiness to others, had not *Sophia* herself prevented it, and taken Measures to put a final End to the whole Treaty, and to rob both Church and Law of those Taxes which these wise Bodies have thought proper to receive from the



Propagation of the human Species, in a lawful Manner. Of which in the next Chapter.

# CHAP. VII.

*A strange Resolution of Sophia, and a more strange Stratagem of Mrs. Honour.*

**T**HO' Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own Interest, she was not without some little Attachment to *Sophia*. To say Truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young Lady without loving her. She no sooner, therefore, heard a Piece of News, which she imagined to be of great Importance to her Mistress, than quite forgetting the Anger which she had conceived two Days before, at her unpleasant Dismission from *Sophia's* Presence, she ran hastily to inform her of this News.

The Beginning of her Discourse was as abrupt as her Entrance into the Room. 'O dear Ma'am,' says she, 'what doth your La'ship think? To be sure, I am frightened out of my Wits; and yet I thought it my Duty to tell your La'ship, tho' perhaps it may make you angry, for we Servants don't always know what will make our Ladies angry; for to be sure, every thing is always laid to the Charge of a Servant. When our Ladies are out of Humour, to be sure, we must be scolded; and to be sure I should not wonder if your La'ship should be out of Humour; nay, it must surprize you certainly, ay, and shock you too.'—'Good Honour! let me know it without any longer Preface,' says *Sophia*; 'there are few Things, I promise you, which will surprize, and fewer which will  
' shock

‘shock me.’ Dear Ma’am,’ answered *Honour*,  
‘to be sure, I overheard my Master talking to  
‘Parson *Supple* about getting a Licence this very  
‘Afternoon; and to be sure I heard him say your  
‘La’ship should be married To-morrow Morn-  
‘ing.’ *Sophia* turned pale at these Words, and  
repeated eagerly, To-morrow Morning!—‘Yes,  
‘Madam,’ replied the trusty Waiting-Woman,  
‘I will take my Oath I heard my Master say so.’  
‘*Honour*,’ says *Sophia*, ‘you have both surprized  
‘and shocked me to such a Degree, that I have  
‘scarce any Breath or Spirits left. What is to  
‘be done in my dreadful Situation?’ ‘I wish I  
‘was able to advise your La’ship,’ says she. ‘Do,  
‘advise me,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘pray, dear *Honour*  
‘advise me. Think what you would attempt if  
‘it was your own Case.’ Indeed, Ma’am,’ cries  
*Honour*, ‘I wish your La’ship and I could change  
‘Situations; that is, I mean, without hurting  
‘your La’ship, for to be sure I don’t wish you  
‘so bad as to be a Servant; but because that if  
‘so be it was my Case, I should find no Man-  
‘ner of Difficulty in it; for in my poor Opi-  
‘nion, young Squire *Blifil* is a charming, sweet,  
‘handsome Man.’—‘Don’t mention such Stuff,’  
cries *Sophia*.—‘Such Stuff,’ repeated *Honour*,  
‘why there—Well, to be sure, what’s one  
‘Man’s Meat is another Man’s Poison, and the  
‘same is altogether as true of Women.’ ‘*Ho-  
‘nour*,’ says *Sophia*, ‘rather than submit to be  
‘the Wife of that contemptible Wretch, I  
‘would plunge a Dagger into my Heart.’ ‘O  
‘lud, Ma’am,’ answered the other, ‘I am sure  
‘you frighten me out of my Wits now. Let  
‘me beseech your La’ship not to suffer such  
‘wicked Thoughts to come into your Head. O

‘ lud, to be sure I tremble every Inch of me,  
‘ Dear Ma’am, consider — that to be denied  
‘ Christian Burial, and to have your Corpse bu-  
‘ ried in the Highway, and a Stake drove through  
‘ you, as Farmer *Halfpenny* was served at *Ox-*  
‘ *Cross*, and, to be sure, his Ghost hath walked  
‘ there ever since; for several People have seen  
‘ him. To be sure it can be nothing but the  
‘ Devil which can put such wicked Thoughts  
‘ into the Head of any body; for certainly it is  
‘ less wicked to hurt all the World than one’s  
‘ own dear Self, and so I have heard said by more  
‘ Parsons than one. If your La’ship hath such a  
‘ violent Aversion, and hates the young Gentle-  
‘ man so very bad, that you can’t bear to think  
‘ of going into Bed to him; for to be sure there  
‘ may be such Antipathies in Nature, and one  
‘ had lieverer touch a Toad than the Flesh of  
‘ some People.-----

*Sophia* had been too much wrapped in Contem-  
plation to pay any great Attention to the forego-  
ing excellent Discourse of her Maid; interrupt-  
ing her therefore, without making any Answer  
to it, she said, ‘ *Honour*, I am come to a Resolu-  
‘ tion. I am determin’d to leave my Father’s  
‘ House this very Night; and if you have the  
‘ Friendship for me which you have often pro-  
‘ fessed, you will keep me Company.’ ‘ That I  
‘ will, Ma’am, to the World’s End,’ answered  
*Honour*; ‘ but I beg your La’ship to consider the  
‘ Consequence before you undertake any rash Ac-  
‘ tion. Where can your La’ship possibly go?’  
‘ There is,’ replied *Sophia*, ‘ a Lady of Quality  
‘ in *London*, a Relation of mine, who spent se-  
‘ veral Months with my Aunt in the Country;  
‘ during all which Time she treated me with  
‘ great

‘ great Kindness, and expressed so much Pleasure  
 ‘ in my Company, that she earnestly desired my  
 ‘ Aunt to suffer me to go with her to *London*.  
 ‘ As she is a Woman of very great Note, I shall  
 ‘ easily find her out, and I make no Doubt of  
 ‘ being very well and kindly received by her.’  
 ‘ I would not have your La’ship too confident of  
 ‘ that,’ cries *Honour*; ‘ for the first Lady I lived  
 ‘ with used to invite People very earnestly to her  
 ‘ House; but if she heard afterwards they were  
 ‘ coming, she used to get out of the Way. Be-  
 ‘ sides, tho’ this Lady would be very glad to see  
 ‘ your La’ship, as to be sure any body would be  
 ‘ glad to see your La’ship, yet when she hears  
 ‘ your La’ship is run away from my Master’----  
 ‘ You are mistaken, *Honour*,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ she  
 ‘ looks upon the Authority of a Father in a much  
 ‘ lower Light than I do; for she pressed me vio-  
 ‘ lently to go to *London* with her, and when I  
 ‘ refused to go without my Father’s Consent, she  
 ‘ laughed me to Scorn, called me silly Country  
 ‘ Girl, and said I should make a pure loving  
 ‘ Wife, since I could be so dutiful a Daughter.  
 ‘ So I have no Doubt but she will both receive  
 ‘ me, and protect me too, till my Father, find-  
 ‘ ing me out of his Power, can be brought to  
 ‘ some Reason.’

‘ Well but, Ma’m,’ answered *Honour*, how  
 ‘ doth your La’ship think of making your Es-  
 ‘ cape? Where will you get any Horses or Con-  
 ‘ veyance? For as for your own Horse, as all the  
 ‘ Servants know a little how Matters stand be-  
 ‘ tween my Master and your La’ship, *Robin*  
 ‘ will be hanged before he will suffer it to go out  
 ‘ of the Stable without my Master’s express Or-  
 ‘ ders.’ ‘ I intend to escape,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ by  
 ‘ walking



‘ walking out of the Doors when they are open.  
‘ I thank Heaven my Legs are very able to carry  
‘ me. They have supported me many a long  
‘ Evening, after a Fiddle, with no very agree-  
‘ able Partner ; and surely they will assist me in  
‘ running from so detestable a Partner for Life.’  
‘ O Heavens, Ma’m, doth your La’ship know  
‘ what you are saying ?’ cries *Honour*, ‘ would  
‘ you think of walking about the Country by  
‘ Night and alone ?’ ‘ Not alone,’ answered the  
‘ Lady, ‘ you have promised to bear me Com-  
‘ pany.’ ‘ Yes, to be sure,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ I  
‘ will follow your La’ship through the World ;  
‘ but your La’ship had almost as good be alone ;  
‘ for I shall not be able to defend you, if any  
‘ Robbers, or other Villains, should meet with  
‘ you. Nay, I should be in as horrible a Fright  
‘ as your La’ship ; for to be certain, they would  
‘ ravish us both. Besides, Ma’m, consider how  
‘ cold the Nights are now, we shall be frozen to  
‘ Death.’ ‘ A good brisk Pace,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ will preserve us from the Cold ; and if  
‘ you cannot defend me from a Villain, *Honour*,  
‘ I will defend you ; for I will take a Pistol with  
‘ me. There are two always charged in the  
‘ Hall.’ ‘ Dear Ma’m, you frighten me more  
‘ and more,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ sure your La’ship  
‘ would not venture to fire it off ! I had rather  
‘ run any Chance, than your La’ship should do  
‘ that.’ ‘ Why so ?’ says *Sophia*, smiling ; would  
‘ not you, *Honour*, fire a Pistol at any one who  
‘ should attack your Virtue ?’ ‘ To be sure, Ma’m,’  
cries *Honour*, ‘ one’s Virtue is a dear Thing, es-  
‘ pecially to us poor Servants ; for it is our Live-  
‘ lihood, as a Body may say, yet I mortally hate  
‘ Fire-arms ; for so many Accidents happen by  
‘ them.’



‘ them.’ ‘ Well, well,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ I believe  
‘ I may ensure your Virtue at a very cheap Rate,  
‘ without carrying any Arms with us ; for I in-  
‘ tend to take Horses at the very first Town we  
‘ come to, and we shall hardly be attacked in  
‘ our Way thither. Look’ee, *Honour*, I am re-  
‘ solved to go, and if you will attend me, I pro-  
‘ mise you I will reward you to the very utmost  
‘ of my Power.’

This last Argument had a stronger Effect on *Honour* than all the preceding. And since she saw her Mistress so determined, she desisted from any further Dissuasions. They then entered into a Debate on Ways and Means of executing their Project. Here a very stubborn Difficulty occurred, and this was the Removal of their Effects, which was much more easily got over by the Mistress than by the Maid : For when a Lady hath once taken a Resolution to run to a Lover, or to run from him, all Obstacles are considered as Trifles. But *Honour* was inspired by no such Motive ; she had no Raptures to expect, nor any Terrors to shun ; and besides the real Value of her Clothes, in which consisted great Part of her Fortune, she had a capricious Fondness for several Gowns, and other Things ; either because they became her, or because they were given her by such a particular Person ; because she had bought them lately, or because she had had them long ; or for some other Reasons equally good ; so that she could not endure the Thought of leaving the poor Things behind her exposed to the Mercy of *Western*, who, she doubted not, would make them suffer Martyrdom in his Rage.

The ingenious Mrs. *Honour* having applied all her Oratory to dissuade her Mistress from her  
Pur-

Purpose, when she found her positively determined, at last started the following Expedient to remove her Clothes, *viz.* to get herself turned out of Doors that very Evening. *Sophia* highly approved this Method, but doubted how it might be brought about. ‘Oh! Ma’m,’ cries *Honour*, ‘your La’ship may trust that to me; we Servants very well know how to obtain this Favour of our Masters and Mistresses; tho’ sometimes indeed, where they owe us more Wages than they can readily pay, they will put up with all our Affronts, and will hardly take any Warning we can give them; but the Squire is none of those; and since your La’ship is resolved upon setting out To-night, I warrant I get discharged this Afternoon.’ It was then resolved that she should pack up some Linnen, and a Night-gown for *Sophia*, with her own Things; and as for all her other Clothes, the young Lady abandoned them with no more Remorse than the Sailor feels when he throws over the Goods of others, in order to save his own Life.

### C H A P. VIII.

*Containing Scenes of Altercation, of no very uncommon Kind.*

MRS. *Honour* had scarce sooner parted from her young Lady, than something (for I would not, like the old Woman in *Quivedo*, injure the Devil by any false Accusation, and possibly he might have no Hand in it) but something, I say, suggested to her, that by sacrificing *Sophia* and all her Secrets to Mr. *Western*, she might probably

bably make her Fortune. Many Considerations urged this Discovery. The fair Prospect of a handsome Reward for so great and acceptable a Service to the Squire, tempted her Avarice; and again, the Danger of the Enterprize she had undertaken; the Incertainty of its Success; Night, Cold, Robbers, Ravishers, all alarmed her Fears. So forcibly did all these operate upon her, that she was almost determined to go directly to the Squire, and to lay open the whole Affair. She was, however, too upright a Judge to decree on one Side before she had heard the other. And here, first, a Journey to *London* appeared very strongly in Support of *Sophia*. She eagerly longed to see a Place in which she fancied Charms short only of those which a raptured Saint imagines in Heaven. In the next Place, as she knew *Sophia* to have much more Generosity than her Master, so her Fidelity promised her a greater Reward than she could gain by Treachery. She then cross-examined all the Articles which had raised her Fears on the other Side, and found, on fairly sifting the Matter, that there was very little in them. And now both Scales being reduced to a pretty even Ballance, her Love to her Mistress being thrown into the Scale of her Integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a Circumstance struck upon her Imagination, which might have had a dangerous Effect, had its whole Weight been fairly put into the other Scale. This was the Length of Time which must intervene before *Sophia* would be able to fulfil her Promises; for tho' she was intitled to her Mother's Fortune, at the Death of her Father, and to the Sum of 3000 *l.* left her by an Uncle when she came of Age; yet these were distant Days,  
and

and many Accidents might prevent the intended Generosity of the young Lady, whereas the Rewards she might expect from Mr. *Western* were immediate. But while she was pursuing this Thought, the good Genius of *Sophia*, or that which presided over the Integrity of Mrs. *Honour*, or perhaps mere Chance, sent an Accident in her Way, which at once preserved her Fidelity, and even facilitated the intended Business.

Mrs. *Western's* Maid claimed great Superiority over Mrs. *Honour*, on several Accounts. First, her Birth was higher: For her great Grandmother by the Mother's Side was a Cousin, not far removed, to an *Irish* Peer. Secondly, her Wages were greater. And lastly, she had been at *London*, and had of Consequence seen more of the World. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. *Honour* with that Reserve, and had always exacted of her those Marks of Distinction, which every Order of Females preserves and requires in Conversation with those of an inferior Order. Now as *Honour* did not at all Times agree with this Doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the Respect which the other demanded; Mrs. *Western's* Maid was not at all pleased with her Company: Indeed, she earnestly longed to return home to the House of her Mistress, where she domineered at Will over all the other Servants. She had been greatly, therefore, disappointed in the Morning when Mrs. *Western* had changed her Mind on the very Point of Departure, and had been in what is vulgarly called, a glouting Humour ever since.

In this Humour, which was none of the sweetest, she came into the Room where *Honour* was debating with herself, in the Manner we have



have above related. *Honour* no sooner saw her, than she addressed her in the following obliging Phrase. ‘Soh! Madam, I find we are to have the Pleasure of your Company longer, which I was afraid the Quarrel between my Master and your Lady would have robbed us of.’ ‘I don’t know, Madam,’ answered the other, ‘who you mean by We and Us. I assure you I do not look on any of the Servants in this House to be proper Company for me. I am Company, I hope, for their Betters every Day in the Week. I do not speak on your Account, Mrs. *Honour*; for you are a civilized young Woman; and when you have seen a little more of the World, I should not be ashamed to walk with you in St. James’s Park.’ ‘Hoity! toity!’ cries *Honour*, ‘Madam is in her Airs, I protest. Mrs. *Honour*, forsooth! sure, Madam, you might call me by my Sir-name; for tho’ my Lady calls me *Honour*, I have a Sir-name as well as other Folks. Ashamed to walk with me, quotha! Marry, as good as yourself, I hope.’ ‘Since you make such a Return to my Civility,’ said the other, ‘I must acquaint you, Mrs. *Honour*, that you are not so good as me. In the Country one is indeed obliged to take up with all kind of Trumpery; but in Town I visit none but the Women of Women of Quality. Indeed, Mrs. *Honour*, there is some Difference, I hope, between you and me.’ ‘I hope so too,’ answered *Honour*, ‘there is some Difference in our Ages, and--I think in our Persons.’ Upon speaking which last Words, she strutted by Mrs. *Western*’s Maid with the most provoking Air of Contempt; turning up her Nose, tossing her Head, and violently brushing the



the Hoop of her Competitor with her own. The other Lady put on one of her most malicious Sneers, and said, ' Creature! you are below my Anger; and it is beneath me to give ill Words to such an audacious saucy Trollop; but, Huffy, I must tell you, your Breeding shews the Meanness of your Birth as well as of your Education; and both very properly qualify you to be the mean serving Woman of a Country Girl.' ' Don't abuse my Lady,' cries *Honour*, ' I won't take that of you; she's as much better than yours as she is younger, and ten thousand Times more handsomer.'

Here ill Luck, or rather good Luck, sent Mrs. *Western* to see her Maid in Tears, which began to flow plentifully at her Approach; and of which being asked the Reason by her Mistress, she presently acquainted her, that her Tears were occasioned by the rude Treatment of that Creature there, meaning *Honour*. ' And, Madam,' continued she, ' I could have despised all she said to me; but she hath had the Audacity to affront your Ladyship, and to call you ugly—Yes, Madam, she called you ugly old Cat to my Face. I could not bear to hear your Ladyship called ugly.'---' Why do you repeat her Impudence so often?' said Mrs. *Western*. And then turning to Mrs. *Honour*, she asked her, ' how she had the Assurance to mention her Name with Disrespect?' ' Disrespect, Madam!' answered *Honour*, ' I never mentioned your Name at all; I said somebody was not as handsome as my Mistress, and to be sure you know that as well as I.' ' Huffy,' replied the Lady, ' I will make such a saucy Trollop as yourself, know that

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‘ that I am not a proper Subject of your Dis-  
‘ course. And if my Brother doth not discharge  
‘ you this Moment, I will never sleep in his  
‘ House again. I will find him out and have  
‘ you discharged this Moment.’ ‘ Discharged!’  
cries *Honour*, ‘ and suppose I am; there are  
‘ more Places in the World than one. Thank  
‘ Heaven, good Servants need not want Places;  
‘ and if you turn away all who do not think you  
‘ handsome, you will want Servants very soon,  
‘ let me tell you that.’

Mrs. *Western* spoke, or rather thundered in  
Answer; but as she was hardly articulate, we  
cannot be very certain of the identical Words:  
We shall, therefore, omit inserting a Speech,  
which, at best, would not greatly redound to her  
Honour. She then departed in Search of her  
Brother, with a Countenance so full of Rage,  
that she resembled one of the Furies rather than  
a human Creature.

The two Chambermaids being again left alone,  
began a second Bout at Altercation, which soon  
produced a Combat of a more active Kind. In  
this the Victory belonged to the Lady of inferior  
Rank, but not without some Loss of Blood, of  
Hair, and of Lawn and Muslin.

C H A P.

## C H A P. IX.

*The wise Demeanour of Mr. Western in the Character of a Magistrate. A Hint to Justices of Peace, concerning the necessary Qualifications of a Clerk; with extraordinary Instances of paternal Madness, and filial Affection.*

**L**Ogicians sometimes prove too much by an Argument, and Politicians often over-reach themselves in a Scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. *Honour*, who instead of recovering the rest of her Clothes, had like to have stopped even those she had on her Back from escaping: For the Squire no sooner heard of her having abused his Sister, than he swore twenty Oaths he would send her to *Bridewell*.

Mrs. *Western* was a very good-natured Woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving Temper. She had lately remitted the Trespas of a Stage-coachman, who had overturned her Post-chaise into a Ditch; nay, she had even broken the Law in refusing to prosecute a Highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a Sum of Money, but of her Ear-rings; at the same Time d---ning her, and saying, ‘such handsome B---s as you, don’t want Jewels to set them off, and be d---ned to you.’ But now, so uncertain are our Tempers, and so much do we at different Times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no Mitigation; nor could all the affected Penitence of *Honour*, nor all the Entreaties of *Sophia* for her own Servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her Brother to execute Justiceship (for it was indeed

indeed a Syllable more than Justice) on the Wench.

But luckily the Clerk had a Qualification, which no Clerk to a Justice of Peace ought ever to be without, namely, some Understanding in the Law of this Realm. He therefore whispered in the Ear of the Justice, that he would exceed his Authority by committing the Girl to *Bridewell*, as there had been no Attempt to break the Peace; 'for I am afraid, Sir,' says he, 'you cannot legally commit any one to *Bridewell* only for Ill-breeding.'

In Matters of high Importance, particularly in Cases relating to the Game, the Justice was not always attentive to these Admonitions of his Clerk: For, indeed, in executing the Laws under that Head, many Justices of Peace suppose they have a large discretionary Power. By Virtue of which, under the Notion of searching for, and taking away Engines for the Destruction of the Game, they often commit Trespasses, and sometimes Felony at their Pleasure.

But this Offence was not of quite so high a Nature, nor so dangerous to the Society. Here, therefore, the Justice behaved with some Attention to the Advice of his Clerk: For, in Fact, he had already had two Informations exhibited against him in the King's-Bench, and had no Curiosity to try a third.

The Squire, therefore, putting on a most wise and significant Countenance, after a Preface of several Hum's and Ha's, told his Sister, that upon more mature Deliberation, he was of Opinion that 'as there was no breaking up of the Peace, such as the Law,' says he, 'calls breaking open a Door, or breaking a Hedge, or  
4 ' break-

‘ breaking a Head ; or any such Sort of Breaking ; the Matter did not amount to a felonious Kind of a Thing, nor Trespasses nor Damages, and, therefore, there was no Punishment in the Law for it.’

Mrs. *Western* said, ‘ she knew the Law much better ; that she had known Servants very severely punished for affronting their Masters ;’ and then named a certain Justice of the Peace in *London*, ‘ who,’ she said, ‘ would commit a Servant to *Bridewell*, at any Time when a Master or Mistress desired it.’

‘ Like enough,’ cries the Squire, ‘ it may be so in *London* ; but the Law is different in the Country.’ Here followed a very learned Dispute between the Brother and Sister concerning the Law, which we would insert, if we imagined many of our Readers could understand it. This was, however, at length referred by both Parties to the Clerk, who decided it in Favour of the Magistrate ; and Mrs. *Western* was, in the End, obliged to content herself with the Satisfaction of having *Honour* turned away ; to which *Sophia* herself very readily and chearfully consented.

Thus Fortune, after having diverted herself, according to Custom, with two or three Frolicks, at last disposed all Matters to the Advantage of our Heroine ; who, indeed, succeeded admirably well in her Deceit, considering it was the first she had ever practised. And, to say the Truth, I have often concluded, that the honest Part of Mankind would be much too hard for the knavish, if they could bring themselves to incur the Guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the Trouble.

*Honour*



*Honour* acted her Part to the utmost Perfection. She no sooner saw herself secure from all Danger of *Bridewell*, a Word which had raised most horrible Ideas in her Mind, than she resumed those Airs which her Terroures before had a little abated; and laid down her Place, with as much Affectation of Content, and indeed of Contempt, as was ever practised at the Resignation of Places of a much greater Importance. If the Reader pleases, therefore, we chuse rather to say she resigned---which hath, indeed, been always held a synonymous Expression with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. *Western* ordered her to be very expeditious in packing: For his Sister declared she would not sleep another Night under the same Roof with so impudent a Slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that every Thing was ready early in the Evening; when having received her Wages, away packed Bag and Baggage, to the great Satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of *Sophia*; who, having appointed her Maid to meet her at a certain Place not far from the House, exactly at the dreadful and ghostly Hour of Twelve, began to prepare for her own Departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful Audiences, the one to her Aunt, and the other to her Father. In these Mrs. *Western* herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory Stile than before; but her Father treated her in so violent and outrageous a Manner, that he frightened her into an affected Compliance with his Will, which so highly pleased the good Squire, that he changed his Frowns into Smiles, and his Menaces into Promises; he vowed his whole Soul

was wrapped in hers, that her Consent (for so he construed the Words, *You know, Sir, I must not, nor can refuse to obey any absolute Command of yours,*) had made him the happiest of Mankind. He then gave her a large Bank-bill to dispose of in any Trinkets she pleased, and kissed and embraced her in the fondest Manner, while Tears of Joy trickled from those Eyes, which a few Moments before had darted Fire and Rage against the dear Object of all his Affection.

Instances of this Behaviour in Parents are so common, that the Reader, I doubt not, will be very little astonished at the whole Conduct of Mr. *Western*. If he should, I own I am not able to account for it; since that he loved his Daughter most tenderly, is, I think, beyond Dispute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their Children most compleatly miserable by the same Conduct; which, tho' it is almost universal in Parents, hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the Absurdities, which ever entered into the Brain of *that strange prodigious Creative Man*.

The latter Part of Mr. *Western's* Behaviour had so strong an Effect on the tender Heart of *Sophia*, that it suggested a Thought to her, which not all the politic Sophistry of her Aunt, nor all the Menaces of her Father had ever once brought into her Head. She revered her Father so piously, and loved him so passionately, that she had scarce ever felt more pleasing Sensations, than what arose from the Share she frequently had of contributing to his Amusement; and sometimes, perhaps, to higher Gratifications; for he never could contain the Delight of hearing her commended, which he had the Satisfaction of hearing almost

almost every Day of her Life. The Idea, therefore, of the immense Happiness she should convey to her Father by her Consent to this Match, made a strong Impression on her Mind. Again, the extreme Piety of such an Act of Obedience, worked very forcibly, as she had a very deep Sense of Religion. Lastly, when she reflected how much she herself was to suffer, being indeed to become little less than a Sacrifice, or a Martyr, to filial Love and Duty, she felt an agreeable Tickling in a certain little Passion, which tho' it bears no immediate Affinity either to Religion or Virtue, is often so kind as to lend great Assistance in executing the Purposes of both.

*Sophia* was charmed with the Contemplation of so heroic an Action, and began to compliment herself with much premature Flattery, when *Cupid*, who lay hid in her Muff, suddenly crept out, and, like *Punchinello* in a Puppet-show, kicked all out before him. In Truth (for we scorn to deceive our Reader, or to vindicate the Character of our Heroine, by ascribing her Actions to supernatural Impulse) the Thoughts of her beloved *Jones*, and some Hopes (however distant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately destroyed all which filial Love, Piety and Pride had, with their joint Endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with *Sophia*, we must now look back to Mr. *Jones*.

## C H A P. X.

*Containing several Matters natural enough, perhaps, but Low.*

THE Reader will be pleased to remember, that we left Mr. *Jones* in the Beginning of this Book, on his Road to *Bristol*; being determined to seek his Fortune at Sea; or rather, indeed, to fly away from his Fortune on Shore.

It happened, (a Thing not very unusual) that the Guide who undertook to conduct him on his Way, was unluckily unacquainted with the Road; so that having missed his right Track, and being ashamed to ask Information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till Night came on, and it began to grow dark. *Jones* suspecting what had happened, acquainted the Guide with his Apprehensions; but he insisted on it, that they were in the right Road, and added, it would be very strange if he should not know the Road to *Bristol*; tho', in Reality, it would have been much stranger if he had known it, having never past through it in his Life before.

*Jones* had not such implicit Faith in his Guide, but that on their Arrival at a Village he enquired of the first Fellow he saw, whether they were in the Road to *Bristol*. 'Whence did you come?' cries the Fellow. 'No Matter,' says *Jones*, a little hastily, 'I want to know if this be the Road to *Bristol*?' 'The Road to *Bristol*!' cries the Fellow, scratching his Head, 'Why, Master, I believe you will hardly get to *Bristol* this Way To-night.' 'Prithee, Friend, then,' answered

answered *Jones*, ‘do tell us which is the Way.’—  
 ‘Why, Measter,’ cries the Fellow, ‘you must  
 ‘be come out of your Road the Lord knows  
 ‘whither: For thick Way goeth to *Glocester*.’  
 ‘Well, and which Way goes to *Bristol*?’ said  
*Jones*. ‘Why, you be going away from *Bristol*,’  
 answered the Fellow.---‘Then,’ said *Jones*, ‘we  
 ‘must go back again.’ ‘Ay, you must,’ said  
 the Fellow. ‘Well, and when we come back  
 ‘to the Top of the Hill, which Way must we  
 ‘take?’ ‘Why you must keep the strait Road.’  
 ‘But I remember there are two Roads, one to  
 ‘the Right and the other to the Left.’ ‘Why  
 ‘you must keep the right-hand Road, and then  
 ‘go strait vorwards; only remember to turn first  
 ‘to your Right, and then to your Left again,  
 ‘and then to your Right; and that brings you  
 ‘to the Squire’s, and then you must keep strait  
 ‘vorwards, and turn to the Left.’

Another Fellow now came up, and asked which  
 Way the Gentlemen were going?----of which  
 being informed by *Jones*, he first scratched his  
 Head, and then leaning upon a Pole he had in  
 his Hand, began to tell him, ‘That he must  
 ‘keep the right-hand Road for about a Mile, or  
 ‘a Mile and half or zuch a Matter, and then he  
 ‘must turn short to the Left, which would bring  
 ‘him round by Measter *Fin Bearnés*’s.’ ‘But  
 ‘which is Mr. *John Bearnés*’s?’ says *Jones*.  
 ‘O Lord,’ cries the Fellow, ‘why don’t you  
 ‘know Measter *Fin Bearnés*? Whence then did  
 ‘you come?’

These two Fellows had almost conquered the  
 Patience of *Jones*, when a plain well-looking  
 Man (who was indeed a Quaker) accosted him  
 thus: ‘Friend, I perceive thou hast lost thy



‘ Way ; and if thou wilt take my Advice, thou  
‘ wilt not attempt to find it To-night. It is al-  
‘ most dark, and the Road is difficult to hit ;  
‘ besides there have been several Robberies com-  
‘ mitted lately between this and *Bristol*. Here is  
‘ a very creditable good House just by, where  
‘ thou may’st find good Entertainment for thy-  
‘ self and thy Cattle till Morning.’ *Jones*, after  
a little Persuasion, agreed to stay in this Place till  
the Morning, and was conducted by his Friend  
to the Public-House.

The Landlord, who was a very civil Fellow,  
told *Jones*, ‘ he hoped he would excuse the Bad-  
‘ ness of his Accommodation : For that his Wife  
‘ was gone from home, and had locked up al-  
‘ most every Thing, and carried the Keys along  
‘ with her.’ Indeed, the Fact was, that a fa-  
vourite Daughter of hers was just married, and  
gone, that Morning, home with her Husband ;  
and that she and her Mother together, had al-  
most stript the poor Man of all his Goods, as  
well as Money : For tho’ he had several Children,  
this Daughter only, who was the Mother’s Fa-  
vourite, was the Object of her Consideration ;  
and to the Humour of this one Child she would,  
with Pleasure, have sacrificed all the rest, and her  
Husband into the Bargain.

Tho’ *Jones* was very unfit for any Kind of  
Company, and would have preferred being alone,  
yet he could not resist the Importunities of the  
honest Quaker ; who was the more desirous of  
sitting with him, from having remarked the Me-  
lancholy which appeared both in his Countenance  
and Behaviour ; and which the poor Quaker  
thought his Conversation might in some Mea-  
sure relieve.

After

After they had past some Time together, in such a Manner that my honest Friend might have thought himself at one of his Silent-Meetings, the Quaker began to be moved by some Spirit or other, probably that of Curiosity; and said, ' Friend, I perceive some sad Disaster hath be-  
' fallen thee; but, pray be of Comfort. Perhaps  
' thou hast lost a Friend. If so, thou must con-  
' sider we are all mortal. And why should'st  
' thou grieve, when thou knowest thy Grief will  
' do thy Friend no Good. We are all born to  
' Affliction. I myself have my Sorrows as well  
' as thee, and most probably greater Sorrows.  
' Tho' I have a clear Estate of 100 l. a Year,  
' which is as much as I want, and I have a Con-  
' science, I thank the Lord, void of Offence.  
' My Constitution is sound and strong, and there  
' is no Man can demand a Debt of me, nor ac-  
' cuse me of an Injury---yet, Friend, I should be  
' concerned to think thee as miserable as my-  
' self.'

Here the Quaker ended with a deep Sigh; and Jones presently answered, ' I am very sorry, Sir,  
' for your Unhappiness, whatever is the Occa-  
' sion of it.' ' Ah! Friend,' replied the Qua-  
ker, ' one only Daughter is the Occasion. One  
' who was my greatest Delight upon Earth, and  
' who within this Week is run away from me,  
' and is married against my Consent. I had pro-  
' vided her a proper Match, a sober Man, and  
' one of Substance; but she, forsooth, would  
' chuse for herself, and away she is gone with a  
' young Fellow not worth a Groat. If she had  
' been dead, as I suppose thy Friend is, I should  
' have been happy!' ' That is very strange,  
' Sir,' said Jones. ' Why, would it not be bet-

‘ter for her to be dead, than to be a Beggar!’ replied the Quaker: ‘For, as I told you, the Fellow is not worth a Groat; and surely she cannot expect that I shall ever give her a Shilling. No, as she hath married for Love, let her live on Love if she can; let her carry her Love to Market, and see whether any one will change it into Silver, or even into Half-pence.’ ‘You know your own Concerns best, Sir,’ said *Jones*. ‘It must have been,’ continued the Quaker, ‘a long premeditated Scheme to cheat me: For they have known one another from their Infancy; and I always preached to her against Love---and told her a thousand Times over it was all Folly and Wickedness. Nay, the cunning Slut pretended to hearken to me, and to despise all Wantonness of the Flesh; and yet, at last, to break out at a Window two Pair of Stairs: For I began, indeed, a little to suspect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next Morning to have married her up to my Liking. But she disappointed me within a few Hours, and escaped away to the Lover of her own chusing, who lost no Time: For they were married and bedded, and all within an Hour.

‘But it shall be the worst Hour’s Work for them both that ever they did, for they may starve, or beg, or steal together for me. I will never give either of them a Farthing.’ Here *Jones* starting up, cry’d, ‘I really must be excused; I wish you would leave me.’ ‘Come, come, Friend,’ said the Quaker, ‘don’t give Way to Concern. You see there are other People miserable, besides yourself.’ ‘I see there are Madmen and Fools and Villains in the  
‘World.’

‘ World,’ cries *Jones*---‘ But let me give you a  
 ‘ Piece of Advice ; send for your Daughter and  
 ‘ Son-in-law home, and don’t be yourself the  
 ‘ only Cause of Misery to one you pretend to  
 ‘ love.’ ‘ Send for her and her Husband home !’  
 cries the Quaker loudly, ‘ I would sooner send  
 ‘ for the two greatest Enemies I have in the  
 ‘ World !’ ‘ Well, go home yourself, or where  
 ‘ you please,’ said *Jones* : ‘ For I will sit no  
 ‘ longer in such Company.’----‘ Nay, Friend,’  
 answered the Quaker, ‘ I scorn to impose my  
 ‘ Company on any one.’ He then offered to  
 pull Money from his Pocket, but *Jones* pushed  
 him with some Violence out of the Room.

The Subject of the Quaker’s Discourse had  
 so deeply affected *Jones*, that he stared very wild-  
 ly all the Time he was speaking. This the Qua-  
 ker had observed, and this, added to the rest of  
 his Behaviour, inspired honest *Broadbrim* with a  
 Conceit, that his Companion was, in Reality,  
 out of his Senses. Instead of resenting the Af-  
 front, therefore, the Quaker was moved with  
 Compassion for his unhappy Circumstances ; and  
 having communicated his Opinion to the Land-  
 lord, he desired him to take great Care of his  
 Guest, and to treat him with the highest Ci-  
 vility.

‘ Indeed,’ says the Landlord, ‘ I shall use no  
 ‘ such Civility towards him : For it seems, for  
 ‘ all his laced Waistcoat there, he is no more a  
 ‘ Gentleman than myself ; but a poor Parish  
 ‘ Bastard bred up at a great Squire’s about 30  
 ‘ Miles off, and now turned out of Doors, (not  
 ‘ for any Good to be sure.) I shall get him out  
 ‘ of my House as soon as possible. If I do  
 ‘ lose my Reckoning, the first Loss is always

‘ the best. It is not above a Year ago that I lost  
‘ a Silver-spoon.’

‘ What dost thou talk of a Parish Bastard,  
‘ *Robin*?’ answered the Quaker. ‘ Thou must  
‘ certainly be mistaken in thy Man.’

‘ Not at all,’ replied *Robin*, ‘ the Guide, who  
‘ knows him very well, told it me.’ For, indeed, the Guide had no sooner taken his Place at the Kitchin-Fire, than he acquainted the whole Company with all he knew, or had ever heard concerning *Jones*.

The Quaker was no sooner assured by this Fellow of the Birth and low Fortune of *Jones*, than all Compassion for him vanished; and the honest, plain Man went home fired with no less Indignation than a Duke would have felt at receiving an Affront from such a Person.

The Landlord himself conceived an equal Disdain for his Guest; so that when *Jones* rung the Bell in order to retire to Bed, he was acquainted that he could have no Bed there. Besides Disdain of the mean Condition of his Guest, *Robin* entertained violent Suspicion of his Intentions, which were, he supposed, to watch some favourable Opportunity of robbing the House. In reality, he might have been very well eased of these Apprehensions by the prudent Precautions of his Wife and Daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to the Freehold; but he was by Nature suspicious, and had been more particularly so since the Loss of his Spoon. In short, the Dread of being robbed, totally absorbed the comfortable Consideration that he had nothing to lose.

*Jones* being assured that he could have no Bed, very contentedly betook himself to a great Chair.  
made



made with Rushes, when Sleep, which had lately shunned his Company in much better Apartments, generously paid him a Visit in his humble Cell.

As for the Landlord, he was prevented by his Fears from retiring to Rest. He returned therefore to the Kitchen-Fire, whence he could survey the only Door which opened into the Parlour, or rather Hole, where *Jones* was seated; and as for the Window to that Room, it was impossible for any Creature larger than a Cat to have made his Escape through it.

## C H A P. XI.

*The Adventure of a Company of Soldiers.*

THE Landlord having taken his Seat directly opposite to the Door of the Parlour, determined to keep Guard there the whole Night. The Guide and another Fellow remained long on Duty with him, tho' they neither knew his Suspicions, nor had any of their own. The true Cause of their watching did indeed, at length, put an End to it; for this was no other than the Strength and Goodness of the Beer, of which having tippled a very large Quantity, they grew at first very noisy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both asleep.

But it was not in the Power of Liquor to compose the Fears of *Robin*. He continued still waking in his Chair, with his Eyes fixed stedfastly on the Door which led into the Apartment of *Mr. Jones*, till a violent Thundering at his outward Gate called him from his Seat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no sooner done,

than his Kitchen was immediately full of Gentlemen in red Coats, who all rushed upon him in as tumultuous a Manner, as if they intended to take his little Castle by Storm.

The Landlord was now forced from his Post to furnish his numerous Guests with Beer, which they called for with great Eagerness; and upon his second or third Return from the Cellar, he saw Mr. *Jones* standing before the Fire in the midst of the Soldiers; for it may easily be believed, that the Arrival of so much good Company should put an End to any Sleep, unless that from which we are only to be awakened by the last Trumpet.

The Company having now pretty well satisfied their Thirst, nothing remained but to pay the Reckoning, a Circumstance often productive of much Mischief and Discontent among the inferior Rank of Gentry; who are apt to find great Difficulty in assessing the Sum, with exact Regard to distributive Justice, which directs, that every Man shall pay according to the Quantity which he drinks. This Difficulty occurred upon the present Occasion; and it was the greater, as some Gentlemen had, in their extreme Hurry, marched off, after their first Draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the said Reckoning.

A violent Dispute now arose, in which every Word may be said to have been deposed upon Oath; for the Oaths were at least equal to all the other Words spoken. In this Controversy, the whole Company spoke together, and every Man seemed wholly bent to extenuate the Sum which fell to his Share; so that the most probable Conclusion which could be foreseen, was, that

a large Portion of the Reckoning would fall to the Landlord's Share to pay, or (what is much the same thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr. *Jones* was engaged in Conversation with the Serjeant; for that Officer was entirely unconcerned in the present Dispute, being privileged, by immemorial Custom, from all Contribution.

The Dispute now grew so very warm, that it seemed to draw towards a military Decision, when *Jones* stepping forward, silenced all their Clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole Reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three Shillings and Four-pence.

This Declaration procured *Jones* the Thanks and Applause of the whole Company. The Terms honourable, noble, and worthy Gentleman, resounded through the Room; nay, my Landlord himself began to have a better Opinion of him, and almost to disbelieve the Account which the Guide had given.

The Serjeant had informed Mr. *Jones*, that they were marching against the Rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious Duke of *Cumberland*. By which the Reader may perceive (a Circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very Time when the late Rebellion was at the highest; and indeed the Banditti were now marched into *England*, intending, as it was thought, to fight the King's Forces, and to attempt pushing forward to the Metropolis.

*Jones* had some Heroic Ingredients in his Composition, and was a hearty Well-wisher to the glorious Cause of Liberty, and of the Protestant Religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in  
Cir-

Circumstances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild Undertaking, it should occur to him to serve as a Volunteer in this Expedition.

Our commanding Officer had said all in his Power to encourage and promote this good Disposition, from the first Moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble Resolution aloud, which was received with great Pleasure by the whole Company, who all cried out, 'God bless King *George*, and your Honour;' and then added, with many Oaths, 'We will stand by you both to the last Drops of our Blood.'

The Gentleman, who had been all Night tippling at the Alehouse, was prevailed on by some Arguments which a Corporal had put into his Hand, to undertake the same Expedition. And now the Portmanteau belonging to Mr. *Jones* being put up in the Baggage-cart, the Forces were about to move forwards; when the Guide, stepping up to *Jones*, said, 'Sir, I hope you will consider that the Horses have been kept out all Night, and we have travelled a great ways out of our Way.' *Jones* was surprized at the Impudence of this Demand, and acquainted the Soldiers with the Merits of his Cause, who were all unanimous in condemning the Guide for his Endeavours to put upon a Gentleman. Some said, he ought to be tied Neck and Heels; others, that he deserved to run the Gauntlope; and the Serjeant shook his Cane at him, and wished he had him under his Command, swearing heartily he would make an Example of him.

*Jones* contented himself, however, with a negative Punishment, and walked off with his new Comrades.

Comrades, leaving the Guide to the poor Revenge of cursing and reviling him, in which latter the Landlord joined, saying, ‘ Ay, ay, he is ‘ a pure one, I warrant you. A pretty Gentle- ‘ man, indeed, to go for a Soldier. He shall ‘ wear a laced Waistcoat truly. It is an old Pro- ‘ verb and a true one, all is not Gold that glisters. ‘ I am glad my House is well rid of him.’

All that Day the Serjeant and the young Soldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch Fellow, told the latter many entertaining Stories of his Campaigns, tho’ in Reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the Service, and had, by his own Dexterity, so well ingratiated himself with his Officers, that he had promoted himself to a Halberd, chiefly indeed by his Merit in recruiting, in which he was most excellently well skilled.

Much Mirth and Festivity passed among the Soldiers during their March. In which the many Occurrences that had passed at their last Quarters were remembered, and every one, with great Freedom, made what Jokes he pleased on his Officers, some of which were of the coarser Kind, and very near bordering on Scandal. This brought to our Heroe’s Mind the Custom which he had read of among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, of indulging, on certain Festivals and solemn Occasions, the Liberty to Slaves, of using an untrouled Freedom of Speech towards their Masters.

Our little Army, which consisted of two Companies of Foot, were now arrived at the Place where they were to halt that Evening, The Serjeant then acquainted his Lieutenant, who was the commanding Officer, that they had picked up two Fellows in that Day’s March; one of which,



which, he said, was as fine a Man as ever he saw (Meaning the Tippler) for that he was near six Feet, well-proportioned, and strongly limbed; and the other, (meaning *Jones*,) would do well enough for the rear Rank.

The new Soldiers were now produced before the Officer, who having examined the six Foot Man, he being first produced, came next to survey *Jones*: at the first Sight of whom, the Lieutenant could not help shewing some Surprise; for, besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable Air of Dignity in his Look, which is rarely seen among the Vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably annexed to the Features of their Superiors.

‘Sir,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘my Serjeant informed me, that you are desirous of enlisting in the Company I have at present under my command; if so, Sir, we shall very gladly receive a Gentleman who promises to do much Honour to the Company, by bearing Arms in it.’

*Jones* answered: ‘That he had not mentioned any thing of enlisting himself; that he was most zealously attached to the glorious Cause for which they were going to fight, and was very desirous of serving as a Volunteer;’ concluding with some Compliments to the Lieutenant, and expressing the great Satisfaction he should have in being under his Command.

The Lieutenant returned his Civility, commended his Resolution, shook him by the Hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the Officers.

## CHAP. XII.

*The Adventure of a Company of Officers.*

THE Lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding Chapter, and who commanded this Party, was now near sixty Years of Age. He had entered very young into the Army, and had served in the Capacity of an Ensign at the Battle of *Tannieres*; here he had received two Wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the Duke of *Marlbrough* advanced to Lieutenant, immediately after that Battle.

In this Commission he had continued ever since, *viz.* near forty Years; during which Time he had seen vast Numbers preferred over his Head, and had now the Mortification to be commanded by Boys, whose Fathers were at Nurse when he had first entered into the Service.

Nor was this ill Success in his Profession solely owing to his having no Friends among the Men in Power. He had the Misfortune to incur the Displeasure of his Colonel, who for many Years continued in the Command of this Regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable Ill-will which this Man bore him to any Neglect or Deficiency as an Officer, nor indeed to any Fault in himself; but solely to the Indiscretion of his Wife, who was a very beautiful Woman, and who, tho' she was remarkably fond of her Husband, would not purchase his Preferment at the Expence of certain Favours which the Colonel required of her.

The poor Lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the Effects of the  
Enmity

Enmity of his Colonel, he neither knew, nor suspected, that he really bore him any; for he could not suspect an Ill-will for which he was not conscious of giving any Cause; and his Wife, fearing what her Husband's nice Regard to his Honour might have occasioned, contented herself with preserving her Virtue, without enjoying the Triumphs of her Conquest.

This unfortunate Officer (for so I think he may be called) had many good Qualities, besides his Merit in his Profession; for he was a religious, honest, good-natured Man; and had behaved so well in his Command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved, not only by the Soldiers of his own Company, but by the whole Regiment.

The other Officers who marched with him were a *French* Lieutenant, who had been long enough out of *France* to forget his own Language, but not long enough in *England* to learn ours, so that he really spoke no Language at all, and could barely make himself understood, on the most ordinary Occasions. There were likewise two Ensigns, both very young Fellows; one of whom had been bred under an Attorney, and the other was Son to the Wife of a Nobleman's Butler.

As soon as Dinner was ended, *Jones* informed the Company of the Merriment which had passed among the Soldiers upon their March; 'and yet,' says he, 'notwithstanding all their Vociferation, I dare swear they will behave more like *Grecians* than *Trojans* when they come to the Enemy.' '*Grecians* and *Trojans*!' says one of the Ensigns, 'who the Devil are they? I have heard of all the Troops in *Europe*, but never of any such as these.'

'Don't

‘ Don’t pretend to more Ignorance than you have, Mr. *Northerton*,’ said the worthy Lieutenant, ‘ I suppose you have heard of the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, tho’, perhaps you never read *Pope’s Homer*; who, I remember, now the Gentleman mentions it, compares the March of the *Trojans* to the Cackling of Geese, and greatly commends the Silence of the *Grecians*. And upon my Honour, there is great Justice in the Cadet’s Observation.’

‘ Begar, me remember dem ver well,’ said the French Lieutenant, ‘ me ave read dem at School in dans Madam *Daciere*, des *Greek*, des *Trojan*, dey fight for von Woman—ouy, ouy, me ave read all dat.’

‘ D—n *Homo* with all my Heart,’ says *Northerton*, ‘ I have the Marks of him in my A—yet. There’s *Thomas* of our Regiment, always carries a *Homo* in his Pocket: D—n me if ever I come at it, if I don’t burn it. And there’s *Corderius*, another d—n’d Son of a Whore that hath got me many a Flogging.’

‘ Then you have been at School, Mr. *Northerton*?’ said the Lieutenant.

‘ Ay d—n me have I,’ answered he, ‘ the Devil take my Father for sending me thither. The old Put wanted to make a Parson of me, but d—n me, thinks I to myself, I’ll nick you there, old Cull: The Devil a Smack of your Nonsense, shall you ever get into me. There’s *Jimmey Oliver* of our Regiment, he narrowly escaped being a Pimp too; and that would have been a thousand Pities: For d—n me if he is not one of the prettiest Fellows in the whole World; but he went farther than I with the  
‘ old

‘ old Cull: For *Jimmey* can neither write nor read.’

‘ You give your Friend a very good Character,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘ and a very deserved one, I dare say; but prithee, *Northerton*, leave off that foolish as well as wicked Custom of swearing: For you are deceived, I promise you, if you think there is Wit or Politeness in it. I wish too, you would take my Advice, and desist from abusing the Clergy. Scandalous Names and Reflections cast on any Body of Men, must be always unjustifiable; but especially so, when thrown on so sacred a Function: For to abuse the Body is to abuse the Function itself; and I leave to you to judge how inconsistent such a Behaviour is in Men, who are going to fight in Defence of the Protestant Religion.’

Mr. *Adderley*, which was the Name of the other Ensign, had sat hitherto kicking his Heels and humming a Tune, without seeming to listen to the Discourse; he now answered, ‘ *O Monsieur, on ne parle pas de la Religion dans la Guerre.*’ ‘ Well said, *Jack*,’ cries *Northerton*, ‘ if la Religion was the only Matter, the Parsons should fight their own Battles for me.’

‘ I don’t know, Gentlemen,’ says *Jones*, ‘ what may be your Opinion; but I think no Man can engage in a nobler Cause than that of his Religion; and I have observed in the little I have read of History, that no Soldiers have fought so bravely, as those who have been inspired with a religious Zeal: For my own Part, tho’ I love my King and Country, I hope, as well as any Man in it, yet the Protestant  
‘ Interest



‘ Interest is no small Motive to my becoming a Volunteer in the Cause.’

*Northerton* now winked on *Adderley*, and whispered to him sily, ‘ Smoke the Prig, *Adderley*, smoke him.’ Then turning to *Jones*, said to him, ‘ I am very glad, Sir, you have chosen our Regiment to be a Volunteer in: For if our Parson should at any Time take a Cup too much, I find you can supply his Place. I presume, Sir, you have been at the University; may I crave the Favour to know what College?’

‘ Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ so far from having been at the University, I have even had the Advantage of yourself: for I was never at School.’

‘ I presumed,’ cries the Ensign, ‘ only upon the Information of your great Learning—’ ‘ Oh! Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ it is as possible for a Man to know something without having been at School; as it is to have been at School and to know nothing.’

‘ Well said, young Volunteer,’ cries the Lieutenant, ‘ upon my Word, *Northerton*, you had better let him alone; for he will be too hard for you.’

*Northerton* did not very well relish the Sarcasm of *Jones*; but he thought the Provocation was scarce sufficient to justify a Blow, or a Rascal, or Scoundrel, which were the only Repartees that suggested themselves. He was, therefore, silent at present; but resolved to take the first Opportunity of returning the Jest by Abuse.

It now came to the Turn of Mr. *Jones* to give a Toast, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear *Sophia*. This he did

the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impossible, that any one present should guess the Person he meant.

But the Lieutenant, who was the Toast-master, was not contented with *Sophia* only. He said, he must have her Sir-name; upon which *Jones* hesitated a little, and presently after named Miss *Sophia Western*. Ensign *Northerton* declared, he would not drink her Health in the same Round with his own Toast, unless somebody would vouch for her. ‘I knew one *Sophy Western*,’ says he, ‘that was lain-with by half the young Fellows at *Bath*; and, perhaps, this is the same Woman.’ *Jones* very solemnly assured him of the contrary; asserting that the young Lady he named was one of great Fashion and Fortune. ‘Ay, ay,’ says the Ensign, ‘and so she is; d--n me, it is the same Woman; and I’ll hold half a Dozen of *Burgundy*, *Tom French* of our Regiment brings her into Company with us at any Tavern in *Bridges-street*.’ He then proceeded to describe her Person exactly, (for he had seen her with her Aunt) and concluded with saying, ‘That her Father had a great Estate in *Somersetshire*.’

The Tenderness of Lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the Names of their Mistresses. However, *Jones*, tho’ he had enough of the Lover and of the Heroe too in his Disposition, did not resent these Slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the Truth, having seen but little of this Kind of Wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long Time imagined Mr. *Northerton* had really mistaken his Charmer for some other. But now turning to the Ensign with a stern Aspect, he said, ‘Pray, Sir,

‘ Sir, chuse some other Subject for your Wit :  
 ‘ For I promise you I will bear no jesting with  
 ‘ this Lady’s Character.’ ‘ Jestings,’ cries the  
 other, ‘ d--n me if ever I was more in Earnest  
 ‘ in my Life. *Tom French* of our Regiment had  
 ‘ both her and her Aunt at *Bath*.’ ‘ Then I  
 ‘ must tell you in Earnest,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ that  
 ‘ you are one of the most impudent Rascals upon  
 ‘ Earth.’

He had no sooner spoken these Words, than  
 the Ensign, together with a Volley of Curses,  
 discharged a Bottle full at the Head of *Jones*,  
 which hitting him a little above the right Tem-  
 ple, brought him instantly to the Ground.

The Conqueror perceiving the Enemy to lie  
 motionless before him, and Blood beginning to  
 flow pretty plentifully from his Wound, began  
 now to think of quitting the Field of Battle,  
 where no more Honour was to be gotten; but  
 the Lieutenant interposed, by stepping before the  
 Door, and thus cut off his Retreat.

*Northerton* was very importunate with the  
 Lieutenant for his Liberty; urging the ill Con-  
 sequences of his Stay, asking him, what he could  
 have done less! ‘ Zounds!’ says he, ‘ I was but  
 ‘ in Jest with the Fellow. I never heard any  
 ‘ Harm of Miss *Western* in my Life.’ ‘ Have  
 ‘ not you?’ said the Lieutenant, ‘ then you  
 ‘ richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making  
 ‘ such Jest, as for using such a Weapon. You  
 ‘ are my Prisoner, Sir; nor shall you stir from  
 ‘ hence, till a proper Guard comes to secure  
 ‘ you.’

Such an Ascendant had our Lieutenant over  
 this Ensign, that all that Fervency of Courage  
 which had levelled our poor Heroe with the Floor,  
 would

would scarce have animated the said Ensign to have drawn his Sword against the Lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his Side ; but all the Swords being hung up in the Room, were, at the very Beginning of the Fray, secured by the *French Officer*. So that Mr. *Northerton* was obliged to attend the final Issue of this Affair.

The *French Gentleman* and Mr. *Adderly*, at the Desire of their Commanding-Officer, had raised up the Body of *Jones* ; but as they could perceive but little (if any) Sign of Life in him, they again let him fall. *Adderly* damning him for having blooded his Waistcoat ; and the *Frenchman* declaring, ‘ Begar me no tush de Engliseman  
‘ de mort, me ave heard de Englife Ley, Law,  
‘ what you call, hang up de Man dat tush him  
‘ last.’

When the good Lieutenant applied himself to the Door, he applied himself likewise to the Bell ; and the Drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a File of Musquetteers and a Surgeon. These Commands, together with the Drawer’s Report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the Soldiers, but presently drew up the Landlord of the House, his Wife and Servants, and, indeed, every one else, who happened, at that Time, to be in the Inn.

To describe every Particular, and to relate the whole Conversation of the ensuing Scene, is not within my Power, unless I had forty Pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the Company now spoke. The Reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable Incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first Thing done, was securing the Body of *Northerton*, who being delivered into the Custody of six Men with a Corporal at their Head, was by them conducted from a Place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a Place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the Truth, so whimsical are the Desires of Ambition, the very Moment this Youth had attained the above-mentioned Honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to some Corner of the World, where the Fame of it should never have reached his Ears.

It surprizes us, and so, perhaps, it may the Reader, that the Lieutenant, a worthy and good Man, should have applied his chief Care, rather to secure the Offender, than to preserve the Life of the wounded Person. We mention this Observation, not with any View of pretending to account for so odd a Behaviour, but lest some Critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering it. We would have these Gentlemen know we can see what is odd in Characters as well as themselves, but it is our Business to relate Facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the Part of the learned and sagacious Reader to consult that original Book of Nature, whence every Passage in our Work is transcribed, tho' we quote not always the particular Page for its Authority.

The Company which now arrived were of a different Disposition. They suspended their Curiosity concerning the Person of the Ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging Attitude. At present, their whole Concern and Attention were employed about the bloody Object on the Floor; which being placed upright in



a Chair, soon began to discover some Symptoms of Life and Motion. These were no sooner perceived by the Company (for *Jones* was, at first, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him: (For as none of the physical Order was present, every one there took that Office upon him.)

Bleeding was the unanimous Voice of the whole Room; but unluckily there was no Operator at hand: Every one then cry'd, 'Call the Barber;' but none stirred a Step. Several Cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective Manner; till the Landlord ordered up a Tankard of his strong Beer, with a Toast, which he said was the best Cordial in *England*.

The Person principally assistant on this Occasion, indeed the only one who did any Service, or seemed likely to do any, was the Landlady. She cut off some of her Hair, and applied it to the Wound to stop the Blood. She fell to chafing the Youth's Temples with her Hand; and having express'd great Contempt for her Husband's Prescription of Beer, she dispatched one of her Maids to her own Closet for a Bottle of Brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed upon *Jones*, who was just returned to his Senses, to drink a very large and plentiful Draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the Surgeon, who having view'd the Wound, having shaken his Head, and blamed every Thing which was done, ordered his Patient instantly to Bed; in which Place, we think proper to leave him, some Time, to his Repose, and shall here, therefore, put an End to this Chapter.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Containing the great Address of the Landlady; the great Learning of a Surgeon, and the solid Skill in Casuistry of the worthy Lieutenant.*

WHEN the wounded Man was carried to his Bed, and the House began again to clear up from the Hurry which this Accident had occasioned; the Landlady thus addressed the commanding Officer. ‘I am afraid, Sir,’ said she, ‘this young Man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your Honours; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had but his *Deserts*; to be sure, when Gentlemen admit inferior *Parfens* into their Company, they *ought* to keep their Distance; but, as my first Husband used to say, few of em know how to do it. For my own Part, I am sure, I should not have suffered any Fellows to *include* themselves into Gentlemen’s Company: but I *thought* he had been an Officer himself, till the Serjeant told me he was but a Recruit.’

‘Landlady,’ answered the Lieutenant, you mistake the whole Matter. The young Man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better Gentleman than the English, who abused him. If the young Fellow dies, the Man who struck him will have most Reason to be sorry for it: For the Regiment will get rid of a very troublesome Fellow, who is a Scandal to the Army; and if he escapes from the Hands of Justice, blame me, Madam, that’s all.’

‘ Ay! Ay! good Lack-a-day!’ said the Landlady, ‘ who could have *thoſt* it? ‘ Ay, ay, ay, I am ſatisfied your Honour will ſee Juſtice done; and to be ſure it *oſt* to be to every one. Gentlemen *oſt* not to kill poor Folks without anſwering for it. A poor Man hath a Soul to be ſaved as well as his Betters.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ ſaid the Lieutenant, you do the Volunteer wrong; I dare ſwear he is more of a Gentleman than the Officer.’

‘ Ay,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ why look you there now: Well, my firſt Huſband was a wife Man; he uſed to ſay, you can’t always know the Inſide by the Outſide. Nay, that might have been well enough too: For I never ſaw’d him till he was all over Blood. Who would have *thoſt* it! mayhap, ſome young Gentleman croſſed in Love. Good Lack-a-day! if he ſhould die, what a Concern it would be to his Parents! Why ſure the Devil muſt poſſeſs the wicked Wretch to do ſuch an Act. To be ſure, he is a Scandal to the Army, as your Honour ſays: For moſt of the Gentlemen of the Army that ever I ſaw, are quite different Sort of People, and look as if they would ſcorn to ſpill any Chriſtian Blood as much as any Men. I mean, that is, in a civil Way, as my firſt Huſband uſed to ſay. To be ſure, when they come into the Wars, there muſt be Bloodſhed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our Enemies they kill there, the better; and I wiſh, with all my Heart, they could kill every Mother’s Son of them.’

‘ O ſie! Madam,’ ſaid the Lieutenant ſmiling, ‘ ALL is rather too bloody-minded a Wiſh.’

‘Not at all, Sir,’ answered she, ‘I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our Enemies, and there is no Harm in that. To be sure it is natural for us to wish our Enemies dead, that the Wars may be at an End, and our Taxes be lowered: For it is a dreadful Thing to pay as we do. Why now there is above forty Shillings for Window-lights, and yet we have stopt up all we could; we have almost blinded the House I am sure: Says I to the Exciseman, says I, I think you *ost* to favour us, I am sure we are very good Friends to the Government; and so we are for *sertain*: For we pay a Mint of Money to ’um. And yet I often think to myself, the Government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us, than to those that don’t pay ’um a Farthing. Ay, ay; it is the Way of the World.’

She was proceeding in this Manner, when the Surgeon entered the Room. The Lieutenant immediately asked how his Patient did? But he resolved him only by saying, ‘Better, I believe, than he would have been by this Time, if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner.’ ‘I hope, Sir,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘the Skull is not fractured.’ ‘Hum,’ cries the Surgeon, ‘Fractures are not always the most dangerous Symptoms. Contusions and Lacérations are often attended with worse Phænomena, and with more fatal Consequences than Fractures. People who know nothing of the Matter conclude, if the Skull is not fractured, all is well; whereas, I had rather see a Man’s Skull broke all to Pieces, than some Contusions I have met with.’ ‘I hope,’ says the Lieutenant,

‘nant, ‘there are no such Symptoms here.’  
‘Symptoms,’ answered the Surgeon, ‘are not  
‘always regular nor constant. I have known  
‘very unfavourable Symptoms in the Morning  
‘change to favourable ones at Noon, and return  
‘to unfavourable again at Night. Of Wounds,  
‘indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo re-  
‘pente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember,  
‘called to a Patient, who had received a violent  
‘Contusion in his Tibia, by which the exterior  
‘Cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse  
‘sanguinary Discharge; and the interior Mem-  
‘branes were so divellicated, that the Os or Bone  
‘very plainly appeared through the Aperture of  
‘the Vulnus or Wound. Some febrile Symp-  
‘toms intervening at the same Time, (for the  
‘Pulse was exuberant and indicated much Phle-  
‘botomy) I apprehended an immediate Mortifi-  
‘cation. To prevent which I presently made a  
‘large Orifice in the Vein of the left Arm,  
‘whence I drew twenty Ounces of Blood; which  
‘I expected to have found extremely fizy and  
‘glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in  
‘pleuritic Complaints; but, to my Surprise, it  
‘appeared rosy and florid, and its Consistency  
‘differed little from the Blood of those in perfect  
‘Health. I then applied a Fomentation to the  
‘Part, which highly answered the Intention, and  
‘after three or four Times dressing, the Wound  
‘began to discharge a thick Pus or Matter, by  
‘which Means the Cohesion——but perhaps  
‘I do not make myself perfectly well understood.’  
‘No really,’ answered the Lieutenant, ‘I can-  
‘not say I understand a Syllable.’ ‘Well, Sir,’  
said the Surgeon, ‘then I shall not tire your Pa-  
‘tience; in short, within six Weeks, my Patient  
‘was



' was able to walk upon his Legs, as perfectly as he could have done before he received the Contusion.' ' I wish, Sir,' said the Lieutenant, ' you would be so kind only to inform me, whether the Wound this young Gentleman hath had the Misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal?' ' Sir,' answered the Surgeon, ' to say whether a Wound will prove mortal or not at first Dressing, would be very weak and foolish Presumption: We are all mortal, and Symptoms often occur in a Cure which the greatest of our Profession could never foresee.---' But do you think him in Danger?' says the other. ' In Danger! ay, surely,' cries the Doctor, ' who is there among us, who in the most perfect Health can be said not to be in Danger? Can a Man, therefore, with so bad a Wound as this be said to be out of Danger? All I can say at present is, that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the Morning, and in the mean Time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of Water-Gruel.' ' Won't you allow him Sack-whey,' said the Landlady? ' Ay, ay, Sack-whey,' cries the Doctor, ' if you will, provided it be very small.' ' And a little Chicken-broth too,' added she?---' Yes, yes, Chicken-broth,' said the Doctor, ' is very good.' ' Mayn't I make him some Jellies too,' said the Landlady? ' Ay, ay,' answered the Doctor, ' Jellies are very good for Wounds, for they promote Cohesion.' And, indeed, it was lucky she had not named Soup or high Sauces, for the Doctor would have complied, rather than have lost the Custom of the House.

The Doctor was no sooner gone, than the Landlady began to trumpet forth his Fame to the Lieutenant, who had not, from their short Acquaintance, conceived quite so favourable an Opinion of his physical Abilities as the good Woman, and all the Neighbourhood, entertained; (and indeed very rightly) for tho' I am afraid the Doctor was a little of a Coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a Surgeon.

The Lieutenant having collected from the learned Discourse of the Surgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great Danger, gave Orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict Guard, intending in the Morning to attend him to a Justice of Peace, and to commit the conducting the Troops to Gloucester to the French Lieutenant, who, tho' he could neither read, write, nor speak any Language, was, however, a good Officer.

In the Evening our Commander sent a Message to Mr. Jones, that if a Visit would not be troublesome he would wait on him. This Civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the Lieutenant accordingly went up to his Room, where he found the wounded Man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his Friend, that if he had not received express Orders to the contrary from the Surgeon, he should have got up long ago: For he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other Inconvenience from his Wound but an extreme Soreness on that Side of his Head.

'I should be very glad,' quoth the Lieutenant, 'that you was as well as you fancy yourself: For then you would be able to do yourself Justice immediately; for when a Matter can't be made up, as in Case of a Blow, the sooner

‘ sooner you take him out the better ; but I am  
 ‘ afraid you think yourself better than you are,  
 ‘ and he would have too much Advantage over  
 ‘ you.’

‘ I’ll try, however,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ if you  
 ‘ please, and will be so kind to lend me a Sword :  
 ‘ For I have none here of my own.’

‘ My Sword is heartily at your Service, my  
 ‘ dear Boy,’ cries the Lieutenant, kissing him,  
 ‘ you are a brave Lad, and I love your Spirit ;  
 ‘ but I fear your Strength : For such a Blow, and  
 ‘ so much Loss of Blood, must have very much  
 ‘ weakened you ; and tho’ you feel no Want of  
 ‘ Strength in your Bed, yet you most probably  
 ‘ would after a Thrust or two. I can’t consent  
 ‘ to your taking him out To-night ; but I hope  
 ‘ you will be able to come up with us before we  
 ‘ get many Days March advance ; and I give  
 ‘ you my Honour you shall have Satisfaction, or  
 ‘ the Man who hath injured you shan’t stay in  
 ‘ our Regiment.’

‘ I wish,’ said *Jones*, ‘ it was possible to de-  
 ‘ cide this Matter To-night : Now you have  
 ‘ mentioned it to me, I shall not be able to  
 ‘ rest.’

‘ O never think of it,’ returned the other,  
 ‘ a few Days will make no Difference. The  
 ‘ Wounds of Honour are not like those in your  
 ‘ Body. They suffer nothing by the Delay of  
 ‘ Cure. It will be altogether as well for you,  
 ‘ to receive Satisfaction a Week hence as now.’

‘ But suppose,’ says *Jones*, ‘ I should grow  
 ‘ worse, and die of the Consequences of my  
 ‘ present Wound.’

‘ Then your Honour,’ answered the Lieute-  
 ‘ nant, ‘ will require no Reparation at all. I

‘ myself will do Justice to your Character, and  
‘ will testify to the World your Intention to have  
‘ acted properly, if you had recovered.’

‘ Still,’ replied *Jones*, ‘ I am concerned at the  
‘ Delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to  
‘ you who are a Soldier; but tho’ I have been a  
‘ very wild young Fellow, still in my most seri-  
‘ ous Moments, and at the Bottom, I am really  
‘ a Christian.’

‘ So am I too, I assure you,’ said the Officer:  
‘ And so zealous a one, that I was pleased with  
‘ you at Dinner for taking up the Cause of your  
‘ Religion; and I am a little offended with you  
‘ now, young Gentleman, that you should ex-  
‘ press a Fear of declaring your Faith before any  
‘ one.’

‘ But how terrible must it be,’ cries *Jones*,  
‘ to any one who is really a Christian, to cherish  
‘ Malice in his Breast, in Opposition to the Com-  
‘ mand of him who hath expressly forbid it?  
‘ How can I bear to do this on a sick Bed? Or  
‘ how shall I make up my Account, with such  
‘ an Article as this in my Bosom against me?’

‘ Why I believe there is such a Command,’  
cries the Lieutenant; ‘ but a Man of Honour  
‘ can’t keep it. And you must be a Man of  
‘ Honour, if you will be in the Army. I re-  
‘ member I once put the Case to our Chaplain  
‘ over a Bowl of Punch, and he confessed there  
‘ was much Difficulty in it; but said, he hoped  
‘ there might be a Latitude granted to Soldiers  
‘ in this one Instance; and to be sure it is our  
‘ Duty to hope so: For who would bear to live  
‘ without his Honour? No, no, my dear Boy,  
‘ be a good Christian as long as you live; but be  
‘ a Man of Honour too, and never put up an  
‘ Af-

‘ Affront ; not all the Books, nor all the Parsons  
 ‘ in the World, shall ever persuade me to that.  
 ‘ I love my Religion very well, but I love my  
 ‘ Honour more. There must be some Mistake  
 ‘ in the wording the Text, or in the Transla-  
 ‘ tion, or in the understanding it, or somewhere  
 ‘ or other. But however that be, a Man must  
 ‘ run the Risque ; for he must preserve his Ho-  
 ‘ nour. So compose yourself To-night, and I  
 ‘ promise you, you shall have an Opportunity of  
 ‘ doing yourself Justice.’ Here he gave *Jones* a  
 hearty Buss, shook him by the Hand, and took  
 his Leave.

But tho’ the Lieutenant’s Reasoning was very  
 satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to  
 his Friend. *Jones* therefore having revolved this  
 Matter much in his Thoughts, at last came to a  
 Resolution, which the Reader will find in the  
 next Chapter.

C H A P. XIV.

*A most dreadful Chapter indeed ; and which few  
 Readers ought to venture upon in an Evening,  
 especially when alone.*

**JONES** swallowed a large Mess of Chicken,  
 or rather Cock, Broth, with a very good Ap-  
 petite, as indeed he would have done the Cock it  
 was made of, with a Pound of Bacon into the  
 Bargain ; and now, finding in himself no Defi-  
 ciency of either Health or Spirit, he resolved to  
 get up and seek his Enemy.

But first he sent for the Serjeant, who was his  
 first Acquaintance among these military Gentle-  
 men. Unluckily that worthy Officer having, in



a literal Sense, taken his Fill of Liquor, had been some Time retired to his Bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a Noise in at his Ears capable of drowning that which issued from his Nostrils.

However, as *Jones* persisted in his Desire of seeing him, a vociferous Drawer at length found Means to disturb his Slumbers, and to acquaint him with the Message. Of which the Serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his Bed, and having his Clothes already on, immediately attended. *Jones* did not think fit to acquaint the Serjeant with his Design, tho' he might have done it with great Safety; for the Halberdier was himself a Man of Honour, and had killed his Man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this Secret, or indeed any other which no Reward was published for discovering. But as *Jones* knew not these Virtues in so short an Acquaintance, his Caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the Serjeant, that now he was entered into the Army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary Implement of a Soldier, namely, a Sword; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him, if he could procure one. 'For which,' says he, 'I will give you any reasonable Price; nor do I insist upon its being Silver-hilted, only a good Blade, and such as may become a Soldier's Thigh.'

The Serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that *Jones* was in a very dangerous Condition, immediately concluded, from such a Message, at such a Time of Night, and from a Man in such a Situation, that he was light-

light-headed. Now as he had his Wit (to use that Word in its common Signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his Advantage of this Humour in the sick Man. ‘Sir,’ says he, ‘I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent Piece of Stuff by me. It is not indeed Silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a Soldier; but the Handle is decent enough, and the Blade one of the best in *Europe*.—It is a Blade that—a Blade that—In short, I will fetch it you this Instant, and you shall see it and handle it.—I am glad to see your Honour so well with all my Heart.’

Being instantly returned with the Sword, he delivered it to *Jones*, who took it and drew it; and then told the Serjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his Price.

The Serjeant now began to harangue in Praise of his Goods. He said (nay he swore very heartily) ‘that the Blade was taken from a *French* Officer of very high Rank, at the Battle of *Dettingen*. I took it myself,’ says he, ‘from his Side, after I had knocked him o’ the Head. The Hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine Gentlemen; for there are some of them, an’t please your Honour, who value the Hilt of a Sword more than the Blade.’

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a Price. The Serjeant, who thought *Jones* absolutely out of his Senses, and very near his End, was afraid, lest he should injure his Family by asking too little.—However, after a Moment’s Hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty Guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own Brother.

‘Twenty

‘ Twenty Guineas !’ says *Jones*, in the utmost Surprize, ‘ sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a Sword in my Life. Twenty Guineas, indeed ! I did not imagine you would endeavour to impose upon me. Here, take the Sword--No, now I think on’t, I will keep it myself, and shew it your Officer in the Morning, acquainting him, at the same Time, what a Price you asked me for it.’

The Serjeant, as we have said, had always his Wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that *Jones* was not in the Condition he had apprehended him to be ; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great Surprize as the other had shewn, and said, ‘ I am certain, Sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider, it is the only Sword I have, and I must run the Risque of my Officer’s Displeasure, by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don’t think twenty Shillings was so much out of the Way.’

‘ Twenty Shillings !’ cries *Jones*, ‘ why you just now asked me twenty Guineas.’ ‘ How !’ cries the Serjeant—‘ Sure your Honour must have mistaken me ; or else I mistook myself---and indeed I am but half awake----Twenty Guineas indeed ! no wonder your Honour flew into such a Passion. I say twenty Guineas too--No, no, I meant twenty Shillings, I assure you. And when your Honour comes to consider every Thing, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a Price. It is indeed true, you may buy a Weapon which looks as well for less Money. But----

Here

Here *Jones* interrupted him, saying, ‘ I will  
 ‘ be so far from making any Words with you,  
 ‘ that I will give you a Shilling more than your  
 ‘ Demand.’ He then gave him a Guinea, bid  
 him return to his Bed, and wished him a good  
 March; adding, he hoped to overtake them be-  
 fore the Division reached *Worcester*.

The Serjeant very civilly took his Leave, fully  
 satisfied with his Merchandize, and not a little  
 pleased with his dextrous Recovery from that  
 false Step into which his Opinion of the sick  
 Man’s Light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the Serjeant was departed, *Jones*  
 rose from his Bed, and dressed himself entirely,  
 putting on even his Coat, which, as its Colour  
 was white, shewed very visibly the Streams of  
 Blood which had flowed down it; and now,  
 having grasped his new-purchased Sword in his  
 Hand, he was going to issue forth, when the  
 Thought of what he was about to undertake laid  
 suddenly hold of him; and he began to reflect  
 that in a few Minutes he might possibly deprive  
 a human Being of Life, or might lose his own.  
 ‘ Very well,’ said he, ‘ and in what Cause do I  
 ‘ venture my Life? Why, in that of my Ho-  
 ‘ nour. And who is this human Being? A Ras-  
 ‘ cal who hath injured and insulted me without  
 ‘ Provocation. But is not Revenge forbidden  
 ‘ by Heaven?---Yes, but it is enjoined by the  
 ‘ World. Well, but shall I obey the World in  
 ‘ Opposition to the express Commands of Hea-  
 ‘ ven? Shall I incur the divine Displeasure ra-  
 ‘ ther than be called---Ha--Coward--Scoundrel?  
 ‘ --I’ll think no more; I am resolved, and must  
 ‘ fight him.’

The

The Clock had now struck Twelve, and every one in the House were in their Beds, except the Centinel who stood to guard *Norberton*, when *Jones* softly opening his Door, issued forth in Pursuit of his Enemy, of whose Place of Confinement he had received a perfect Description from the Drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous Figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-coloured Coat, covered with Streams of Blood. His Face, which missed that very Blood, as well as twenty Ounces more drawn from him by the Surgeon, was pallid. Round his Head was a Quantity of Bandage, not unlike a Turban. In the right Hand he carried a Sword, and in the left a Candle. So that the bloody *Banquo* was not worthy to be compared to him. In Fact, I believe a more dreadful Apparition was never raised in a Church-yard, nor in the Imagination of any good People met in a Winter Evening over a Christmas Fire in *Somersetshire*.

When the Centinel first saw our Heroe approach, his Hair began gently to lift up his Grenadier's Cap; and in the same Instant his Knees fell to Blows with each other. Presently his whole Body was seized with worse than an Ague Fit. He then fired his Piece, and fell flat on his Face.

Whether Fear or Courage was the Occasion of his Firing, or whether he took Aim at the Object of his Terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good Fortune to miss his Man.

*Jones* seeing the Fellow fall, guessed the Cause of his Fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the Danger from  
from



from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the Fellow, who still continued in the Posture in which he fell, and entered the Room where *Northerton*, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary Situation, he found--an empty Quart-Pot standing on the Table, on which some Beer being spilt, looked as if the Room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

*Jones* then apprehended it might lead to some other Apartment; but, upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other Door than that at which he entered, and where the Centinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call *Northerton* several Times by his Name; but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other Purpose than to confirm the Centinel in his Terrors, who was now convinced that the Volunteer was dead of his Wounds, and that his Ghost was come in Search of the Murtherer: He now lay in all the Agonies of Horror; and I wish, with all my Heart, some of those Actors, who are hereafter to represent a Man frightened out of his Wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy Nature, instead of performing several antic Tricks and Gestures, for the Entertainment and Applause of the Galleries.

Perceiving the Bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the Report of the Firelock would alarm the whole House, our Heroe now blew out his Candle, and gently stole back again to his Chamber, and to his Bed: Whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other Person been on the same Stair-case, save only one Gentleman who was confined to his Bed by the Gout;

Gout; for before he could reach the Door to his Chamber, the Hall where the Centinel had been posted was half full of People. Some in their Shirts, and others not half drest, all very earnestly enquiring of each other, what was the Matter?

The Soldier was now found lying in the same Place and Posture in which we just before left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead: But they presently saw their Mistake; for he not only struggled with those who laid their Hands on him, but fell a roaring like a Bull. In reality, he imagined so many Spirits or Devils were handling him; for his Imagination being possessed with the Horror of an Apparition, converted every Object he saw or felt, into nothing but Ghosts and Spectres.

At length he was overpowered by Numbers, and got upon his Legs; when Candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his Comrades present; he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the Matter? he answered, 'I am a dead Man, that's all, I am a dead Man. I can't recover it. I have seen him.' 'What hast thou seen, *Jack?*' says one of the Soldiers. 'Why, I have seen the young Volunteer that was killed Yesterday.' He then imprecated the most heavy Curses on himself, if he had not seen the Volunteer, all over Blood, vomiting Fire out of his Mouth and Nostrils, pass by him into the Chamber where Ensign *Northerton* was, and then seizing the Ensign by the Throat, fly away with him in a Clap of Thunder.

This Relation met with a gracious Reception from the Audience. All the Women present believed

lieved it firmly, and prayed Heaven to defend them from Murther. Amongst the Men too, many had Faith in the Story; but others turned it into Derision and Ridicule; and a Serjeant who was present, answered very coolly: 'Young Man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep, and dreaming on your Post.'

The Soldier replied, 'You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the Devil carry me away, as he hath the Ensign, if I did not see the dead Man, as I tell you, with Eyes as big and as fiery as two large Flambeaux.'

The Commander of the Forces, and the Commander of the House, were now both arrived: For the former being awake at the Time, and hearing the Centinel fire his Piece, thought it his Duty to rise immediately, tho' he had no great Apprehensions of any Mischief; whereas the Apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her Spoons and Tankards should be upon the March, without having received any such Orders from her.

Our poor Centinel, to whom the Sight of this Officer was not much more welcome than the Apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful Story, and with many Additions of Blood and Fire: But he had the Misfortune to gain no Credit with either of the last-mentioned Persons; for the Officer, tho' a very religious Man, was free from all Terrors of this Kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the Condition we have seen, he had no Suspicion of his being dead. As for the Landlady, tho' not over religious, she had no kind of Aversion to the Doctrine of Spirits; but there was a  
Circum-

Circumstance in the Tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the Reader presently.

But whether *Northerton* was carried away in Thunder or Fire, or in whatever other Manner he was gone; it was now certain, that his Body was no longer in Custody. Upon this Occasion, the Lieutenant formed a Conclusion not very different from what the Serjeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the Centinel to be taken Prisoner. So that, by a strange Reverse of Fortune, (tho' not very uncommon in a military Life) the Guard became the guarded.

#### CHAP. XV.

##### *The Conclusion of the foregoing Adventure.*

BESIDES the Suspicion of Sleep, the Lieutenant harboured another, and worse Doubt, against the poor Centinel, and this was that of Treachery: For as he believed not one Syllable of the Apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an Invention, formed only to impose upon him, and that the Fellow had, in Reality, been bribed by *Northerton* to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the Fright appeared to him, the more unnatural in one who had the Character of as brave and bold a Man as any in the Regiment, having been in several Actions, having received several Wounds, and, in a Word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant Soldier.

That the Reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill Opinion of such a Person, we shall not

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not delay a Moment in rescuing his Character from the Imputation of this Guilt.

Mr. *Northerton* then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the Glory which he had obtained from this Action. He had, perhaps, seen, or heard, or guessed, that Envy is apt to attend Fame. Not that I would here insinuate, that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in, or to worship, the Goddess *Nemesis*; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her Name. He was, besides, of an active Disposition, and had a great Antipathy to those close Winter Quarters in the Castle of *Gloucester*, for which a Justice of Peace might possibly give him a Billet. Nor was he moreover free from some uneasy Meditations on a certain wooden Edifice, which I forbear to name, in Conformity to the Opinion of Mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be ashamed of this Building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more Benefit to Society than almost any other public Erection. In a Word, to hint at no more Reasons for his Conduct, Mr. *Northerton* was desirous of departing that Evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *Quomodo*, which appeared to be a Matter of some Difficulty.

Now this young Gentleman, tho' somewhat crooked in his Morals, was perfectly strait in his Person, which was extremely strong and well made. His Face too was accounted handsome by the Generality of Women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good Teeth. Such Charms did not fail making an Impression on my Landlady, who had no little Relish for this kind of Beauty. She had, indeed, a real Compassion for the young Man; and hearing from the Surgeon  
that



that Affairs were like to go ill with the Volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign Aspect with the Ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a Visit, and finding him in a very melancholy Mood, which she considerably heightened, by telling him there were scarce any Hopes of the Volunteer's Life, she proceeded to throw forth some Hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right Understanding; and it was at length agreed, that the Ensign should, at a certain Signal, ascend the Chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the Kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she would give him an Opportunity, by keeping the Coast clear.

But lest our Readers, of a different Complexion, should take this Occasion of too hastily condemning all Compassion as a Folly, and pernicious to Society, we think proper to mention another Particular, which might possibly have some little Share in this Action. The Ensign happened to be at this Time possessed of the Sum of fifty Pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole Company: For the Captain having quarreled with his Lieutenant, had entrusted the Payment of his Company to the Ensign. This Money, however, he thought proper to deposite in my Landlady's Hand, possibly by way of Bail or Security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the Charge against him; but whatever were the Conditions, certain it is, that she had the Money, and the Ensign his Liberty.

The Reader may, perhaps, expect, from the compassionate Temper of this good Woman, that when she saw the poor Centinel taken Prisoner

soner for a Fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his Behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her Compassion in the above-mentioned Instance, or that the Features of this Fellow, tho' not very different from those of the Ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but far from being an Advocate for the present Prisoner, she urged his Guilt to his Officer, declaring with uplifted Eyes and Hands, that she would not have had any Concern in the Escape of a Murderer for all the World.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and most of the Company returned again to their Beds; but the Landlady, either from the natural Activity of her Disposition, or from her Fear for her Plate, having no Propensity to sleep, prevailed with the Officers, as they were to march within little more than an Hour, to spend that Time with her over a Bowl of Punch.

*Jones* had lain awake all this while, and had heard great Part of the Hurry and Bustle that had passed, of which he had now some Curiosity to know the Particulars. He therefore applied to his Bell, which he rung at least twenty Times without any Effect; for my Landlady was in such high Mirth with her Company, that no Clapper could be heard there but her own, and the Drawer and Chambermaid, who were sitting together in the Kitchen (for neither durst he sit up, nor she lie in Bed alone) the more they heard the Bell ring, the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their Places.

At last, at a lucky Interval of Chat, the Sound reached the Ears of our good Landlady, who presently sent forth her Summons, which both  
her

her Servants instantly obeyed. ' *Yoo,*' says the Mistress, ' don't you hear the Gentleman's Bell ring? why don't you go up?' ' It is not my Business,' answered the Drawer, ' to wait upon the Chambers. It is *Betty* Chambermaid's!' ' If you come to that,' answered the Maid, ' it is not my Business to wait upon Gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the Devil fetch me if ever I do again, since you make your Preambles about it.' The Bell still ringing violently, their Mistress fell into a Passion, and swore, if the Drawer did not go up immediately, she would turn him away that very Morning. ' If you do, Madam,' says he, ' I can't help it. I won't do another Servant's Business.' She then applied herself to the Maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle Means; but all in vain, *Betty* was as inflexible as *Yoo*. Both insisted it was not their Business, and they would not do it.

The Lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, ' Come, I will put an End to this Contention;' and then turning to the Servants, commended them for their Resolution, in neither giving up the Point; but added, he was sure, if one would consent to go, the other would. To which Proposal they both agreed in an Instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the Lieutenant appeased the Wrath of the Landlady, by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their Mistress, that the sick Gentleman was so far from being dead, that he spoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his Service to the Captain,  
and

and should be very glad of the Favour of seeing him before he marched.

The good Lieutenant immediately complied with his Desires, and sitting down by his Bed-side, acquainted him with the Scene which had happened below, concluding with his Intentions to make an Example of the Centinel.

Upon this, *Jones* related to him the whole Truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor Soldier, 'who, I am confident,' says he, 'is as innocent of the Ensign's Escape, as he is of forging any Lie, or of endeavouring to impose on you.'

The Lieutenant hesitated a few Moments, and then answered: 'Why, as you have cleared the Fellow of one Part of the Charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other; because he was not the only Centinel. But I have a good mind to punish the Rascal for being a Coward. Yet who knows what Effect the Terror of such an Apprehension may have; and to say the Truth, he hath always behaved well against an Enemy. Come, it is a good Thing to see any Sign of Religion in these Fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the General beats. My dear Boy, give me another Buff. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the Christian Doctrine of Patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself Justice, and to take an honourable Revenge on the Fellow who hath injured you.' The Lieutenant then departed, and *Jones* endeavoured to compose himself to Rest.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK VIII.

*Containing above two Days.*

CHAP. I.

*A wonderful long Chapter concerning the Marvellous ; being much the longest of all our introductory Chapters.*

**A**S we are now entering upon a Book, in which the Course of our History will oblige us to relate some Matters of a more strange and surprizing Kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss in the prolegomenous, or introductory Chapter, to say something of that Species of Writing which is called the Marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the Sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain Bounds ; and indeed  
nothing



nothing can be more necessary, as Criticks \* of different Complexions are here apt to run into very different Extremes; for while some are, with *M. Dacier*, ready to allow, that the same Thing which is impossible may be yet probable †, others have so little Historic or Poetic Faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own Observation.

First then, I think, it may very reasonably be required of every Writer, that he keeps within the Bounds of Possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for Man to perform, it is scarce possible for Man to believe he did perform. This Conviction, perhaps, gave Birth to many Stories of the antient Heathen Deities (for most of them are of poetical Original.) The Poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant Imagination, took Refuge in that Power, of the Extent of which his Readers were no Judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any Prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in Defence of *Homer's* Miracles; and it is, perhaps, a Defence; not, as *Mr. Pope* would have it, because *Ulysses* told a set of foolish Lies to the *Phæacians*, who were a very dull Nation; but because the Poet himself wrote to Heathens, to whom poetical Fables were Articles of Faith. For my own Part, I must confess, so compassionate is my Temper, I wish *Polypheme* had confined himself to his Milk

\* By this Word here, and in most other Parts of our Work, we mean every Reader in the World.

† It is happy for *M. Dacier* that he was not an *Irisman*.

Diet, and preserved his Eye; nor could *Ulysses* be much more concerned than myself, when his Companions were turned into Swine by *Circe*, who shewed, I think, afterwards, too much Regard for Man's Flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into Bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my Heart, that *Homer* could have known the Rule prescribed by *Horace*, to introduce supernatural Agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his Gods coming on trivial Errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all Title to Respect, but to become the Objects of Scorn and Derision. A Conduct which must have shocked the Credulity of a pious and sagacious Heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a Supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious Poet, as he certainly was, had an Intent to burlesque the superstitious Faith of his own Age and Country.

But I have rested too long on a Doctrine which can be of no Use to a Christian Writer: For as he cannot introduce into his Works any of that heavenly Host which make a Part of his Creed; so is it horrid Puerility to search the Heathen Theology for any of those Deities who have been long since dethroned from their Immortality. Lord *Shaftesbury* observes, that nothing is more cold than the Invocation of a Muse by a Modern; he might have added that nothing can be more absurd. A Modern may with much more Elegance invoke a Ballad, as some have thought *Homer* did, or a Mug of Ale with the Author of *Hudibras*; which latter may perhaps have inspired

spired much more Poetry as well as Prose, than all the Liquors of *Hippocrène* or *Helicon*.

The only supernatural Agents which can in any Manner be allowed to us Moderns are Ghosts; but of these I would advise an Author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like Arsenic, and other dangerous Drugs in Physic, to be used with the utmost Caution; nor would I advise the Introduction of them at all in those Works, or by those Authors to which, or to whom a Horse-laugh in the Reader, would be any great Prejudice or Mortification.

As for Elves and Fairies, and other such Mummery, I purposely omit the Mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any Bounds those surprizing Imaginations, for whose vast Capacity the Limits of human Nature are too narrow; whose Works are to be considered as a new Creation; and who have consequently just Right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the highest Subject (unless on very extraordinary Occasions indeed) which presents itself to the Pen of our Historian, or of our Poet; and in relating his Actions, great Care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the Capacity of the Agent we describe.

Nor is Possibility alone sufficient to justify us, we must keep likewise within the Rules of Probability. It is, I think, the Opinion of *Aristotle*; or if not, it is the Opinion of some wise Man, whose Authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'that it is no Excuse for a Poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really Matter of Fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to Poetry, but it may

be thought impracticable to extend it to the Historian: For he is obliged to record Matters as he finds them; though they may be of so extraordinary a Nature, as will require no small Degree of historical Faith to swallow them. Such was the successful Armament of *Xerxes*, described by *Herodotus*, or the successful Expedition of *Alexander* related by *Arrian*. Such of later Years was the Victory of *Agincourt* obtained by *Harry* the Fifth, or that of *Narva* won by *Charles* the Twelfth of *Sweden*. All which Instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such Facts, however, as they occur in the Thread of the Story; nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential Parts of it, the Historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, should he omit or alter them. But there are other Facts not of such Consequence nor so necessary, which tho' ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to Oblivion in Compliance to the Scepticism of a Reader. Such is that memorable Story of the Ghost of *George Villiers*, which might with more Propriety have been made a Present of to *Dr. Drelincourt*, to have kept the Ghost of *Mrs. Veale* Company, at the Head of his Discourse upon Death, than have been introduced into so solemn a Work as the History of the Rebellion.

To say the Truth, if the Historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any Circumstance, which, tho' never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the Marvellous, but never into the Incredible. He will often raise the  
Wonder

Wonder and Surprize of his Reader, but never that incredulous Hatred mentioned by *Herace*. It is by falling into Fiction therefore, that we generally offend against this Rule, of deserting Probability, which the Historian seldom if ever quits, till he forsakes his Character, and commences a Writer of Romance. In this, however, those Historians who relate publick Transactions have the Advantage of us who confine ourselves to Scenes of private Life. The Credit of the former is by common Notoriety supported for a long Time; and public Records, with the concurrent Testimony of many Authors, bear Evidence to their Truth in future Ages. Thus a *Trajan* and an *Antoninus*, a *Nero* and a *Caligula*, have all met with the Belief of Posterity; and no one doubts but that Men so very good, and so very bad, were once the Masters of Mankind.

But we who deal in private Characters, who search into the most retired Recesses, and draw forth Examples of Virtue and Vice, from Holes and Corners of the World, are in a more dangerous Situation. As we have no publick Notoriety, no concurrent Testimony, no Records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us not only to keep within the Limits of Possibility, but of Probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and Folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with Assent; for Ill-nature adds great Support and Strength to Faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little Danger, relate the History of a *Fisher*; who having long owed his Bread to the Generosity of Mr. *Darby*,



and having that very Morning received a considerable Bounty from his Hands, in order to possess himself of what remained in his Friend's Scrutore, concealed himself in a public Office of the Temple, through which there was a Passage into Mr. *Derby's* Chambers. Here he overheard Mr. *Derby* for many Hours solacing himself at an Entertainment which he that Evening gave his Friends, and to which *Fisher* had been invited. During all this Time, no tender, no grateful Reflections arose to restrain his Purpose; but when the poor Gentleman had let his Company out through the Office, *Fisher* came suddenly from his lurking Place, and walking softly behind his Friend into his Chamber, discharged a Pistol-Ball into his Head. This may be believed, when the Bones of *Fisher* are as rotten as his Heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the Villain went two Days afterwards with some young Ladies to the Play of *Hamlet*; and with an unaltered Countenance heard one of the Ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the Person, cry out, 'Good God! if the Man that murdered Mr. *Derby* was now present!' Manifesting in this a more scared and callous Conscience than even *Nero* himself; of whom we are told by *Suetonius*, 'that the Consciousness of his Guilt, after the Death of his Mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued; nor could all the Congratulations of the Soldiers, of the Senate, and the People, allay the Horrors of his Conscience.'

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my Reader, that I had known a Man whose penetrating Genius had enabled him to raise a large Fortune in a Way where no Beginning was chaulked

chaulked out to him: That he had done this with the most perfect Preservation of his Integrity, and not only without the least Injustice or Injury to any one individual Person, but with the highest Advantage to Trade, and a vast Increase of the public Revenue: That he had expended one Part of the Income of this Fortune in discovering a Taste superior to most, by Works where the highest Dignity was united with the purest Simplicity, and another Part in displaying a Degree of Goodness superior to all Men, by Acts of Charity to Objects whose only Recommendations were their Merits, or their Wants: That he was most industrious in searching after Merit in Distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done: That his House, his Furniture, his Gardens, his Table, his private Hospitality, and his public Beneficence, all denoted the Mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without Tinsel, or external Ostentation: ~~That~~ he filled every Relation in Life with the most adequate Virtue: That he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his Sovereign; a most tender Husband to his Wife, a kind Relation, a munificent Patron, a warm and firm Friend, a knowing and a chearful Companion, indulgent to his Servants, hospitable to his Neighbours, charitable to the Poor, and benevolent to all Mankind. Should I add to these the Epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable Epithet in our Language, I might surely say,

—*Quis credet? nemo Hercule! nemo;  
Vel duo, vel nemo.*

And yet I know a Man who is all I have here described. But a single Instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the Person, nor of any thing like him. Such *Rare Avis* should be remitted to the Epitaph-Writer, or to some Poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a Distich, or to slide him into a Rhime with an Air of Carelesness and Neglect, without giving any Offence to the Reader.

In the last Place, the Actions should be such as may not only be within the Compass of human Agency, and which human Agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very Actors and Characters themselves to have performed: For what may be only wonderful and surprizing in one Man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last Requisite is what the dramatic Critics call Conservation of Character, and it requires a very extraordinary Degree of Judgment, and a most exact Knowledge of human Nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent Writer, That Zeal can no more hurry a Man to act in direct Opposition to itself, than a rapid Stream can carry a Boat against its own Current. I will venture to say, that for a Man to act in direct Contradiction to the Dictates of Nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any Thing which can well be conceived. Should the best Parts of the Story of *M. Antoninus* be ascribed to *Nero*, or should the worst Incidents of *Nero's* Life be imputed to *Antoninus*, what would be more shocking to Belief than either Instance; whereas both these being related  
of

of their proper Agent, constitute the Truly Marvellous.

Our modern Authors of Comedy have fallen almost universally into the Error here hinted at: Their Heroes generally are notorious Rogues, and their Heroines abandoned Jades, during the first four Acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy Gentlemen, and the latter, Women of Virtue and Discretion: Nor is the Writer often so kind as to give himself the least Trouble, to reconcile or account for this monstrous Change and Incongruity. There is, indeed, no other Reason to be assigned for it, than because the Play is drawing to a Conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a Rogue to repent in the last Act of a Play, than in the last of his Life; which we perceive to be generally the Case at *Tyburn*, a Place which might, indeed, close the Scene of some Comedies with much Propriety, as the Heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very Talents which not only bring Men to the Gallows, but enable them to make an heroic Figure when they are there.

Within these few Restrictions, I think, every Writer may be permitted to deal as much in the Wonderful as he pleases; nay, the more he can surprise the Reader, if he thus keeps within the Rules of Credibility, the more he will engage his Attention, and the more he will charm him. As a Genius of the highest Rank observes in his 5th Chapter of the *Baths*, ‘The great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction; in order to join the Credible with the Surprizing.’

For tho’ every good Author will confine himself within the Bounds of Probability, it is by no means necessary that his Characters, or his

Incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every Street, or in every House, or which may be met with in the home Articles of a News-Paper. Nor must he be inhibited from shewing many Persons and Things, which may possibly have never fallen within the Knowledge of great Part of his Readers. If the Writer strictly observes the Rules abovementioned, he hath discharged his Part; and is then intitled to some Faith from his Reader, who is indeed guilty of critical Infidelity if he disbelieves him. For want of a Portion of such Faith, I remember the Character of a young Lady of Quality, which was condemned on the Stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous Voice of a very large Assembly of Clerks and Apprentices; tho' it had had the previous Suffrages of many Ladies of the first Rank; one of whom, very eminent for her Understanding, declared it was the Picture of half the young People of her Acquaintance.

## CHAP. II.

*In which the Landlady pays a Visit to Mr. Jones.*

WHEN Jones had taken Leave of his Friend the Lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his Eyes, but all in vain; his Spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to Sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented himself with the Thoughts of his *Sophia*, till it was open Day-light, he called for some Tea; upon which Occasion my Landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a Visit.

This



This was indeed the first Time she had seen him, or at least had taken any Notice of him; but as the Lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young Gentleman of Fashion, she now determined to shew him all the Respect in her Power: for, to speak truly, this was one of those Houses where Gentlemen, to use the Language of Advertisements, meet with civil Treatment for their Money.

She had no sooner begun to make his Tea, than she likewise began to discourse. ‘La! Sir,’ said she, ‘I think it is great Pity that such a pretty young Gentleman should undervalue himself so, as to go about with these Soldier Fellows. They call themselves Gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my first Husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep ’em too, as we Publicans are. I had twenty of ’um last Night, besides Officers; nay, for matter o’ that, I had rather have the Soldiers than the Officers: For nothing is ever good enough for those Sparks; and I am sure, if you was to see the Bills; La, Sir, it is nothing. I have had less Trouble, I warrant you, with a good Squire’s Family, where we take forty or fifty Shillings of a Night, besides Horses. And yet I warrants me, there is *narrow* a one of all those Officer Fellows, but looks upon himself to be as good as *arrow* a Squire of 500 *l.* a Year. To be sure it doth me Good to hear their Men run about after um, crying your Honour, and your Honour. Marry come up with such Honour, and an Ordinary at a Shilling a Head. Then there’s such Swearing among ’um, to be sure, it  
‘ frightens

‘ frightens me out o’ my Wits; I thinks nothing  
‘ can ever prosper with such wicked People. And  
‘ here one of ’um has used you in so barbarous a  
‘ Manner. I thought indeed how well the rest  
‘ would secure him; they all hang together; for  
‘ if you had been in Danger of Death, which  
‘ I am glad to see you are not, it would have  
‘ been all as one to such wicked People. They  
‘ would have let the Murderer go. Laud have  
‘ Mercy upon ’um; I would not have such a Sin  
‘ to answer for, for the whole World. But tho’  
‘ you are likely, with the Blessing, to recover,  
‘ there is Laa for him yet; and if you will em-  
‘ ploy Layer *Small*, I darest be sworn he’ll make  
‘ the Fellow fly the Country for him; tho’ per-  
‘ haps he’ll have fled the Country before; for it  
‘ is here To-day and gone To-morrow with such  
‘ Chaps. I hope, however, you will learn more  
‘ Wit for the future, and return back to your  
‘ Friends: I warrant they are all miserable for  
‘ your Loss; and if they was but to know what  
‘ had happened. La, my seeming! I would not  
‘ for the World they should. Come, come, we  
‘ know very well what all the Matter is; but if  
‘ one won’t, another will; so pretty a Gentle-  
‘ man need never want a Lady. I am sure, if I  
‘ was as you, I would see the finest She that ever  
‘ wore a Head hanged, before I would go for a  
‘ Soldier for her.----Nay, don’t blush so (for in-  
‘ deed he did to a violent Degree;) why, you  
‘ thought, Sir, I knew nothing of the Matter, I  
‘ warrant you, about Madam *Sophia*.’ ‘ How,’  
says *Jones*, starting up, ‘ do you know my *So-*  
‘ *phia*?’ ‘ Do I! ay marry,’ cries the Land-  
lady, ‘ many’s the Time hath she lain in this  
‘ House.’ ‘ With her Aunt, I suppose,’ says  
*Jones*.

*Jones.*---‘Why there it is now,’ cries the Landlady. ‘Ay, ay, ay, I know the old Lady very well. And a sweet young Creature is Madam *Sophia*, that’s the Truth on’t.’ ‘A sweet Creature!’ cries *Jones*, ‘Oh Heavens!’

*Angels are painted fair to look like her.  
There’s in her all that we believe of Heaven,  
Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,  
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.*

‘And could I ever have imagined that you had known my *Sophia*!’ ‘I wish,’ says the Landlady, ‘you knew half so much of her. What would you have given to have sat by her Bed-side? What a delicious Neck she hath! Her lovely Limbs have stretched themselves in that very Bed you now lie in.’ ‘Here!’ cries *Jones*, ‘hath *Sophia* ever lain here?’---‘Ay, ay, here; there; in that very Bed,’ says the Landlady, ‘where I wish you had her this Moment; and she may wish so too, for any thing I know to the contrary: For she hath mentioned your Name to me.’---‘Ha,’ cries he, ‘did she ever mention her poor *Jones*?--You flatter me now; I can never believe so much.’ ‘Why then,’ answered she, ‘as I hope to be saved, and may the Devil fetch me, if I speak a Syllable more than the Truth. I have heard her mention Mr. *Jones*; but in a civil and modest Way, I confess; yet I could perceive she thought a great deal more than she said.’ ‘O my dear Woman,’ cries *Jones*, ‘her Thoughts of me I shall never be worthy of. O she is all Gentleness, Kindness, Goodness. Why was such a Rascal as I born, ever to give her soft Bosom a  
‘Mo-

‘Moment’s Uneasiness? Why am I cursed? I, who would undergo all the Plagues and Miseries which any Dæmon ever invented for Mankind, to procure her any Good; nay, Torture itself could not be Misery to me, did I but know that she was happy.’ ‘Why, look you there now,’ says the Landlady, ‘I told her you was a constant Lover.’ ‘But pray, Madam, tell me when or where you knew any thing of me; for I never was here before, nor do I remember ever to have seen you.’ ‘Nor is it possible you should,’ answered she; ‘for you was a little Thing when I had you in my Lap at the Squire’s.’ — ‘How the Squire’s,’ says Jones, ‘what do you know the great and good Mr. Allworthy then?’ ‘Yes, marry do I,’ says she; ‘Who in this Country doth not?’ — ‘The Fame of his Goodness indeed,’ answered Jones, ‘must have extended farther than this; but Heaven only can know him, can know that Benevolence which it copied from itself, and sent upon Earth as its own Pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of such divine Goodness, as they are unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as myself. I who was raised by him to such a Height; taken in, as you must well know, a poor base-born Child, adopted by him, and treated as his own Son, to dare by my Follies to disoblige him, to draw his Vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it all: For I will never be so ungrateful as even to think he hath done an Act of Injustice by me. No, I deserve to be turned out of Doors, as I am. And now, Madam, says he, I believe you will not blame me for turning Soldier, especially with such a Fortune as this in my Pocket.’ At which

which Words he shook a Purse, which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the Landlady to have less.

My good Landlady was (according to vulgar Phrase) struck all of a Heap by this Relation. She answered coldly, 'That to be sure People were the best Judges what was most proper for their Circumstances.—But hark,' says she, 'I think I hear somebody call. Coming! coming! the Devil's in all our Volk, nobody hath any Ears. I must go down Stairs; if you want any more Breakfast, the Maid will come up. Coming!' At which Words, without taking any Leave, she flung out of the Room: For the lower Sort of People are very tenacious of Respect; and tho' they are contented to give this *gratis* to Persons of Quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own Order, without taking care to be well paid for their Pains.

### C H A P. III.

*In which the Surgeon makes his second Appearance.*

**B**EFORE we proceed any farther, that the Reader may not be mistaken in imagining the Landlady knew more than she did, nor surprized that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the Lieutenant had acquainted her that the Name of *Sophia* had been the Occasion of the Quarrel; and as for the rest of her Knowledge, the sagacious Reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding Scene. Great Curiosity was indeed mixed with her Virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her House without enquiring  
as



as much as possible into their Names, Families and Fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than *Jones*, instead of animadverting on her Behaviour, reflected that he was in the same Bed, which he was informed had held his dear *Sophia*. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender Thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not consider that such kind of Lovers will make a very inconsiderable Part of our Readers.

In this Situation the Surgeon found him, when he came to dress his Wound. The Doctor, perceiving, upon Examination, that his Pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great Danger: For he apprehended a Fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by Bleeding, but *Jones* would not submit, declaring he would lose no more Blood; and ‘Doctor,’ says he, ‘if you will be so kind only to dress my Head, I have no Doubt of being well in a Day or two.’

‘I wish,’ answered the Surgeon, ‘I could assure your being well in a Month or two. Well, indeed! No, no, People are not so soon well of such Contusions; but, Sir, I am not at this Time of Day to be instructed in my Operations by a Patient, and I insist on making a Revulsion before I dress you.’

*Jones* persisted obstinately in his Refusal, and the Doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same Time, that he would not be answerable for the ill Consequence, and hoped he would do him the Justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary Advice; which the Patient promised he would.

The

The Doctor retired into the Kitchen, where, addressing himself to the Landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful Behaviour of his Patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a Fever.

‘It is an eating Fever then,’ says the Landlady: ‘For he hath devoured two swinging buttered Toasts this Morning for Breakfast.’

‘Very likely,’ says the Doctor; ‘I have known People eat in a Fever; and it is very easily accounted for; because the Acidity occasioned by the febrile Matter, may stimulate the Nerves of the Diaphragm, and thereby occasion a Craving, which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural Appetite; but the Aliment will not be concreted, nor assimilated into Chyle, and so will corrode the vascular Orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile Symptoms. Indeed I think the Gentleman in a very dangerous Way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will die.’

‘Every Man must die some Time or other,’ answered the good Woman; ‘it is no Business of mine. I hope, Doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him.—But, harkee, a Word in your Ear; I would advise you before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your Paymaster.’

‘Paymaster!’ said the Doctor, staring, ‘why, I’ve a Gentleman under my Hands, have I not?’

‘I imagined so as well as you,’ said the Landlady; ‘but as my first Husband used to say, every Thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant Scrub, I assure you. However, take no Notice that I mentioned any thing to you of  
‘the

‘ the Matter ; but I think People in Business oft  
‘ always to let one another know such Things.’

‘ And have I suffered such a Fellow as this,’  
cries the Doctor, in a Passion, ‘ to instruct me ?  
‘ Shall I hear my Practice insulted by one who  
‘ will not pay me ! I am glad I have made this  
‘ Discovery in Time. I will see now whether  
‘ he will be blooded or no.’ He then immediately went up Stairs, and flinging open the Door of the Chamber with much Violence, awaked poor *Jones* from a very sound Nap, into which he was fallen, and what was still worse, from a delicious Dream concerning *Sophia*.

‘ Will you be blooded or no ?’ cries the Doctor, in a Rage. ‘ I have told you my Resolution  
‘ already,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ and I wish with all  
‘ my Heart you had taken my Answer : For you  
‘ have awaked me out of the sweetest Sleep which  
‘ I ever had in my Life.’

‘ Ay, ay,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ many a Man  
‘ hath dosed away his Life. Sleep is not always  
‘ good, no more than Food ; but remember I  
‘ demand of you, for the last Time, will you be  
‘ blooded ?’ ‘ I answer you for the last Time,’  
said *Jones*, ‘ I will not.’ ‘ Then I wash my  
‘ Hands of you,’ cries the Doctor ; ‘ and I desire  
‘ you to pay me for the Trouble I have had already.  
‘ Two Journeys at 5 s. each, two Dressings at 5 s. more, and half a Crown for Phlebotomy.’ ‘ I hope,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you don’t  
‘ intend to leave me in this Condition.’ ‘ Indeed but I shall,’ said the other. ‘ Then,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you have used me rascally, and I will  
‘ not pay you a Farthing.’ ‘ Very well,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ the first Loss is the best. What  
‘ a Pox did my Landlady mean by sending for me  
‘ to

‘to such Vagabonds?’ At which Words he flung out of the Room, and his Patient turning himself about, soon recovered his Sleep; but his Dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

*In which is introduced one of the pleasantest Barbers that was ever recorded in History, the Barber of Bagdad, nor he in Don Quixote not excepted.*

THE Clock had now struck Five, when Jones awaked from a Nap of seven Hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect Health and Spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself: for which Purpose he unlocked his Portmanteau, and took out clean Linnen, and a Suit of Cloaths; but first he slipped on a Frock, and went down into the Kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain Tumults he found rising within his Stomach.

Meeting the Landlady, he accosted her with great Civility, and asked ‘what he could have for Dinner.’ ‘For Dinner!’ says she, ‘it is an odd Time a Day to think about Dinner. There is nothing dressed in the House, and the Fire is almost out.’ ‘Well but,’ says he, ‘I must have something to eat, and it is almost indifferent to me what: For to tell you the Truth, I never was more hungry in my Life.’ ‘Then,’ says she, ‘I believe there is a Piece of cold Buttock and Carrot, which will fit you.’—‘Nothing better,’ answered Jones, ‘but I should be obliged to you, if you would let it be fried.’ To which the Landlady consented, and said smiling, ‘she was glad to see him so well recovered:’

For

For the Sweetness of our Heroe's Temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured Woman at the Bottom; but she loved Money so much, that she hated every Thing which had the Semblance of Poverty.

*Jones* now returned in order to dress himself, while his Dinner was preparing, and was, according to his Orders, attended by the Barber.

This Barber, who went by the Name of little *Benjamin*, was a Fellow of great Oddity and Humour, which had frequently led him into small Inconveniencies, such as Slaps in the Face, Kicks in the Breech, broken Bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a Jest; and those who do, are often displeased with being themselves the Subjects of it. This Vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a Joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least Respect of Persons, Time or Place.

He had a great many other Particularities in his Character, which I shall not mention, as the Reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther Acquaintance with this extraordinary Person.

*Jones* being impatient to be dressed, for a Reason which may be easily imagined, thought the Shaver was very tedious in preparing his Suds, and begged him to make Haste; to which the other answered, with much Gravity: For he never discomposed his Muscles on any Account. '*Festina lente*' is a Proverb which I learnt long before I ever touched a Razor.' 'I find, Friend, you are a Scholar,' replied *Jones*. 'A poor one,' said the Barber, '*non omnia possumus omnes*.' 'Again!' said *Jones*; 'I fancy you are good at capping



‘capping Verses.’ Excuse me, Sir,’ said the Barber, ‘*non tanti me digner honore.*’ And then proceeding to his Operation, ‘Sir,’ said he, since ‘I have dealt in Suds, I could never discover ‘more than two Reasons for shaving, the one is ‘to get a Beard, and the other to get rid of one. ‘I conjecture, Sir, it may not be long since you ‘shaved, from the former of these Motives. ‘Upon my Word you have had good Success, ‘for one may say of your Beard, that it is *Ton-* ‘*denti gravior.*’ ‘I conjecture, says Jones, that ‘thou art a very comical Fellow.’ ‘You mi- ‘stake me widely, Sir,’ said the Barber, ‘I am ‘too much addicted to the Study of Philosophy, ‘*Hinc illæ Lacrymæ*, Sir, that’s my Misfortune. ‘Too much Learning hath been my Ruin.’ ‘Indeed,’ says Jones, ‘I confess, Friend, you ‘have more Learning than generally belongs to ‘your Trade; but I can’t see how it can have ‘injured you.’ ‘Alas, Sir,’ answered the Shaver, ‘my Father disinherited me for it. He was a ‘Dancing-Master; and because I could read, ‘before I could dance, he took an Aversion to ‘me, and left every Farthing among his other ‘Children. — Will you please to have your ‘Temples—O la! I ask your Pardon, I fancy ‘there is *Hiatus in manuscriptis*. I heard you ‘was going to the Wars: but I find it was a ‘Mistake.’ ‘Why do you conclude so?’ says Jones. ‘Sure, Sir,’ answered the Barber, ‘you ‘are too wise a Man to carry a broken Head thi- ‘ther; for that would be carrying Coals to *New-* ‘*castle*.

‘Upon my Word,’ cries Jones, ‘thou art a ‘very odd Fellow, and I like thy Humour ex- ‘tremely; I shall be very glad if thou wilt come  
‘ to

‘ to me after Dinner, and drink a Glass with me; I long to be better acquainted with thee.

‘ O dear Sir,’ said the Barber, ‘ I can do you twenty times as great a Favour, if you will accept of it.’ ‘ What is that, my Friend, cries *Jones*. ‘ Why, I will drink a Bottle with you, if you please; for I dearly love Good-nature; and as you have found me out to be a comical Fellow, so I have no Skill in Physiognomy, if you are not one of the best-natured Gentlemen in the Universe.’ *Jones* now walked down Stairs neatly dress’d, and perhaps the famed *Adonis* was not a lovelier Figure; and yet he had no Charms for my Landlady: For as that good Woman did not resemble *Venus* at all in her Person, so neither did she in her Taste. ~ Happy had it been for *Nanny* the Chambermaid, if she had seen with the Eyes of her Mistress; for that poor Girl fell so violently in love with *Jones* in five Minutes, that her Passion afterwards cost her many a Sigh. This *Nancy* was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had refused a Drawer, and one or two young Farmers in the Neighbourhood, but the bright Eyes of our Heroe thawed all her Ice in a Moment.

When *Jones* returned to the Kitchen, his Cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any Occasion it should, his Dinner remaining in *Statu quo*, as did the Fire which was to dress it. This Disappointment might have put many a philosophical Temper into a Passion; but it had no such Effect on *Jones*. He only gave the Landlady a gentle Rebuke, saying, ‘ Since it was so difficult to get it heated, he would eat the Beef cold.’ But now the good Woman, whether moved by Compassion, or by Shame, or by whatever other

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Motive,

Motive, I cannot tell, first gave her Servants a round Scold for disobeying the Orders which she had never given, and then bidding the Drawer lay a Napkin in the Sun, she set about the Matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun, into which *Jones* was now conducted, was truly named as *Lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an Apartment into which the Sun had scarce ever looked. It was indeed the worst Room in the House; and happy was it for *Jones* that it was so. However, he was now too hungry to find any Fault; but having once satisfied his Appetite, he ordered the Drawer to carry a Bottle of Wine into a better Room, and expressed some Resentment at having been shewn into a Dungeon.

The Drawer having obeyed his Commands, he was, after some Time, attended by the Barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his Company, had he not been listening in the Kitchen to the Landlady, who was entertaining a Circle that she had gathered round her with the History of poor *Jones*, Part of which she had extracted from his own Lips, and the other Part was her own ingenious Composition; ‘for she said he was a poor Parish Boy, taken into the House of Squire *Allworthy*, where he was bred up as an Apprentice, and now turned out of Doors for his Misdeeds, particularly for making Love to his young Mistress, and probably for robbing the House; for how else should he come by the little Money he hath? And this,’ says she, ‘is your Gentleman, forsooth.’ ‘A Servant of Squire *Allworthy*!’ says the Barber, ‘what’s his Name?’—‘Why he told me his Name was *Jones*,’ says she, ‘perhaps

‘ he goes by a wrong Name. Nay, and he told me too, that the Squire had maintained him as his own Son, *thof* he had quarrelled with him now.’ ‘ And if his Name be *Jones*, he told you the Truth,’ said the Barber; ‘ for I have Relations who live in that Country, nay, and some People say he is his Son. Why doth he not go by the Name of his Father?’ ‘ I can’t tell that,’ said the Barber, ‘ many People’s Sons don’t go by the Name of their Father.’ ‘ Nay,’ said the Landlady, ‘ if I thought he was a Gentleman’s Son, *thof* he was a Bye Blow, I should behave to him in another guefs Manner; for many of these Bye Blows come to be great Men, and, as my poor first Husband used to say, Never affront any Customer that’s a Gentleman.’

## C H A P. V.

*A Dialogue between Mr. Jones and the Barber.*

**T**HIS Conversation passed partly while *Jones* was at Dinner in his Dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the Barber in the Parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr. *Benjamin*, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. *Jones* then filling out a Glass of Wine, drank his Health by the Appellation of *Doctissime Tonforum*. *Ago tibi Gratias, Domine*, said the Barber; and then looking very stedfastly at *Jones*, he said, with great Gravity, and with a seeming Surprise, as if he recollected a Face he had seen before, ‘ Sir, may I crave the Favour to know if your Name is not *Jones*?’ To which the other answered, That it was. ‘ *Proh*  
‘ *Deum*

‘*Deum atque Hominum Fidem,*’ says the Barber,  
 ‘how strangely Things come to pass. Mr. Jones,  
 ‘I am your most obedient Servant. I find you  
 ‘do not know me, which indeed is no Wonder,  
 ‘since you never saw me but once, and then you  
 ‘was very young. Pray, Sir, how doth the  
 ‘good Squire *Allworthy*? How doth *Ille optimus*  
 ‘*omnium Patronus*?’ ‘I find,’ said Jones, ‘you  
 ‘do indeed know me; but I have not the like  
 ‘Happiness of recollecting you.’---I do not won-  
 ‘der at that,’ cries Benjamin; ‘but I am surprized  
 ‘I did not know you sooner, for you are not in  
 ‘the least altered. And pray, Sir, may I with-  
 ‘out Offence enquire whither you are travelling  
 ‘this Way? Fill the Glass, Mr. Barber,’ said  
 Jones, ‘and ask no more Questions.’ ‘Nay,  
 ‘Sir,’ answered Benjamin, ‘I would not be  
 ‘troublesome; and I hope you don’t think me a  
 ‘Man of an impertinent Curiosity, for that is a  
 ‘Vice which no-body can lay to my Charge;  
 ‘but I ask Pardon, for when a Gentleman of  
 ‘your Figure travels without his Servants, we  
 ‘may suppose him to be, as we say, in *Casu in-*  
 ‘*cognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have men-  
 ‘tioned your Name.’ ‘I own, says Jones, ‘I  
 ‘did not expect to have been so well known in  
 ‘this Country as I find I am, yet, for particular  
 ‘Reasons, I shall be obliged to you if you will  
 ‘not mention my Name to any other Person,  
 ‘till I am gone from hence.’ ‘*Pauca Verba,*’  
 answered the Barber; ‘and I wish no other here  
 ‘knew you but myself; for some People have  
 ‘Tongues; but I promise you I can keep a Sé-  
 ‘cret. My Enemies will allow me that Virtue.’  
 ‘And yet that is not the Characteristic of your  
 ‘Profession, Mr. Barber,’ answered Jones. ‘Alas



‘ Sir,’ replied *Benjamin*, ‘ *Non si male nunc est  
 olim sic erat*. I was not born nor bred a Bar-  
 ber, I assure you. I have spent most of my  
 Time among Gentlemen, and tho’ I say it, I  
 understand something of Gentility. And if you  
 had thought me as worthy of your Confidence  
 as you have some other People, I should have  
 shewn you I could have kept a Secret better. I  
 should not have degraded your Name in a pub-  
 lic Kitchen; for indeed, Sir, some People have  
 not used you well; for besides making a public  
 Proclamation of what you told them of a Quar-  
 rel between yourself and Squire *Allworthy*, they  
 added Lies of their own, Things which I  
 knew to be Lies. You surprize me greatly,’  
 cries *Jones*. ‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ answered  
*Benjamin*, ‘ I tell the Truth, and I need not tell  
 you my Landlady was the Person. I am sure  
 it moved me to hear the Story, and I hope it is  
 all false; for I have a great Respect for you, I  
 do assure you I have, and have had, ever since  
 the Good-nature you shewed to *Black George*,  
 which was talked of all over the Country, and  
 I received more than one Letter about it. In-  
 deed it made you beloved by every body. You  
 will pardon me, therefore; for it was real Con-  
 cern at what I heard made me ask any Quest-  
 ions; for I have no impertinent Curiosity about  
 me; but I love Good-nature, and thence be-  
 came *Amoris abundantia ergo Te*.’

Every Profession of Friendship easily gains Cre-  
 dit with the Miserable; it is no wonder, therefore,  
 if *Jones*, who, besides his being miserable, was  
 extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all  
 the Professions of *Benjamin*, and received him  
 into his Bosom. The Scraps of *Latin*, some of  
 which

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which *Benjamin* applied properly enough, tho' it did not savour of profound Literature, seemed yet to indicate something superior to a common Barber, and so indeed did his whole Behaviour. *Jones* therefore believed the Truth of what he said, as to his Original and Education, and at length, after much Entreaty, he said, 'Since you have heard, my Friend, so much of my Affairs, and seem so desirous to know the Truth, if you will have Patience to hear it, I will inform you of the whole.' 'Patience,' cries *Benjamin*, 'that I will, if the Chapter was never so long, and I am very much obliged to you for the Honour you do me.'

*Jones* now began, and related the whole History, forgetting only a Circumstance or two, namely, every thing which passed on that Day in which he had fought with *Thwackum*, and ended with his Resolution to go to Sea, till the Rebellion in the North had made him change his Purpose, and had brought him to the Place where he then was.

Little *Benjamin*, who had been all Attention, never once interrupted the Narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help observing, that there must be surely something more invented by his Enemies, and told Mr. *Allworthy* against him, or so good a Man would never have dismissed one he had loved so tenderly, in such a Manner. To which *Jones* answered, 'He doubted not but such villainous Arts had been made use of to destroy him.'

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same Remark with the Barber; who had not, indeed, heard from *Jones*, one single Circumstance upon which he was con-

demned; for his Actions were not now placed in those injurious Lights, in which they had been misrepresented to *Allworthy*: Nor could he mention those many false Accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to *Allworthy*; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material Facts in his present Relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in such favourable Colours to *Jones*, that Malice itself would have found it no easy Matter to fix any Blame upon him.

Not that *Jones* desired to conceal or to disguise the Truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any Censure to fall on Mr. *Allworthy* for punishing him, than on his own Actions for deserving it; but, in Reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen: For let a Man be never so honest, the Account of his own Conduct will, in Spite of himself, be so very favourable, that his Vices will come purified through his Lips, and, like foul Liquors well strained, will leave all their Foulness behind. For tho' the Facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the Motives, Circumstances, and Consequences, when a Man tells his own Story, and when his Enemy tells it, that we scarce can recognize the Facts to be one and the same.

Tho' the Barber had drank down this Story with greedy Ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a Circumstance behind, which his Curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. *Jones* had mentioned the Fact of his Amour, and of his being the Rival of *Blifil*, but had cautiously concealed the Name of the young Lady. The  
Barber

Barber therefore, after some Hesitation, and many Hums and Ha's, at last begged Leave to crave the Name of the Lady, who appeared to be the principal Cause of all this Mischief. Jones paused a Moment, and then said, 'Since I have trusted you with so much, and since, I am afraid, her Name is become too public already on this Occasion, I will not conceal it from you. Her Name is *Sophia Western*.'

'*Proh Deum atque Hominum Fidem!* Squire *Western* hath a Daughter grown a Woman!' 'Ay, and such a Woman,' cries Jones, 'that the World cannot match. No Eye ever saw any thing so beautiful; but that is her least Excellence. Such Sense! such Goodness! O I could praise her for ever, and yet should omit half her Virtues.' 'Mr. *Western* a Daughter grown up!' cries the Barber, 'I remember the Father a Boy; well, *Tempus edax Rerum*.'

The Wine being now at an End, the Barber pressed very eagerly to be his Bottle; but Jones absolutely refused, saying, 'He had already drank more than he ought; and that he now chose to retire to his Room, where he wished he could procure himself a Book.' 'A Book!' cries Benjamin, 'what Book would you have? *Latin* or *English*? I have some curious Books in both Languages. Such as *Erasmi Colloquia*, *Ovid de Tristibus*, *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and in *English* I have several of the best Books, tho' some of them are a little torn; but I have a great Part of *Stowe's Chronicle*; the sixth Volume of *Pope's Homer*; the third Volume of the *Spectator*; the second Volume of *Echard's Roman History*; the *Craftsman*; *Robinson Crusoe*;

‘*Thomas a Kempis*, and two Volumes of *Tom Brown’s Works*.’

‘Those last,’ cries *Jones*, ‘are Books I never saw, so if you please to lend me one of those Volumes.’ The Barber assured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the Author to have been one of the greatest Wits that ever the Nation produced. He then stepped to his House, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the Barber having received very strict Injunctions of Secrecy from *Jones*, and having sworn inviolably to maintain it, they separated; the Barber went home, and *Jones* retired to his Chamber.

#### C H A P. VI.

*In which more of the Talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary Person was.*

**I**N the Morning *Jones* grew a little uneasy at the Desertion of his Surgeon, as he apprehended some Inconvenience, or even Danger, might attend the not Dressing his Wound; he enquired therefore of the Drawer what other Surgeons were to be met with in that Neighbourhood. The Drawer told him there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuse to be concerned after another had been sent for before him; ‘but, Sir,’ says he, ‘if you will take my Advice, there is not a Man in the Kingdom can do your Business better than the Barber who was with you last Night. We look upon him to be one of the ablest Men at a Cut in all this Neighbourhood. For tho’ he hath  
‘not



‘not been here above three Months, he hath  
‘done several great Cures.’

The Drawer was presently dispatched for little *Benjamin*, who being acquainted in what Capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended; but with so different an Air and Aspect from that which he wore when his Bason was under his Arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same Person.

‘So, Tonfor,’ says *Jones*, ‘I find you have  
‘more Trades than one; how came you not to  
‘inform me of this last Night? A Surgeon,’ answered *Benjamin*, with great Gravity, ‘is a Profession, not a Trade. The Reason why I did  
‘not acquaint you last Night that I professed this  
‘Art, was that I then concluded you was under  
‘the Hands of another Gentleman, and I never  
‘love to interfere with my Brethren in their Business. *Ars omnibus communis*; but now, Sir,  
‘if you please, I will inspect your Head, and  
‘when I see into your Skull, I will give my Opinion of your Case.’

*Jones* had no great Faith in this new Professor; however he suffered him to open the Bandage, and to look at his Wound, which as soon as he had done, *Benjamin* began to groan and shake his Head violently. Upon which *Jones*, in a peevish Manner, bid him not play the Fool, but tell him in what Condition he found him. ‘Shall I answer you as a Surgeon, or a Friend?’ said *Benjamin*. ‘As a Friend, and seriously,’ said *Jones*, ‘Why then, upon my Soul,’ cries *Benjamin*, ‘it would require a great deal of Art to keep you  
‘from being well after a very few Dressings; and  
‘if you will suffer me to apply some Salve of  
‘mine, I will answer for the Success.’ *Jones*

gave his Consent, and the Plaister was applied accordingly.

‘ There, Sir,’ cries *Benjamin*, ‘ now I will, if you please, resume my former Self; but a Man is obliged to keep up some Dignity in his Countenance whilst he is performing these Operations, or the World will not submit to be handled by him. You can’t imagine, Sir, of how much Consequence—a grave Aspect is to a grave Character. A Barber may make you laugh, but a Surgeon ought rather to make you cry.’

‘ Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-Surgeon,’ said *Jones*.---‘ O dear Sir, answered *Benjamin*, interrupting him, ‘ *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Dolorem*. You recal to my Mind that cruel Separation of the united Fraternities, so much to the Prejudice of both Bodies, as all Separations must be, according to the old Adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of the other Fraternity who are able to construe. What a Blow was this to me who unite both in my own Person.’---‘ Well, by whatever Name you please to be called,’ continued *Jones*, ‘ you certainly are one of the oddest, most comical Fellows I ever met with, and must have something very surprizing in your Story, which you must confess I have a Right to hear.’ ‘ I do confess it,’ answered *Benjamin*, ‘ and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have sufficient Leisure; for I promise you it will require a good deal of Time.’ *Jones* told him, He could never be more at Leisure than at present. ‘ Well then,’ said *Benjamin*, ‘ I will obey you; but first I will fasten the Door, that none  
‘ may

‘ may interrupt us.’ He did so, and then advancing with a solemn Air to *Jones*, said; ‘ I must begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourself have been the greatest Enemy I ever had.’ *Jones* was a little startled at this sudden Declaration. ‘ I your Enemy, Sir!’ says he, with much Amazement, and some Sternness in his Look. ‘ Nay, be not angry,’ said *Benjamin*, ‘ for I promise you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any Wrong; for you was then an Infant; but I shall, I believe, unriddle all this the Moment I mention my Name. Did you never hear, Sir, of one *Partridge*, who had the Honour of being reputed your Father, and the Misfortune of being ruined by that Honour?’ ‘ I have indeed heard of that *Partridge*,’ says *Jones*, ‘ and have always believed myself to be his Son. ‘ Well, Sir,’ answered *Benjamin*, ‘ I am that *Partridge*; but I here absolve you from all filial Duty; for I do assure you, you are no Son of mine.’ ‘ How!’ replied *Jones*, ‘ and is it possible that a false Suspicion should have drawn all the ill Consequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted?’ ‘ It is possible,’ cries *Benjamin*, ‘ for it is so; but tho’ it is natural enough for Men to hate even the innocent Causes of their Sufferings, yet I am of a different Temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your Behaviour to *Black George*, as I told you; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary Meeting, that you are born to make me Amends for all I have suffered on that Account. Besides, I dreamt, the Night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a Stool without hurting myself; which plainly shewed me some-

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‘ thing

‘ thing good was towards me; and last Night I  
‘ dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-  
‘ white Mare, which is a very excellent Dream,  
‘ and betokens much good Fortune, which I am  
‘ resolved to pursue, unless you have the Cruelty  
‘ to deny me.’

‘ I should be very glad, Mr. *Partridge*,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ to have it in my Power to make  
‘ you Amends for your Sufferings on my Ac-  
‘ count, tho’ at present I see no Likelihood of it;  
‘ however, I assure you I will deny you nothing  
‘ which is in my Power to grant.’

‘ It is in your Power sure enough,’ replied *Benjamin*; ‘ for I desire nothing more than Leave  
‘ to attend you in this Expedition. Nay, I have  
‘ so entirely set my Heart upon it, that if you  
‘ should refuse me, you will kill both a Barber  
‘ and a Surgeon in one Breath.’

*Jones* answered smiling, That he should be very sorry to be the Occasion of so much Mis- chief to the Public. He then advanced many prudential Reasons, in order to dissuade *Benjamin* (whom we shall hereafter call *Partridge*) from his Purpose; but all were in vain. *Partridge* relied strongly on his Dream of the milk-white Mare. ‘ Besides, Sir,’ says he, ‘ I promise you,  
‘ I have as good an Inclination to the Cause as  
‘ any Man can possibly have; and go I will,  
‘ whether you admit me to go in your Company  
‘ or not.’

*Jones*, who was as much pleased with *Partridge*, as *Partridge* could be with him, and who had not consulted his own Inclination, but the Good of the other in desiring him to stay behind, when he found his Friend so resolute, at last gave his Consent; but then recollecting himself, he  
said,

said, ‘ Perhaps, Mr. *Partridge*, you think I shall  
 ‘ be able to support you, but I really am not ;’  
 and then taking out his Purse, he told out nine  
 Guineas, which he declared were his whole  
 Fortune.

*Partridge* answered, ‘ That his Dependance  
 ‘ was only on his future Favour: For he was  
 ‘ thoroughly convinced he would shortly have  
 ‘ enough in his Power. At present, Sir,’ said  
 he, ‘ I believe I am rather the richer Man of the  
 ‘ two; but all I have is at your Service, and at  
 ‘ your Disposal. I insist upon your taking the  
 ‘ whole, and I beg only to attend you in the  
 ‘ Quality of your Servant, *Nil desperandum est*  
 ‘ *Tuacro duce & auspice Tuacro;*’ but to this gene-  
 rous Proposal concerning the Money, *Jones*  
 would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next Morning,  
 when a Difficulty arose concerning the Baggage;  
 for the Portmanteau of Mr. *Jones* was too large  
 to be carried without a Horse.

‘ If I may presume to give my Advice,’ says  
*Partridge*, ‘ this Portmanteau, with every Thing  
 ‘ in it, except a few Shirts, should be left behind.  
 ‘ Those I shall be easily able to carry for you,  
 ‘ and the rest of your Clothes will remain very  
 ‘ safely locked up in my House.’

This Method was no sooner proposed than  
 agreed to, and then the Barber departed, in or-  
 der to prepare every Thing for his intended Ex-  
 pedition.



## C H A P. VII.

*Containing better Reasons than any which have yet appeared for the Conduct of Partridge; an Apology for the Weakness of Jones; and some farther Anecdotes concerning my Landlady.*

THOUGH *Partridge* was one of the most superstitious of Men, he would hardly, perhaps, have desired to accompany *Jones* on his Expedition merely from the Omens of the Joint-stool, and white Mare, if his Prospect had been no better than to have shared the Plunder gained in the Field of Battle. In Fact, when *Partridge* came to ruminate on the Relation he had heard from *Jones*, he could not reconcile to himself, that Mr. *Allworthy* should turn his Son (for so he most firmly believed him to be) out of Doors, for any Reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a Fiction, and that *Jones*, of whom he had often from his Correspondents heard the wildest Character, had in reality run away from his Father. It came into his Head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young Gentleman to return back to his Father, he should by that Means render a Service to *Allworthy*, which would obliterate all his former Anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very Anger was counterfeited, and that *Allworthy* had sacrificed him to his own Reputation. And this Suspicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender Behaviour of that excellent Man to the Foundling Child; from his great Severity to *Partridge*, who knowing himself to be innocent, could not conceive that any other should

should think him guilty; lastly, from the Allowance which he had privately received long after the Annuity had been publickly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of Smart-money, or rather by way of Atonement for Injustice: For it is very uncommon, I believe, for Men to ascribe the Benefactions they receive to pure Charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other Motive. If he could by any Means, therefore, persuade the young Gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the Favour of *Allworthy*, and well rewarded for his Pains; nay, and should be again restored to his native Country; a Restoration which *Ulysses* himself never wished more heartily than poor *Partridge*.

As for *Jones*, he was well satisfied with the Truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that *Partridge* had no other Inducements but Love to him, and Zeal for the Cause. A blameable Want of Caution, and Diffidence in the Veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of Censure. To say the Truth, there are but two Ways by which Men become possessed of this excellent Quality. The one is from long Experience, and the other is from Nature; which last, I presume, is often meant by Genius, or great natural Parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are Masters of it much earlier in Life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive: For a Man who hath been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest; whereas he who receives certain necessary Admonitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little Understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable

to

to be once deceived. As *Jones* had not this Gift from Nature, he was too young to have gained it by Experience; for at the diffident Wisdom which is to be acquired this Way, we seldom arrive till very late in Life; which is perhaps the Reason why some old Men are apt to despise the Understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

*Jones* spent most Part of the Day in the Company of a new Acquaintance. This was no other than the Landlord of the House, or rather the Husband of the Landlady. He had but lately made his Descent down Stairs, after a long Fit of the Gout, in which Distemper he was generally confined to his Room during one half of the Year; and during the rest, he walked about the House, smoaked his Pipe, and drank his Bottle with his Friends, without concerning himself in the least with any Kind of Business. He had been bred, as they call it, a Gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing, and had spent a very small Fortune, which he inherited from an industrious Farmer his Uncle, in Hunting, Horseracing, and Cock-fighting, and had been married by my Landlady for certain Purposes, which he had long since desisted from answering: for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly Kind of Fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous Comparisons with her first Husband, whose Praise she had eternally in her Mouth; and as she was for the most part Mistress of the Profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the Care and Government of the Family, and after a long successful Struggle, to suffer her Husband to be Master of himself.

In the Evening, when *Jones* retired to his Room, a small Dispute arose between this fond Couple concerning him. ‘What,’ says the Wife, ‘you have been tippling with the Gentleman! I see.’ ‘Yes,’ answered the Husband, ‘we have cracked a Bottle together, and a very Gentleman-like Man he is, and hath a very pretty Notion of Horse-flesh. Indeed he is young, and hath not seen much of the World: For I believe he hath been at very few Horse-races.’ ‘O ho! he is one of your Order, is he?’ replies the Landlady; ‘he must be a Gentleman to be sure, if he is a Horse-racer. The Devil fetch such Gentry; I am sure I wish I had never seen any of them. I have Reason to love Horse-racers truly.’ ‘That you have,’ says the Husband; ‘for I was one, you know.’ ‘Yes,’ answered she, ‘you are a pure one indeed. As my first Husband used to say, I may put all the Good I have ever got by you in my Eyes, and see never the worse.’ ‘D—n your first Husband,’ cries he.—‘Don’t d—n a better Man than yourself,’ answered the Wife; ‘if he had been alive, you durst not have done it.’ ‘Then you think,’ says he, ‘I have not so much Courage as yourself: For you have d—n’d him often in my Hearing.’ ‘If I did,’ says she, ‘I have repented of it many’s the good Time and oft. And if he was so good to forgive me a Word spoken in Haste, or so, it doth not become such a one as you to *twitter* me. He was a Husband to me, he was; and if ever I did make use of an ill Word or so in a Passion, I never called him Rascal; I should have told a Lie, if I had called him Rascal.’ Much more she said, but not in his Hearing: For having lighted his

Pipe,

Pipe, he staggered off as fast as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no more of her Speech, as it approached still nearer and nearer to a Subject too indelicate to find any Place in this History.

Early in the Morning *Partridge* appeared at the Bedside of *Jones*, ready equipped for the Journey, with his Knapfack at his Back. This was his own Workmanship; for besides his other Trades, he was no indifferent Taylor. He had already put up his whole Stock of Linnen in it, consisting of four Shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. *Jones*; and then packing up the Portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own House, but was stopt in his Way by the Landlady, who refused to suffer any Removals till after the Payment of the Reckoning.

The Landlady was, as we have said, absolute Governess in these Regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her Rules; so the Bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger Sum than might have been expected, from the Entertainment which *Jones* had met with. But here we are obliged to disclose some Maxims, which Publicans hold to be the grand Mysteries of their Trade. The first is, if they have any Thing good in their House (which indeed very seldom happens) to produce it only to Persons who travel with great Equipages. 2dly, To charge the same for the very worst Provisions, as if they were the best. And, lastly, if any of their Guests call but for little, to make them pay a double Price for every Thing they have; so that the Amount by the Head may be much the same.

The



The Bill being made and discharged, *Jones* set forward with *Partridge*, carrying his Knap-sack; nor did the Landlady condescend to wish him a good Journey: for this was, it seems, an Inn frequented by People of Fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their Livelihood by People of Fashion, contract as much Insolence to the rest of Mankind, as if they really belonged to that Rank themselves.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the Character of that House, and of a Petty-fogger, which he there meets with.*

**M**R. *Jones*, and *Partridge*, or *Little Benjamin*, (which Epithet of *Little* was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six Feet high) having left their last Quarters in the Manner before described, travelled on to *Gloucester*, without meeting any Adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their House of Entertainment the Sign of the *Bell*, an excellent House indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every Reader who shall visit this ancient City. The Master of it is Brother to the great Preacher *Whitefield*; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious Principles of Methodism, or of any other heretical Sect. He is indeed a very honest plain Man, and, in my Opinion, not likely to create any Disturbance either in Church or State. His Wife hath, I believe, had much Pretension to Beauty, and is still a very fine Woman. Her Person and Deportment might have

have made a shining Figure in the politest Assemblies; but tho' she must be conscious of this, and many other Perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to that State of Life to which she is called; and this Resignation is entirely owing to the Prudence and Wisdom of her Temper: For she is at present as free from any methodistical Notions as her Husband. I say at present: For she freely confesses that her Brother's Documents made at first some Impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the Expence of a long Hood, in order to attend the extraordinary Emotions of the Spirit; but having found, during an Experiment of three Weeks, no Emotions, she says, worth a Farthing, she very wisely laid by her Hood, and abandoned the Sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly, good-natured Woman; and so industrious to oblige, that the Guests must be of a very morose Disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her House.

Mrs. *Whitefield* happened to be in the Yard when *Jones* and his Attendant marched in. Her Sagacity soon discovered in the Air of our Heroe something which distinguished him from the Vulgar. She ordered her Servants, therefore, immediately to shew him into a Room, and presently afterwards invited him to Dinner with herself; which Invitation he very thankfully accepted: For indeed much less agreeable Company than that of Mrs. *Whitefield*, and a much worse Entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting, and so long a Walk.

Besides

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Besides Mr. *Jones* and the good Governess of the Mansion, there sat down at Table an Attorney of *Salisbury*, indeed the very same who had brought the News of Mrs. *Blifil's* Death to Mr. *Allworthy*, and whose Name, which, I think, we did not before mention, was *Dowling*: There was likewise present another Person, who stiled himself a Lawyer, and who lived somewhere near *Lidlinch* in *Somersetshire*. This Fellow, I say, stiled himself a Lawyer, but was indeed a most vile Petty-fogger, without Sense or Knowledge of any Kind; one of those who may be termed Train-bearers to the Law; a Sort of Supernumeraries in the Profession, who are the Hackneys of Attornies, and will ride more Miles for half a Crown than a Post-boy.

During the Time of Dinner, the *Somersetshire* Lawyer recollected the Face of *Jones*, which he had seen at Mr. *Allworthy's*: For he had often visited in that Gentleman's Kitchen. He therefore took Occasion to enquire after the good Family there, with that Familiarity which would have become an intimate Friend or Acquaintance of Mr. *Allworthy*; and indeed he did all in his Power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the Honour of speaking to any Person in that Family higher than the Butler. *Jones* answered all his Questions with much Civility, though he never remembered to have seen the Petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward Appearance and Behaviour of the Man, that he usurped a Freedom with his Betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the Conversation of Fellows of this Kind, is of all others the most detestable to Men of any Sense, the Cloth was no sooner removed than  
Mr.

Mr. *Jones* withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. *Whitefield* to do a Pennance, which I have often heard Mr. *Timothy Harris*, and other Publicans of good Taste, lament, as the severest Lot annexed to their Calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep Company with their Guests.

*Jones* had no sooner quitted the Room, than the Petty-fogger, in a whispering Tone, asked Mrs. *Whitefield*, ‘ if she knew who that fine Spark was ? ’ She answered, ‘ she had never seen the Gentleman before.’ ‘ The Gentleman, indeed ! ’ replied the Petty-fogger ; ‘ a pretty Gentleman truly ! Why, he’s the Bastard of a Fellow who was hanged for Horse-stealing. He was dropt at Squire *Allworthy*’s Door, where one of the Servants found him in a Box so full of Rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another Fate.’ ‘ Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest ; we understand what that Fate is very well,’ cries *Dowling*, with a most facetious Grin. ‘ Well,’ continued the other, ‘ the Squire ordered him to be taken in : For he is a timborfome Man every Body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a Scrape ; and there the Bastard was bred up, and fed and cloathified all to the World like any Gentleman ; and there he got one of the Servant Maids with Child, and persuaded her to swear it to the Squire himself ; and afterwards he broke the Arm of one Mr. *Thwackum* a Clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for following Whores ; and afterwards he snapt a Pistol at Mr. *Blifil* behind his Back ; and once when Squire *Allworthy* was sick, he got a Drum,

‘ and

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‘and beat it all over the House, to prevent him  
‘from sleeping: And twenty other Pranks he  
‘hath played; for all which, about four or five  
‘Days ago, just before I left the Country, the  
‘Squire strip’d him stark naked, and turned him  
‘out of Doors.’

‘And very justly too, I protest,’ cries *Dow-*  
*ling*; ‘I would turn my own Son out of Doors,  
‘if he was guilty of half as much. And pray  
‘what is the Name of this pretty Gentleman?’

‘The Name o’un!’ answered Petty-fogger,  
‘why, he is called *Thomas Jones*.’

‘*Jones*!’ answered *Dowling*, a little eagerly,  
‘what, Mr. *Jones* that lived at Mr. *Allworthy*’s?  
‘was that the Gentleman that dined with us?’  
‘The very same,’ said the other. ‘I have heard  
‘of the Gentleman,’ cries *Dowling*, ‘often; but  
‘I never heard any ill Character of him.’ ‘And  
‘I am sure,’ says Mrs. *Whitefield*, ‘if half what  
‘this Gentleman hath said be true, Mr. *Jones*  
‘hath the most deceitful Countenance I ever  
‘saw; for sure his Looks promise something  
‘very different; and I must say, for the little I  
‘have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred Man  
‘as you would wish to converse with.’

Pettyfogger calling to mind that he had not  
been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his  
Evidence, now bound what he had declared with  
so many Oaths and Imprecations, that the Land-  
lady’s Ears were shocked, and she put a Stop to his  
swearing, by assuring him of her Belief. Upon  
which he said, ‘I hope, Madam, you imagine I  
‘would scorn to tell such Things of any Man,  
‘unless I knew them to be true. What Interest  
‘have I in taking away the Reputation of a Man  
‘who never injured me? I promise you every  
‘Syl-



‘ Syllable of what I have said is Fact, and the  
‘ whole Country knows it.’

As Mrs. *Whitefield* had no Reason to suspect that the Pettyfogger had any Motive or Temptation to abuse *Jones*, the Reader cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many Oaths. She accordingly gave up her Skill in Physiognomy, and henceforwards conceived so ill an Opinion of her Guest, that she heartily wished him out of her House.

This Dislike was now farther encreased by a Report which Mr. *Whitefield* made from the Kitchen, where *Partridge* had informed the Company, ‘ That tho’ he carried the Knapfack, and  
‘ contented himself with staying among Servants,  
‘ while *Tom Jones* (as he called him) was regaling  
‘ in the Parlour, he was not his Servant, but only  
‘ a Friend and Companion, and as good a Gentleman as Mr. *Jones* himself.’

*Dowling* sat all this while silent, biting his Fingers, making Faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his Lips, and protested that the Gentleman looked like another Sort of Man. He then called for his Bill with the utmost Haste, declared he must be at *Hereford* that Evening, lamented his great Hurry of Business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty Pieces, in order to be at once in twenty Places.

The Pettyfogger now likewise departed, and then *Jones* desired the Favour of Mrs. *Whitefield*’s Company to drink Tea with him; but she refused, and with a Manner so different from that with which she had received him at Dinner, that it a little surprized him. And now he soon perceived her Behaviour totally changed; for instead  
of

of that natural Affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained Severity on her Countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. *Jones*, that he resolved, however late, to quit the House that Evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden Change; for besides some hard and unjust Surmises concerning female Fickleness and Mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this Want of Civility to his Want of Horses; a Sort of Animals which, as they dirty no Sheets, are thought, in Inns, to pay better for their Beds than their Riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable Company; but Mrs. *Whitefield*, to do her Justice, had a much more liberal Way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a Gentleman, tho' he walked on Foot: In Reality, she looked on our Heroe as a sorry Scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such, for which not even *Jones* himself, had he known as much as the Reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her Conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the Disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating Circumstance which attends unjustly depriving Men of their Reputation; for a Man who is conscious of having an ill Character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his Conversation, unless where a perfect Intimacy must have convinced them that their Friend's Character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the Case of *Jones*; for as he was a perfect Stranger to the Truth, so he was with good Reason offended at the Treat-

ment he received. He therefore paid his Reckoning and departed, highly against the Will of Mr. *Partridge*, who having remonstrated much against it to no Purpose, at last condescended to take up his Knapfack, and to attend his Friend.

### CHAP. IX.

*Containing several Dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning Love, Cold, Hunger, and other Matters; with the lucky and narrow Escape of Partridge, as he was on the very Brink of making a fatal Discovery to his Friend.*

THE Shadows began now to descend larger from the high Mountains: The feather'd Creation had betaken themselves to their Rest. Now the highest Order of Mortals were sitting down to their Dinners, and the lowest Order to their Suppers. In a Word, the Clock struck five just as Mr. *Jones* took his Leave of *Gloucester*; an Hour at which (as it was now Midwinter) the dirty Fingers of Night would have drawn her sable Curtain over the Universe, had not the Moon forbid her, who now, with a Face as broad and as red as those of some jolly Mortals, who, like her, turn Night into Day, began to rise from her Bed, where she had slumbred away the Day, in order to sit up all Night. *Jones* had not travelled far before he paid his Compliments to that beautiful Planet, and turning to his Companion, asked him, If he had ever beheld so delicious an Evening. *Partridge* making no ready Answer to his Question, he proceeded to comment on the Beauty of the Moon, and repeated some Passages from *Milton*, who hath cer-  
tainly

tainly excelled all other Poets in his Description of the heavenly Luminaries. He then told *Partridge* the Story from the *Spectator*, of two Lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great Distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed Hour, to look at the Moon; thus pleasing themselves with the Thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same Object at the same Time. 'Those Lovers,' added he, 'must have had Souls truly capable of feeling all the Tenderness of the sublimest of all human Passions.' 'Very probably,' cries *Partridge*; 'but I envy them more if they had Bodies incapable of feeling Cold; for I am almost frozen to Death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a Piece of my Nose before we get to another House of Entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect some Judgment should happen to us for our Folly in running away so by Night from one of the most excellent Inns I ever set my Foot into. I am sure I never saw more good Things in my Life, and the greatest Lord in the Land cannot live better in his own House than he may there. And to forsake such a House, and go a rambling about the Country, the Lord knows whither, *per devia rura viarum*, I say nothing, for my Part; but some People might not have Charity enough to conclude we were in our sober Senses.' 'Fie upon it, Mr. *Partridge*,' says *Jones*, 'have a better Heart: Consider you are going to face an Enemy, and are you afraid of facing a little Cold? I wish, indeed, we had a Guide to advise which of these Roads we should take.' 'May I be so bold,' says *Partridge*, 'to offer my

‘ Advice: *Interdum Stultus opportuna loquitur.*’  
 ‘ Why, which of them,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ would you  
 ‘ recommend?’ ‘ Truly neither of them,’ an-  
 ‘ swered *Partridge*. ‘ The only Road we can be  
 ‘ certain of finding, is the Road we came. A  
 ‘ good hearty Pace will bring us back to *Glou-*  
 ‘ *cester* in an Hour; but if we go forward, the  
 ‘ Lord *Harry* knows when we shall arrive at any  
 ‘ Place; for I see at least fifty Miles before me,  
 ‘ and no House in all the Way.’ ‘ You see, in-  
 ‘ deed, a very fair Prospect,’ says *Jones*, ‘ which  
 ‘ receives great additional Beauty from the ex-  
 ‘ treme Lustre of the Moon. However, I will  
 ‘ keep the Left-hand Track, as that seems to  
 ‘ lead directly to those Hills, which we were in-  
 ‘ formed lie not far from *Worcester*. And here,  
 ‘ if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and  
 ‘ return back again; but for my Part, I am re-  
 ‘ solved to go forward.’

‘ It is unkind in you, Sir,’ says *Partridge*.  
 ‘ to suspect me of any such Intention. What I  
 ‘ have advised hath been as much on your Ac-  
 ‘ count as on my own; but since you are deter-  
 ‘ mined to go on, I am as much determined to  
 ‘ follow. *I præ, sequar te.*’

They now travelled some Miles without speak-  
 ing to each other, during which Suspence of Dis-  
 course *Jones* often sighed, and *Benjamin* groaned  
 as bitterly, tho’ from a very different Reason.  
 At length *Jones* made a full Stop, and turning  
 about, cries, ‘ Who knows, *Partridge*, but the  
 ‘ loveliest Creature in the Universe may have her  
 ‘ Eyes now fixed on that very Moon which I be-  
 ‘ hold at this Instant!’ ‘ Very likely, Sir,’ an-  
 ‘ swered *Partridge*; ‘ and if my Eyes were fixed  
 ‘ on a good Surloin of roast Beef, the Devil  
 might



‘ might take the Moon and her Horns into the Bargain.’ ‘ Did ever *Tramontane* make such an Answer ?’ cries *Jones*. ‘ Prithee, *Partridge*, wast thou never susceptible of Love in thy Life, or hath Time worn away all the Traces of it from thy Memory ?’ ‘ Alack-a-day,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ well would it have been for me if I had never known what Love was. *Infandum Regina jubeas renovare Dolorum*. I am sure I have tasted all the Tenderness and Sublimities, and Bitternesses of the Passion.’ ‘ Was your Mistress unkind then ?’ says *Jones*. ‘ Very unkind indeed, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*; ‘ for she married me, and made one of the most confounded Wives in the World. However, Heaven be praised, she’s gone; and if I believed she was in the Moon, according to a Book I once read, which teaches that to be the Receptacle of departed Spirits, I would never look at it for fear of seeing her: But I wish, Sir, that the Moon was a Looking-glass for your Sake, and that Miss *Sophia Western* was now placed before it.’ ‘ My dear *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ what a Thought was there! A Thought which I am certain could never have entered into any Mind but that of a Lover. O *Partridge*, could I hope once again to see that Face; but, alas! all those golden Dreams are vanished for ever, and my only Refuge from future Misery is to forget the Object of all my former Happiness.’ ‘ And do you really despair of ever seeing Miss *Western* again ?’ answered *Partridge*: ‘ If you will follow my Advice, I will engage you shall not only see her, but have her in your Arms.’ ‘ Ha! do not awaken a Thought of that Nature,’ cries *Jones*. ‘ I have struggled sufficient-

ly to conquer all such Wishes already.' 'Nay,' answered *Partridge*, 'if you do not wish to have your Mistress in your Arms, you are a most extraordinary Lover indeed.' 'Well, well,' says *Jones*, 'let us avoid this Subject; but pray what is your Advice?' 'To give it you in the military Phrase then,' says *Partridge*, 'as we are Soldiers; 'To the Right about.' 'Let us return the Way we came; we may yet reach *Gloucester* To-night, tho' late; whereas if we proceed, we are likely, for ought I see, to ramble about for ever without coming either to House or Home.' 'I have already told you my Resolution is to go on,' answered *Jones*; 'but I would have you go back. I am obliged to you for your Company hither; and I beg you to accept a Guinea as a small Instance of my Gratitude. Nay, it would be cruel in me to suffer you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with you, my chief End and Desire is a glorious Death in the Service of my King and Country.' 'As for your Money,' replied *Partridge*, 'I beg, Sir, you will put it up; I will receive none of you at this Time; for at present I am, I believe, the richer Man of the two. And as your Resolution is to go on, so mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my Presence appears absolutely necessary to take care of you, since your Intentions are so desperate; for I promise you my Views are much more prudent: As you are resolved to fall in Battle, if you can, so I am resolved as firmly to come to no Hurt if I can help it. And indeed I have the Comfort to think there will be but little Danger; for a popish Priest told me the other Day, the Business would soon be over,

‘over, and he believed without a Battle.’ ‘A  
‘popish Priest,’ cries *Jones*, ‘I have heard, is  
‘not always to be believed when he speaks in  
‘Behalf of his Religion.’ ‘Yes, but so far,’  
answered the other, ‘from speaking in Behalf of  
‘his Religion, he assured me, the Catholicks  
‘did not expect to be any Gainers by the  
‘Change; for that Prince *Charles* was as good  
‘a Protestant as any in *England*; and that no-  
‘thing but Regard to Right made him and the  
‘rest of the popish Party to be *Jacobites*.’  
‘I believe him to be as much a Protestant as I  
‘believe he hath any Right,’ says *Jones*, ‘and I  
‘make no Doubt of our Success, but not with-  
‘out a Battle. So that I am not so sanguine as  
‘your Friend the popish Priest.’ ‘Nay, to be  
‘sure, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘all the Pro-  
‘phesies I have ever read, speak of a great deal  
‘of Blood to be spilt in the Quarrel, and the  
‘Miller with three Thumbs, who is now alive,  
‘is to hold the Horses of three Kings, up to his  
‘Knees in Blood. Lord have Mercy upon us  
‘all, and send better Times!’ ‘With what  
‘Stuff and Nonsense hast thou filled thy Head,’  
answered *Jones*? ‘This too, I suppose, comes  
‘from the popish Priest. Monsters and Prodi-  
‘gies are the proper Arguments to support mon-  
‘strous and absurd Doctrines. The Cause of  
‘King *George* is the Cause of Liberty and true  
‘Religion. In other Words, it is the Cause of  
‘common Sense, my Boy, and I warrant you  
‘will succeed, tho’ *Briareus* himself was to rise  
‘again with his hundred Thumbs, and to turn  
‘Miller.’ *Partridge* made no Reply to this. He  
was indeed cast into the utmost Confusion by this  
Declaration of *Jones*. For to inform the Reader

of a Secret, which we had no proper Opportunity of revealing before, *Partridge* was in Truth a *Jacobite*, and had concluded that *Jones* was of the same Party, and was now proceeding to join the Rebels. An Opinion which was not without Foundation. For the tall long-sided Dame, mentioned by *Hudibras*; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared Monster of *Virgil*, had related the Story of the Quarrel between *Jones* and the Officer, with her usual Regard to Truth. She had indeed changed the Name of *Sophia* into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his Health was the Cause for which *Jones* was knocked down. This *Partridge* had heard, and most firmly believed. 'Tis no Wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned Opinion of *Jones*; and which he had almost discovered to him before he found out his own Mistake. And at this the Reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful Phrase in which *Jones* first communicated his Resolution to Mr. *Partridge*; and, indeed, had the Words been less ambiguous, *Partridge* might very well have construed them as he did; being persuaded, as he was, that the whole Nation were of the same Inclination in their Hearts: Nor did it stagger him that *Jones* had travelled in the Company of Soldiers; for he had the same Opinion of the Army which he had of the rest of the People.

But however well affected he might be to *James* or *Charles*, he was still much more attached to *Little Benjamin* than to either; for which Reason he no sooner discovered the Principles of his Fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal,

ceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the Man on whom he depended for the making his Fortune, since he by no means believed the Affairs of *Jones* to be so desperate as they really were with *Mr. Allworthy*; for as he had kept a constant Correspondence with some of his Neighbours since he left that Country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great Affection *Mr. Allworthy* bore this young Man, who, as *Partridge* had been instructed, was to be that Gentleman's Heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his Son.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever Quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the Return of *Mr. Jones*; an Event from which he promised great Advantages, if he could take this Opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young Gentleman; and if he could by any Means be instrumental in procuring his Return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the Favour of *Mr. Allworthy*.

We have already observed, that he was a very good-natured Fellow, and he hath himself declared the violent Attachment he had to the Person and Character of *Jones*; but possibly the Views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little Share in prompting him to undertake this Expedition, at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered, that his Master and himself, like some prudent Fathers and Sons, tho' they travelled together in great Friendship, had embraced opposite Parties. I am led into this Conjecture, by having remarked, that tho' Love, Friendship, Esteem, and such like, have very powerful Operations in the human



man Mind; Interest, however, is an Ingredient seldom omitted by wise Men, when they would work others to their own Purposes. This is indeed a most excellent Medicine, and like *Ward's Pill*, flies at once to the particular Part of the Body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the Tongue, the Hand, or any other Member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired Effect.

### C H A P. X.

*In which our Travellers meet with a very extraordinary Adventure.*

JUST as *Jones* and his Friend came to the End of their Dialogue in the preceding Chapter, they arrived at the Bottom of a very steep Hill. Here *Jones* stopt short, and directing his Eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his Companion, and said, ‘*Partridge*, I wish I was at the Top of this Hill; it must certainly afford a most charming Prospect especially by this Light: For the solemn Gloom which the Moon casts on all Objects, is beyond Expression beautiful, especially to an Imagination which is desirous of cultivating melancholy Ideas.’ ‘Very probably,’ answered *Partridge*; ‘but if the Top of the Hill be properest to produce melancholy Thoughts, I suppose the Bottom is the likeliest to produce merry ones, and these I take to be much the better of the two. I protest you have made my Blood run cold with the very mentioning the Top of that Mountain; which seems to me to be one of the highest in the World. No, no, if we

‘ look for any thing, let it be for a Place under  
 ‘ Ground, to screen ourselves from the Frost.—  
 ‘ Do so, said *Jones*, let it be but within Hearing  
 ‘ of this Place, and I will hollow to you at my  
 ‘ Return back.’ ‘ Surely, Sir, you are not mad,’  
 said *Partridge*. ‘ Indeed I am,’ answered *Jones*,  
 ‘ if ascending this Hill be Madness: But as you  
 ‘ complain so much of the Cold already, I would  
 ‘ have you stay below. I will certainly return  
 ‘ to you within an Hour. ‘ Pardon me, Sir,’  
 cries *Partridge*, ‘ I have determined to follow  
 ‘ you where-ever you go.’ Indeed he was now  
 afraid to stay behind; for tho’ he was Coward  
 enough in all Respects, yet his chief Fear was  
 that of Ghosts, with which the present Time of  
 Night, and the Wildness of the Place extremely  
 well suited.

At this Instant *Partridge* espied a glimmering  
 Light through some Trees, which seemed very  
 near to them. He immediately cried out in a  
 Rapture, ‘ Oh, Sir! Heaven hath at last heard  
 ‘ my Prayers, and hath brought us to a House;  
 ‘ perhaps it may be an Inn. Let me beseech  
 ‘ you, Sir, if you have any Compassion either  
 ‘ for me or yourself, do not despise the Goodness  
 ‘ of Providence, but let us go directly to yon  
 ‘ Light. Whether it be a Public-house or no,  
 ‘ I am sure if they be Christians that dwell there,  
 ‘ they will not refuse a little House-room to Per-  
 ‘ sons in our miserable Condition.’ *Jones* at  
 length yielded to the earnest Supplications of  
*Partridge*, and both together made directly to-  
 wards the Place whence the Light issued.

They soon arrived at the Door of this House  
 or Cottage: For it might be called either, with-  
 out much Impropriety. Here *Jones* knocked se-

veral Times without receiving any Answer from within; at which *Partridge*, whose Head was full of nothing but of Ghosts, Devils, Witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying, 'Lord have Mercy upon us, sure the People must be all dead. I can see no Light neither now, and yet I am certain I saw a Candle burning but a Moment before.---Well! I have heard of such Things.---What hast thou heard of, said *Jones*. The People are either fast asleep, or probably as this is a lonely Place, are afraid to open their Door.' He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old Woman opening an upper Casement, asked who 'they were, and what they wanted?' *Jones* answered, 'they were Travellers who had lost their Way, and having seen a Light in the Window, had been led thither in Hopes of finding some Fire to warm themselves.' Whoever you are,' cries the Woman, 'you have no Business here; nor shall I open the Door to any body at this Time of Night.' *Partridge*, whom the Sound of a human Voice had recovered from his Fright, fell to the most earnest Supplications to be admitted for a few Minutes to the Fire, saying, 'he was almost dead with the Cold,' to which Fear had indeed contributed equally with the Frost. He assured her, that the Gentleman who spoke to her, was one of the greatest Squire in the Country, and made use of every Argument save one, which *Jones* afterwards effectually added, and this was the Promise of Half a Crown. A Bribe too great to be resisted by such a Person, especially as the genteel Appearance of *Jones*, which the Light of the Moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable Behaviour, had entirely

entirely subdued those Apprehensions of Thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last to let them in, where *Partridge*, to his infinite Joy, found a good Fire ready for his Reception.

The poor Fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those Thoughts which were always uppermost in his Mind, began a little to disturb his Brain. There was no Article of his Creed in which he had a stronger Faith, than he had in Witchcraft, nor can the Reader conceive a Figure more adapted to inspire this Idea, than the old Woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that Picture drawn by *Otway* in his *Orphan*. Indeed if this Woman had lived in the Reign of *James* the First, her Appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any Evidence.

Many Circumstances likewise conspired to confirm *Partridge* in his Opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a Place; and in a House, the Outside of which seemed much too good for her; but where the Inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant Manner. To say the Truth, *Jones* himself was not a little surprized at what he saw: For, besides the extraordinary Neatness of the Room, it was adorned with a great Number of Nicknacks, and Curiosities, which might have engaged the Attention of a Virtuoso.

While *Jones* was admiring these Things, and *Partridge* sat trembling with the firm Belief that he was in the House of a Witch, the old Woman said, ‘I hope, Gentlemen, you will make what Haste you can; for I expect my Master presently, and I would not for double the Money

‘ney he should find you here.’ ‘Then you have  
‘a Master,’ cried *Jones*; ‘indeed you will ex-  
‘cuse me, good Woman, but I was surprized to  
‘see all those fine Things in your House.’ ‘Ah,  
‘Sir!’ said she, ‘if the twentieth Part of these  
‘Things were mine, I should think myself a  
‘rich Woman; but pray, Sir, do not stay much  
‘longer: For I look for him in every Minute.’  
---‘Why sure he would not be angry with you,’  
said *Jones*, ‘for doing a common Act of Charity.  
‘Alack-a-day, Sir,’ said she, ‘he is a strange  
‘Man, not at all like other People. He keeps  
‘no Company with any Body, and seldom walks  
‘out but by Night, for he doth not care to be  
‘seen; and all the Country People are as much  
‘afraid of meeting him; for his Dress is enough  
‘to frighten those who are not used to it.  
‘They call him, *The Man of the Hill* (for there  
‘he walks by Night) and the Country People are  
‘not, I believe, more afraid of the Devil him-  
‘self. He would be terribly angry if he found  
‘you here.’ ‘Pray, Sir,’ says *Partridge*, ‘don’t  
‘let us offend the Gentleman, I am ready to  
‘walk, and was never warmer in my Life.---  
‘Do, pray Sir, let us go---here are Pistols over  
‘the Chimney; who knows whether they be  
‘charged or no, or what he may do with them.’  
‘Fear nothing, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘I will  
‘secure thee from Danger.’---‘Nay, for Matter  
‘o’ that, he never doth any Mischief,’ said the  
Woman; ‘but to be sure it is necessary he should  
‘keep some Arms for his own Safety; for his  
‘House hath been beset more than once, and it  
‘is not many Nights ago, that we thought, we  
‘heard Thieves about it: for my own Part,  
‘I have often wondered that he is not murdered  
‘by



‘ by some Villain or other, as he walks out by  
 ‘ himself at such Hours; but then, as I said, the  
 ‘ People are afraid of him, and besides they think,  
 ‘ I suppose, he hath nothing about him worth  
 ‘ taking.’ ‘ I should imagine, by this Collection  
 ‘ of Rarities, cries *Jones*, that your Master had  
 ‘ been a Traveller.’ ‘ Yes Sir,’ answered she,  
 ‘ he hath been a very great one; there be few  
 ‘ Gentlemen that know more of all Matters than  
 ‘ he; I fancy he hath been crost in Love, or  
 ‘ whatever it is, I know not, but I have lived  
 ‘ with him above these thirty Years, and in all  
 ‘ that Time he hath hardly spoke to six living  
 ‘ People.’ She then again solicited their Departure,  
 in which she was backed by *Partridge*; but  
*Jones* purposely protracted the time: For his  
 Curiosity was greatly raised to see this extraordinary  
 Person. Tho’ the old Woman, therefore,  
 concluded every one of her Answers with desiring  
 him to be gone, and *Partridge* proceeded so  
 far as to pull him by the Sleeve, he still continued  
 to invent new Questions, till the old Woman  
 with an affrighted Countenance, declared she  
 heard her Master’s Signal; and at the same  
 Instant more than one Voice was heard without  
 the Door, crying, ‘ D---n your Blood, shew us  
 ‘ your Money this Instant. Your Money, you  
 ‘ Villain, or we will blow your Brains about  
 ‘ your Ears.’

‘ O, good Heaven!’ cries the old Woman.  
 ‘ Some Villains, to be sure, have attacked my  
 ‘ Master. O la! what shall I do? what shall I  
 ‘ do?’ ‘ How, cries *Jones*, how--Are these Pistols  
 ‘ loaded?’ ‘ O, Good Sir, there is nothing in  
 ‘ them, indeed---O, pray don’t murder us, Gen-  
 ‘ tlemen,’ (for in reality she now had the same  
 Opinion

Opinion of those within, as she had of those without. *Jones* made her no Answer; but snatching an old Broad-sword which hung in the Room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old Gentleman struggling with two Russians, and begging for Mercy. *Jones* asked no Questions, but fell so briskly to work with his Broad-sword, that the Fellows immediately quitted their Hold, and without offering to attack our Heroe, betook themselves to their Heels, and made their Escape; for he did not attempt to pursue them, being contented with having delivered the old Gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their Business: For both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter Oaths, that they were dead Men.

*Jones* presently ran to lift up the old Gentleman, who had been thrown down in the Scuffle, expressing at the same Time great Concern, lest he should have received any Harm from the Villains. The old Man stared a Moment at *Jones*, and then cried,---‘No, Sir, no, I have very little Harm, I thank you. Lord have Mercy upon me.’ ‘I see, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘you are not free from Apprehensions even of those who have had the Happiness to be your Deliverers; nor can I blame any Suspicions which you may have; but indeed, you have no real Occasion for any; here are none but your Friends present. Having mist our Way this cold Night, we took the Liberty of warming ourselves at your Fire, whence we were just departing when we heard you call for Assistance, which I must say, Providence alone seems to have sent you.’—‘Providence indeed,’ cries the old Gentleman, ‘if it be so.’—‘So it is, I assure you,’  
cries

cries *Jones*, 'here is your own Sword, Sir. I have used it in your Defence, and I now return it into your own Hand.' The old Man having received the Sword, which was stained with the Blood of his Enemies, looked stedfastly at *Jones* during some Moments, and then with a Sigh, cried out, 'You will pardon me, young Gentleman, I was not always of a suspicious Temper, nor am I a Friend to Ingratitude.' Be thankful then,' cries *Jones*, 'to that Providence to which you owe your Deliverance; as to my Part, I have only discharged the common Duties of Humanity, and what I would have done for any Fellow Creature in your Situation.' 'Let me look at you a little longer,' cries the old Gentleman — 'You are a human Creature then?' — 'Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little Hutt. You have been my Deliverer indeed.'

The old Woman was distracted between the Fears which she had of her Master, and for him; and *Partridge* was, if possible, in a greater Fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her Master speak kindly to *Jones*, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but *Partridge* no sooner saw the Gentleman, than the Strangeness of his Dress infused greater Terrors into that poor Fellow, than he had before felt either from the strange Description which he had heard, or from the Uproar which had happened at the Door.

To say the Truth, it was an Appearance which might have affected a more constant Mind than that of Mr. *Partridge*. This Person was of the tallest Size, with a long Beard as white as Snow. His Body was clothed with the Skin of an Ass, made

made something into the Form of a Coat. He wore likewise Boots on his Legs, and a Cap on his Head, both composed of the Skin of some other Animals.

As soon as the old Gentleman came into his House, the old Woman began her Congratulations on his happy Escape from the Ruffians. 'Yes,' cried he, 'I have escaped indeed, Thanks to my 'Preserver.' 'O the Blessing on him,' answered she, 'he is a good Gentleman, I warrant him. 'I was afraid your Worship would have been 'angry with me for letting him in; and to be 'certain I should not have done it, had not I 'seen by the Moon-light, that he was a Gentle- 'man, and almost frozen to Death. And to be 'certain it must have been some good Angel that 'sent him hither, and tempted me to do it.

'I am afraid, Sir,' said the old Gentleman to Jones, 'that I have nothing in this House which 'you can either eat or drink, unless you will 'accept a Dram of Brandy; of which I can give 'you some most excellent, and which I have had 'by me these thirty Years.' Jones declined this Offer in a very civil and proper Speech, and then the other asked him 'Whither he was travelling 'when he mist his Way; saying, I must own 'myself surprized to see such a Person as you 'appear to be journeying on Foot at this Time 'of Night. I suppose, Sir, you are a Gentle- 'man of these Parts: for you do not look like 'one who is used to travel far without Horses.'

'Appearances,' cried Jones, 'are often de- 'ceitful; Men sometimes look like what they 'are not. I assure you, I am not of this Coun- 'try, and whither I am travelling, in reality I 'scarce know myself.'

'Whoever

‘Whoever you are, or whitherfoever you are going, answered the old Man, I have Obligations to you which I can never return.

‘I once more,’ replied *Jones*, ‘affirm, that you have none : For there can be no Merit in having hazarded that in your Service on which I set no value. And nothing is so contemptible in my Eyes as Life.

‘I am sorry, young Gentleman,’ answered the Stranger, ‘that you have any Reason to be so unhappy at your Years.

‘Indeed I am, Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘the most unhappy of Mankind.’—‘Perhaps you have had a Friend, or a Mistress,’ replied the other. ‘How could you,’ cries *Jones*, ‘mention two Words sufficient to drive me to Distraction?’ ‘Either of them are enough to drive any Man to Distraction,’ answered the old Man. ‘I enquire no farther, Sir. Perhaps my Curiosity hath led me too far already.

‘Indeed, Sir,’ cries *Jones*, ‘I cannot censure a Passion, which I feel at this Instant in the highest Degree. You will pardon me, when I assure you, that every Thing which I have seen or heard since I first entered this House, hath conspired to raise the greatest Curiosity in me. Something very extraordinary must have determined you to this Course of Life, and I have reason to fear your own History is not without Misfortunes.

Here the old Gentleman again sighed, and remained silent for some Minutes ; at last, looking earnestly on *Jones*, he said, ‘I have read that a good Countenance is a Letter of Recommendation ; if so, none ever can be more strongly recommended than yourself. If I did not feel  
‘ some



‘ some Yearnings towards you from another Consideration, I must be the most ungrateful Monster upon Earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwise in my Power, than by Words, to convince you of my Gratitude.’

*Jones* after a Moment’s Hesitation, answered, ‘ That it was in his Power by Words to gratify him extremely. I have confess’d a Curiosity, said he, Sir; need I say how much obliged I should be to you, if you would condescend to gratify it? Will you suffer me therefore to beg, unless any Consideration restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint me what Motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the Society of Mankind, and to betake yourself to a Course of Life to which it sufficiently appears you was not born?’

‘ I scarce think myself at Liberty to refuse you any thing, after what hath happened,’ replied the old Man, ‘ If you desire therefore to hear the Story of an unhappy Man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly something extraordinary in the Fortunes of those who fly from Society: For however it may seem a Paradox, or even a Contradiction, certain it is that great Philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and detest Mankind; not on Account so-much of their private and selfish Vices, but for those of a relative Kind; such as Envy, Malice, Treachery, Cruelty, with every other Species of Malevolence. These are the Vices which true Philanthropy abhors, and which rather than see and converse with, she avoids Society itself. However, without a Compliment to you, you do not appear to me one of those whom I  
‘ should

‘ should shun or detest; nay, I must say, in what  
 ‘ little hath dropt from you, there appears some  
 ‘ Parity in our Fortunes; I hope however yours  
 ‘ will conclude more successfully.’

Here some Compliments passed between our Heroe and his Host, and then the latter was going to begin his History, when *Partridge* interrupted him. His Apprehensions had now pretty well left him; but some Effects of his Terrors remained; he therefore reminded the Gentleman of that excellent Brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and *Partridge* swallowed a large Bumper.

The Gentleman then, without any farther Preface, began as you may read in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. XI.

*In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his History.*

‘ **I** Was born in a Village of *Somersetshire*,  
 ‘ called *Mark*, in the Year 1657; my Fa-  
 ‘ ther was one of those whom they call Gentle-  
 ‘ men Farmers. He had a little Estate of about  
 ‘ 300*l.* a Year of his own, and rented another  
 ‘ Estate of near the same Value. He was pru-  
 ‘ dent and industrious, and so good a Husband-  
 ‘ man, that he might have led a very easy and  
 ‘ comfortable Life, had not an errant Vixen of  
 ‘ a Wife soured his domestic Quiet. But tho’  
 ‘ this Circumstance perhaps made him miserable,  
 ‘ it did not make him poor: For he confined her  
 ‘ almost entirely at Home, and rather chose to  
 ‘ bear eternal Upbraidings in his own House,  
 ‘ than

‘ than to injure his Fortune by indulging her in  
‘ the Extravagancies she desired abroad.

‘ By this *Xantippe*’ (so was the Wife of *Socrates*  
called, said *Partridge*) ‘ By this *Xantippe* he had  
‘ two Sons, of which I was the younger. He  
‘ designed to give us both good Educations; but  
‘ my elder Brother, who, unhappily for him,  
‘ was the Favourite of my Mother, utterly neg-  
‘ lected his Learning; insomuch that after hav-  
‘ ing been five or six Years at School with little  
‘ or no Improvement, my Father being told by  
‘ his Master, that it would be to no Purpose to  
‘ keep him longer there, at last complied with  
‘ my Mother in taking him home from the Hands  
‘ of that Tyrant, as she called his Master;  
‘ though indeed he gave the Lad much less Cor-  
‘ rection than his Idleness deserved, but much  
‘ more, it seems, than the young Gentleman  
‘ liked, who constantly complained to his Mo-  
‘ ther of his severe Treatment, and she as con-  
‘ stantly gave him a Hearing.’

“ Yes, yes,” cries *Partridge*, “ I have seen  
“ such Mothers; I have been abused myself by  
“ them, and very unjustly; such Parents deserve  
“ Correction as much as their Children.”

*Jones* chid the Pedagogue for this Interruption,  
and then the Stranger proceeded. ‘ My Brother  
‘ now, at the Age of fifteen, bid adieu to all  
‘ Learning, and to every Thing else but to his  
‘ Dog and Gun, with which latter he became so  
‘ expert, that, though perhaps you may think it  
‘ incredible, he could not only hit a standing  
‘ Mark with great Certainty, but hath actually  
‘ shot a Crow as it was flying in the Air. He  
‘ was likewise excellent at finding a Hare sitting,  
‘ and was soon reputed one of the best Sportsmen  
‘ in

‘ in the Country. A Reputation which both he  
 ‘ and his Mother enjoyed as much as if he had  
 ‘ been thought the finest Scholar.

‘ The Situation of my Brother made me at  
 ‘ first think my Lot the harder, in being conti-  
 ‘ nued at School; but I soon changed my Opi-  
 ‘ nion; for as I advanced pretty fast in Learn-  
 ‘ ing, my Labours became easy, and my Exercise  
 ‘ so delightful, that Holidays were my most un-  
 ‘ pleasant Time: For my Mother, who never  
 ‘ loved me, now apprehending that I had the  
 ‘ greater Share of my Father’s Affection, and  
 ‘ finding, or at least thinking, that I was more  
 ‘ taken Notice of by some Gentlemen of Learn-  
 ‘ ing, and particularly by the Parson of the Pa-  
 ‘ rish, than my Brother, she now hated my Sight,  
 ‘ and made Home so disagreeable to me, that  
 ‘ what is called by Schoolboys Black Monday,  
 ‘ was to me the whitest in the whole Year.

‘ Having, at length, gone through the School  
 ‘ at *Taunton*, I was thence removed to *Exeter*  
 ‘ College in *Oxford*, where I remained four  
 ‘ Years; at the End of which an Accident hap-  
 ‘ pened, that put a final End to my Studies, and  
 ‘ whence I may truly date the Rise of all which  
 ‘ happened to me afterwards in Life.

‘ There was at the same College with myself  
 ‘ one Sir *George Gresham*, a young Fellow who  
 ‘ was intitled to a very considerable Fortune;  
 ‘ which he was not, by the Will of his Father,  
 ‘ to come into full Possession of till he arrived at  
 ‘ the Age of Twenty-five. However, the Libe-  
 ‘ rality of his Guardians gave him little Cause to  
 ‘ regret the abundant Caution of his Father:  
 ‘ For they allowed him Five hundred Pound a  
 ‘ Year while he remained at the University,  
 ‘ where

' where he kept his Horses and his Whore, and  
 ' lived as wicked and as profligate a Life, as he  
 ' could have done, had he been never so entirely  
 ' Master of his Fortune; for besides the Five  
 ' hundred a Year which he received from his  
 ' Guardians, he found Means to spend a Thou-  
 ' sand more. He was above the Age of Twenty-  
 ' one, and had no Difficulty of gaining what  
 ' Credit he pleased.

' This young Fellow, among many other to-  
 ' lerably bad Qualities, had one very diabolical.  
 ' He had a great Delight in destroying and ruin-  
 ' ing the Youth of inferior Fortune, by drawing  
 ' them into Expences which they could not af-  
 ' ford so well as himself; and the better, and  
 ' worthier, and soberer, any young Man was,  
 ' the greater Pleasure and Triumph had he in his  
 ' Destruction. Thus acting the Character which  
 ' is recorded of the Devil, and going about seek-  
 ' ing whom he might devour.

' It was my Misfortune to fall into an Ac-  
 ' quaintance and Intimacy with this Gentleman.  
 ' My Reputation of Diligence in my Studies  
 ' made me a desirable Object of his mischievous  
 ' Intention; and my own Inclination made it  
 ' sufficiently easy for him to effect his Purpose;  
 ' for tho' I had applied myself with much In-  
 ' dustry to Books, in which I took great Delight,  
 ' there were other Pleasures in which I was capa-  
 ' ble of taking much greater; for I was high-  
 ' mettled, had a violent Flow of animal Spirits,  
 ' was a little ambitious, and extremely amo-  
 ' rous.

' I had not long contracted an Intimacy with  
 ' Sir George, before I became a Partaker of all  
 ' his Pleasures; and when I was once entered on



‘ that Scene, neither my Inclination, nor my  
 ‘ Spirit, would suffer me to play an Under-Part.  
 ‘ I was second to none of the Company in any  
 ‘ Acts of Debauchery; nay, I soon distinguished  
 ‘ myself so notably in all Riots and Disorders,  
 ‘ that my Name generally stood first in the Roll  
 ‘ of Delinquents; and instead of being lamented  
 ‘ as the unfortunate Pupil of Sir *George*, I was  
 ‘ now accused as the Person who had misled and  
 ‘ debauched that hopeful young Gentleman; for  
 ‘ tho’ he was the Ring-leader and Promoter of all  
 ‘ the Mischief, he was never so considered. I  
 ‘ fell at last under the Censure of the Vice-  
 ‘ Chancellor, and very narrowly escaped Ex-  
 ‘ pulsion.

‘ You will easily believe, Sir, that such a Life  
 ‘ as I am now describing must be incompatible  
 ‘ with my further Progress in Learning; and  
 ‘ that in Proportion as I addicted myself more  
 ‘ and more to loose Pleasure, I must grow more  
 ‘ and more remiss in Application to my Studies.  
 ‘ This was truly the Consequence; but this was  
 ‘ not all. My Expences now greatly exceeded  
 ‘ not only my former Income, but those Addi-  
 ‘ tions which I extorted from my poor generous  
 ‘ Father, by Pretences of Sums being necessary  
 ‘ for preparing for my approaching Degree of  
 ‘ Batchelor of Arts. These Demands, however,  
 ‘ grew at last so frequent and exorbitant, that  
 ‘ my Father, by slow Degrees, opened his Ears  
 ‘ to the Accounts which he received from many  
 ‘ Quarters of my present Behaviour, and which  
 ‘ my Mother failed not to eccho very faithfully  
 ‘ and loudly; adding, “ Ay, this is the fine Gen-  
 ‘ tleman, the Scholar who doth so much Honour  
 ‘ to his Family, and is to be the Making of it.

“ I thought what all his Learning would come  
“ to. He is to be the Ruin of us all, I find, af-  
“ ter his elder Brother hath been denied Neces-  
“ saries for his Sake, to perfect his Education  
“ forsooth, for which he was to pay us such In-  
“ terest: I thought what the Interest would come  
“ to;” with much more of the same Kind; but  
“ I have, I believe, satisfied you with this Taste.

“ My Father, therefore, began now to return  
“ Remonstrances, instead of Money, to my De-  
“ mands, which brought my Affairs perhaps a lit-  
“ tle sooner to a Crisis; but had he remitted me  
“ his whole Income, you will imagine it could  
“ have sufficed a very short Time to support one  
“ who kept Pace with the Expences of Sir George  
“ Gresham.

“ It is more than possible, that the Distress I  
“ was now in for Money, and the Impractica-  
“ bility of going on in this Manner, might have  
“ restored me at once to my Senses, and to my  
“ Studies, had I opened my Eyes, before I be-  
“ came involved in Debts, from which I saw no  
“ Hopes of ever extricating myself. This was  
“ indeed the great Art of Sir George, and by which  
“ he accomplished the Ruin of many, whom he  
“ afterwards laughed at as Fools and Coxcombs,  
“ for vying, as he called it, with a Man of his  
“ Fortune. To bring this about, he would now  
“ and then advance a little Money himself, in or-  
“ der to support the Credit of the unfortunate  
“ Youth with other People; till, by Means of  
“ that very Credit, he was irretrievably undone.

“ My Mind being, by these Means, grown as  
“ desperate as my Fortune, there was scarce a  
“ Wickedness which I did not meditate, in or-  
“ der for my Relief. Self-murder itself became  
“ the

‘ the Subject of my serious Deliberation ; and I  
 ‘ had certainly resolved on it, had not a more  
 ‘ shameful, tho’ perhaps less sinful, Thought ex-  
 ‘ pelled it from my Head.’ Here he hesitated a  
 Moment, and then cried out, ‘ I protest, so many  
 ‘ Years have not washed away the Shame of this  
 ‘ Act, and I shall blush while I relate it.’ *Jones*  
 desired him to pass over any Thing that might  
 give him Pain in the Relation ; but *Partridge*  
 eagerly cried out, ‘ O-pray, Sir, let us hear this ;  
 ‘ I had rather hear this than all the rest : As I  
 ‘ hope to be saved, I will never mention a Word  
 ‘ of it.’ *Jones* was going to rebuke him, but the  
 Stranger prevented it by proceeding thus. ‘ I  
 ‘ had a Chum, a very prudent, frugal young  
 ‘ Lad, who, tho’ he had no very large Allow-  
 ‘ ance, had by his Parsimony heaped up upwards  
 ‘ of forty Guineas, which I knew he kept in his  
 ‘ Escritore. I took therefore an Opportunity of  
 ‘ purloining his Key from his Breeches Pocket  
 ‘ while he was asleep, and thus made myself  
 ‘ Master of all his Riches. After which I again  
 ‘ conveyed his Key into his Pocket, and coun-  
 ‘ terfeiting Sleep, tho’ I never once closed my  
 ‘ Eyes, lay in Bed till after he arose and went to  
 ‘ Prayers, an Exercise to which I had long been  
 ‘ unaccustomed.

‘ Timorous Thieves, by extreme Caution,  
 ‘ often subject themselves to Discoveries, which  
 ‘ those of a bolder Kind escape. Thus it hap-  
 ‘ pened to me ; for had I boldly broke open his  
 ‘ Escritore, I had, perhaps, escaped even his  
 ‘ Suspicion ; but as it was plain that the Person  
 ‘ who robbed him had possessed himself of his  
 ‘ Key, he had no Doubt, when he first missed his  
 ‘ Money, but that his Chum was certainly the

‘ Thief. Now as he was of a fearful Disposition, and much my Inferior in Strength, and, I believe, in Courage, he did not dare to confront me with my Guilt, for fear of worse bodily Consequences which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the Vice-Chancellor, and, upon swearing to the Robbery, and to the Circumstances of it, very easily obtained a Warrant against one who had now so bad a Character through the whole University.

‘ Luckily for me I lay out of the College the next Evening; for that Day I attended a young Lady in a Chaise to *Whitney*, where we staid all Night; and in our Return the next Morning to *Oxford*, I met one of my Cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient News concerning myself to make me turn my Horse another Way.

‘ Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the Warrant?’ said *Partridge*. But *Jones* begged the Gentleman to proceed without regarding any impertinent Questions; which he did as follows.

‘ Having now abandoned all Thoughts of returning to *Oxford*, the next Thing which offered itself was a Journey to *London*. I imparted this Intention to my female Companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my Wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the Country into the great *Cirencester* Road, and made such Haste, that we spent the next Evening (save one) in *London*.

‘ When

‘ When you consider the Place where I now was, and the Company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very short Time brought me to an End of that Sum of which I had so iniquitously possessed myself.

‘ I was now reduced to a much higher Degree of Distress than before ; the Necessaries of Life began to be numbred among my Wants ; and what made my Case still the more grievous, was, that my Paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same Distresses with myself. To see a Woman you love in Distress ; to be unable to relieve her, and at the same Time to reflect that you have brought her into this Situation, is, perhaps, a Curse of which no Imagination can represent the Horrors to those who have not felt it.’ ‘ I believe it from my Soul,’ cries *Jones* ; ‘ and I pity you from the Bottom of my Heart.’ He then took two or three disorderly Turns about the Room, and at last begged Pardon, and flung himself into his Chair, crying, ‘ I thank Heaven I have escaped that.’

‘ This Circumstance,’ continued the Gentleman, ‘ so severely aggravated the Horrors of my present Situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less Pain endure the raging of my own natural unsatisfied Appetites, even Hunger or Thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical Desires of a Woman, on whom I so extravagantly doated, that tho’ I knew she had been the Mistress of half my Acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good Creature was unwilling to consent to an Action which the World might think so much to my Disadvantage. And



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‘ as, pōssibly, she compassionated the daily An-  
 ‘ xieties which she must have perceived me suf-  
 ‘ fer on her Account, she resolved to put an End  
 ‘ to my Distress. She soon, indeed, found Means  
 ‘ to relieve me from my troublesome and per-  
 ‘ plexed Situation: For while I was distracted  
 ‘ with various Inventions to supply her with  
 ‘ Pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one  
 ‘ of her former Lovers at *Oxford*, by whose Care  
 ‘ and Diligence I was immediately apprehended  
 ‘ and committed to Goal.

‘ Here I first began seriously to reflect on the  
 ‘ Miscarriages of my former Life; on the Errors  
 ‘ I had been guilty of; on the Misfortunes which  
 ‘ I had brought on myself; and on the Grief  
 ‘ which I must have occasioned to one of the best  
 ‘ of Fathers. When I added to all these the Per-  
 ‘ fidy of my Mistress, such was the Horror of my  
 ‘ Mind, that Life, instead of being longer de-  
 ‘ sirable, grew the Object of my Abhorrence;  
 ‘ and I could have gladly embraced Death, as my  
 ‘ dearest Friend, if it had offered itself to my  
 ‘ Choice unattended by Shame.

‘ The Time of the Assizes soon came, and I  
 ‘ was removed by *Habeas Corpus* to *Oxford*,  
 ‘ where I expected certain Conviction and Con-  
 ‘ demnation; but, to my great Surprise, none  
 ‘ appeared against me, and I was, at the End of  
 ‘ the Sessions, discharged for Want of Prosecu-  
 ‘ tion. In short, my Chum had left *Oxford*, and  
 ‘ whether from Indolence, or from what other  
 ‘ Motive, I am ignorant, had declined concern-  
 ‘ ing himself any farther in the Affair.

‘ Perhaps,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ he did not care  
 ‘ to have your Blood upon his Hands, and he  
 ‘ was in the Right on’t. If any Person was to  
 ‘ be

‘ he hanged upon my Evidence, I should never  
 ‘ be able to lie alone afterwards, for fear of see-  
 ‘ ing his Ghost.’

‘ I shall shortly doubt, *Partridge*,’ says *Jones*,  
 ‘ whether thou art more brave or wise.’ ‘ You  
 ‘ may laugh at me, Sir, if you please,’ answered  
*Partridge*; ‘ but if you will hear a very short  
 ‘ Story which I can tell, and which is most cer-  
 ‘ tainly true, perhaps you may change your Opi-  
 ‘ nion. In the Parish where I was born——’  
 Here *Jones* would have silenced him; but the  
 Stranger interceded that he might be permitted  
 to tell his Story, and in the mean time promised  
 to recollect the Remainder of his own.

*Partridge* then proceeded thus. ‘ In the Pa-  
 ‘ rish where I was born, there lived a Farmer  
 ‘ whose Name was *Bridle*, and he had a Son  
 ‘ named *Francis*, a good hopeful young Fellow:  
 ‘ I was at the Grammar-School with him, where  
 ‘ I remember he was got into *Ovid’s Epistles*,  
 ‘ and he could construe you three Lines together  
 ‘ sometimes without looking into a Dictionary.  
 ‘ Besides all this, he was a very good Lad, never  
 ‘ missed Church o’ *Sundays*, and was reckoned  
 ‘ one of the best Psalm-fingers in the whole Pa-  
 ‘ rish. He would indeed now and then take a  
 ‘ Cup too much, and that was the only Fault he  
 ‘ had.’—‘ Well, but come to the Ghost,’ cries  
*Jones*. ‘ Never fear, Sir, I shall come to him  
 ‘ soon enough,’ answered *Partridge*. ‘ You must  
 ‘ know then, that Farmer *Bridle* lost a Mare, a  
 ‘ sorrel one to the best of my Remembrance;  
 ‘ and so it fell out, that this young *Francis* short-  
 ‘ ly afterward being at a Fair at *Winton*, and as  
 ‘ I think it was on—I can’t remember the Day;  
 ‘ and being as he was, what should he happen to  
 ‘ meet,

‘ meet, but a Man upon his Father’s Mare.  
‘ *Frank* called out presently, Stop Thief; and it  
‘ being in the Middle of the Fair, it was impos-  
‘ sible, you know, for the Man to make his  
‘ Escape. So they apprehended him, and car-  
‘ ried him before the Justice; I remember it was  
‘ Justice *Willoughby* of *Neyle*, a very worthy good  
‘ Gentleman, and he committed him to Prison,  
‘ and bound *Frank* in a Recognizance, I think  
‘ they call it, a hard Word compounded of *re*  
‘ and *cognosco*; but it differs in its Meaning from  
‘ the Use of the Simple, as many other Com-  
‘ pounds do. Well, at last, down came my  
‘ Lord Justice *Page* to hold the Assizes, and so  
‘ the Fellow was had up, and *Frank* was had up  
‘ for a Witness. To be sure I shall never forget  
‘ the Face of the Judge, when he begun to ask  
‘ him what he had to say against the Prisoner.  
‘ He made poor *Frank* tremble and shake in his  
‘ Shoes. Well, you Fellow, says my Lord,  
‘ what have you to say? Don’t stand humming  
‘ and hawing, but speak out; but however he  
‘ soon turned altogether as civil to *Frank*, and  
‘ began to thunder at the Fellow; and when he  
‘ asked him, if he had any Thing to say for him-  
‘ self, the Fellow said he had found the Horse.  
‘ Ay! answered the Judge, thou art a lucky Fel-  
‘ low; I have travelled the Circuit these forty  
‘ Years, and never found a Horse in my Life;  
‘ but I’ll tell thee what, Friend, thou wast more  
‘ lucky than thou didst know of: For thou didst  
‘ not only find a Horse, but a Halter too, I pro-  
‘ mise thee. To be sure I shall never forget the  
‘ Word. Upon which every Body fell a laugh-  
‘ ing, as how could they help it. Nay, and  
‘ twenty other Jests he made which I can’t re-  
‘ member



' member now. There was something about his  
 ' Skill in Horse-Flesh, which made all the Folks  
 ' laugh. To be certain the Judge must have  
 ' been a very brave Man, as well as a Man of  
 ' much Learning. It is indeed charming Sport  
 ' to hear Trials upon Life and Death. One  
 ' Thing I own I thought a little hard, that  
 ' the Prisoner's Counsel was not suffered to  
 ' speak for him, though he desired only to be  
 ' heard one very short Word; but my Lord  
 ' would not hearken to him, though he suffered  
 ' a Counsellor to talk against him for above half  
 ' an Hour. I thought it hard, I own, that there  
 ' should be so many of them; my Lord, and the  
 ' Court, and the Jury, and the Counsellors, and  
 ' the Witnesses all upon one poor Man, and he  
 ' too in Chains. Well, the Fellow was hanged,  
 ' as to be sure it cou'd be no otherwise, and poor  
 ' *Frank* could never be easy about it. He never  
 ' was in the Dark alone, but he fancied he saw  
 ' the Fellow's Spirit.' 'Well, and is this thy  
 ' Story?' cries *Jones*. 'No, no,' answer'd *Par-*  
*tridge*; 'O Lord have Mercy upon me.—I am  
 ' just now coming to the Matter; for one Night,  
 ' coming from the Alehouse in a long narrow  
 ' dark Lane, there he ran directly up against  
 ' him, and the Spirit was all in White, and fell  
 ' upon *Frank*; and *Frank*, who is a sturdy Lad,  
 ' fell upon the Spirit again, and there they had a  
 ' Tussle together, and poor *Frank* was dreadfully  
 ' beat: Indeed he made a shift at last to crawl  
 ' home; but what with the Beating, and what  
 ' with the Fright, he lay ill above a Fortnight;  
 ' and all this is most certainly true, and the whole  
 ' Parish will bear Witness to it.'

The Stranger smiled at this Story, and *Jones* burst into a loud Fit of Laughter, upon which *Partridge* cried, ‘ Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and so did some others, particularly a Squire, who is thought to be no better than an Atheist; who forsooth, because there was a Calf with a white Face found dead in the same Lane the next Morning, would fain have it, that the Battle was between *Frank* and that, as if a Calf would set upon a Man. Besides, *Frank* told me he knew it to be a Spirit, and could swear to him in any Court in Christendom, and he had not drank above a Quart or two, or such a Matter of Liquor at the time. Lud have Mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our Hands in Blood, I say.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ said *Jones* to the Stranger, ‘ Mr. *Partridge* hath finished his Story, and I hope will give you no future Interruption, if you will be so kind to proceed.’ He then resumed his Narration; but as he hath taken Breath for a while, we think proper to give it to our Reader, and shall therefore put an End to this Chapter.

## C H A P. XII.

*In which the Man of the Hill continues his History.*

‘ I Had now regained my Liberty,’ said the Stranger, ‘ but I had lost my Reputation; for there is a wide Difference between the Case of a Man who is barely acquitted of a Crime in a Court of Justice, and of him who is acquitted in his own Heart, and in the Opinion of the People. I was conscious of my Guilt, and  
‘ ashamed

‘ ashamed to look any one in the Face, so resolved to leave *Oxford* the next Morning, before the Daylight discovered me to the Eyes of any Beholders.

‘ When I had got clear of the City, it first entered into my Head to return Home to my Father, and endeavour to obtain his Forgiveness; but as I had no Reason to doubt his Knowledge of all which had past, and as I was well assured of his great Aversion to all Acts of Dishonesty, I could entertain no Hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good Offices in the Power of my Mother: Nay, had my Father’s Pardon been as sure, as I conceived his Resentment to be, I yet question whether I could have had the Assurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any Terms, have submitted to live and converse with those, who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an Action.

‘ I hastened therefore back to *London*, the best Retirement of either Grief or Shame, unless for Persons of a very public Character; for here you have the Advantage of Solitude without its Disadvantage, since you may be alone and in Company at the same Time; and while you walk or sit unobserved, Noise, Hurry, and a constant Succession of Objects, entertain the Mind, and prevent the Spirits from preying on themselves, or rather on Grief or Shame, which are the most unwholesome Diet in the World: and on which (though there are many who never taste either but in public) there are some who can feed very plentifully, and very fatally when alone.

‘ But as there is scarce any human Good with-  
 ‘ out its concomitant Evil, so there are People  
 ‘ who find an Inconvenience in this unobserving  
 ‘ Temper of Mankind; I mean Persons who  
 ‘ have no Money; for as you are not put out of  
 ‘ Countenance, so neither are you cloathed or  
 ‘ fed by those who do not know you. And a Man  
 ‘ may be as easily starved in *Leadenhall* Market as  
 ‘ in the Desarts of *Arabia*.

‘ It was at present my Fortune to be destitute  
 ‘ of that great Evil, as it is apprehended to be  
 ‘ by several Writers, who I suppose were over-  
 ‘ burthened with it, namely, Money.’ “ With  
 ‘ Submission, Sir, said *Partridge*, I do not re-  
 ‘ member any Writers who have called it *Ma-*  
 ‘ *lorum*; but *Irritamenta Malorum*. *Effodien-*  
 ‘ *tur opes irritamenta Malorum*” Well, Sir,  
 ‘ continued the Stranger, whether it be an Evil,  
 ‘ or only the Cause of Evil, I was entirely void  
 ‘ of it, and at the same Time of Friends, and  
 ‘ as I thought of Acquaintance; when one Even-  
 ‘ ing as I was passing through the *Inner Temple*,  
 ‘ very hungry, and very miserable, I heard a  
 ‘ Voice on a sudden haling me with great Fami-  
 ‘ liarity by my Christian Name; and upon my  
 ‘ turning about, I presently recollected the Per-  
 ‘ son who so saluted me, to have been my Fel-  
 ‘ low Collegiate; one who had left the Univer-  
 ‘ sity above a Year, and long before any of my  
 ‘ Misfortunes had befallen me. This Gentle-  
 ‘ man, whose Name was *Watson*, shook me  
 ‘ heartily by the Hand, and expressing great Joy  
 ‘ at meeting me, proposed our immediately  
 ‘ drinking a Bottle together. I first declined the  
 ‘ Proposal, and pretended Business; but as he  
 ‘ was very earnest and pressing, Hunger at last  
 ‘ overcame

‘overcame my Pride, and I fairly confessed to  
 ‘him I had no Money in my Pocket; yet not  
 ‘without framing a Lie for an Excuse, and im-  
 ‘puting it to my having changed my Breeches  
 ‘that Morning. Mr. *Watson* answered, “I  
 “thought, *Jack*, you and I had been too old  
 “Acquaintance for you to mention such a Mat-  
 “ter.” He then took me by the Arm and was  
 ‘pulling me along; but I gave him very little  
 ‘Trouble, for my own Inclinations pulled me  
 ‘much stronger than he could do.”

‘We then went into the Friars, which you  
 ‘know is the Scene of all Mirth and Jollity.  
 ‘Here when we arrived at the Tavern, Mr. *Wat-*  
 ‘*son* applied himself to the Drawer only, with-  
 ‘out taking the least Notice of the Cook; for  
 ‘he had no Suspicion but that I had dined long  
 ‘since. However, as the Case was really other-  
 ‘wise, I forged another Falshood, and told my  
 ‘Companion, I had been at the further End of  
 ‘the City on Business of Consequence, and had  
 ‘snapt up a Mutton Chop in Haste, so that I was  
 ‘again hungry, and wished he would add a Beef  
 ‘Steak to his Bottle.” ‘Some People,” cries *Par-*  
 ‘*tridge*, ‘ought to have good Memories, or did  
 ‘you find just Money enough in your Breeches  
 ‘to pay for the Mutton Chop?” ‘Your Obser-  
 ‘vation is right,’ answered the Stranger, ‘and  
 ‘I believe such Blunders are inseparable from all  
 ‘dealing in Untruth.---But to proceed---I began  
 ‘now to feel myself extremely happy. The Meat  
 ‘and Wine soon revived my Spirits to a high  
 ‘Pitch, and I enjoyed much Pleasure in the Con-  
 ‘versation of my old Acquaintance, the rather,  
 ‘as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had  
 ‘happened at the University since his leaving it.



“ But he did not suffer me to remain long in  
“ this agreeable Delusion ; for taking a Bumper  
“ in one Hand, and holding me by the other,  
“ Here, my Boy,” cries he, “ here’s wishing  
“ you Joy of your being so honourably acquitted  
“ of that Affair laid to your Charge.” “ I was  
“ Thunderstruck with Confusion at those Words,  
“ which *Watson* observing, proceeded thus----  
“ Nay, never be ashamed, Man ; thou hast been  
“ acquitted, and no one now dares call thee guilty ;  
“ but prithee do tell me, who am thy Friend, I  
“ hope thou didst really rob him ; for rat me if it  
“ was not a meritorious Action to strip such a  
“ sneaking pitiful Rascal, and instead of the Two  
“ hundred Guineas, I wish you had taken as  
“ many thousand. Come, come, my Boy, don’t  
“ be shy of confessing to me, you are not now  
“ brought before one of the Pimps. D---n me,  
“ if I don’t honour you for it ; for, as I hope  
“ for Salvation, I would have made no manner  
“ of Scruple of doing the same Thing.”

“ This Declaration a little relieved my Abash-  
“ ment, and as Wine had now somewhat opened  
“ my Heart, I very freely acknowledged the Rob-  
“ bery, but acquainted him that he had been misin-  
“ formed as to the Sum taken, which was little  
“ more than a fifth Part of what he had mentioned.”

“ I am sorry for it with all my Heart,” quoth  
“ he, “ and I wish thee better Success another  
“ Time. Tho’ if you will take my Advice,  
“ you shall have no Occasion to run any such  
“ Risque. Here,” said he, (taking some Dice  
out of his Pocket “ here’s the Stuff. Here are  
“ the Implements ; here are the little Doctors  
“ which cure the Distempers of the Purse. Fol-  
“ low but my Counsel, and I will shew you a  
“ Way

“ Way to empty the Pockets of a *Queer Cull*  
 “ without any Danger of the *Nubbing Cheat*.”

‘ *Nubbing Cheat*,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ Pray, Sir,  
 ‘ what is that ?’

‘ Why that, Sir,’ says the Stranger, is a Cant  
 ‘ Phrase for the Gallows; for as Gamesters differ  
 ‘ little from Highwaymen in their Morals, so do  
 ‘ they very much resemble them in their Lan-  
 ‘ guage.

‘ We had now each drank our Bottle, when  
 ‘ Mr. *Watson* said, the Board was sitting, and  
 ‘ that he must attend, earnestly pressing me, at  
 ‘ the same Time, to go with him and try my  
 ‘ Fortune. I answered, he knew that was at  
 ‘ present out of my Power, as I had informed  
 ‘ him of the Emptiness of my Pocket. To say  
 ‘ the Truth, I doubted not, from his many strong  
 ‘ Expressions of Friendship, but that he would  
 ‘ offer to lend me a small Sum for that Purpose;  
 ‘ but he answered, “ Never mind that, Man,  
 “ e’en boldly run a Levant;” (*Partridge* was go-  
 “ ing to enquire the Meaning of that Word; but  
 “ *Jones* stopped his Mouth;) “ but be circumspect  
 “ as to the Man. I will tip you the proper Per-  
 “ son, which may be necessary, as you do not  
 “ know the Town, nor can distinguish a Rum  
 “ Cull from a Queer one.”

‘ The Bill was now brought, when *Watson*  
 ‘ paid his Share, and was departing. I reminded  
 ‘ him, not without blushing, of my having no  
 ‘ Money.’ He answered, “ That signifies nothing,  
 “ score it behind the Door, or make a bold Brush,  
 “ and take no Notice---Or---stay, says he, I  
 “ will go down Stairs first, and then do you take  
 “ up my Money, and score the whole Reckon-  
 “ ing at the Bar, and I will wait for you at the  
 “ Corner.”

“ Corner.” “ I expressed some Dislike at this,  
“ and hinted my Expectations that he would have  
“ deposited the whole ; but he swore he had not  
“ another Sixpence in his Pocket.

“ He then went down, and I was prevailed on  
“ to take up the Money and follow him, which I  
“ did close enough to hear him tell the Drawer  
“ the Reckoning was upon the Table. The  
“ Drawer passed by me up Stairs ; but I made  
“ such Haste into the Street, that I heard nothing  
“ of his Disappointment, nor did I mention a  
“ Syllable at the Bar, according to my Instruc-  
“ tions.

“ We now went directly to the Gaming Ta-  
“ ble, where Mr. *Watson*, to my Surprize, pulled  
“ out a large Sum of Money, and placed before  
“ him, as did many others ; all of them, no  
“ doubt, considering their own Heaps as so many  
“ decoy Birds, which were to entice and draw  
“ over the Heaps of their Neighbours.

“ Here it would be tedious to relate all the  
“ Freaks which Fortune, or rather the Dice,  
“ played in this her Temple. Mountains of  
“ Gold were in a few Moments reduced to no-  
“ thing at one Part of the Table, and rose as  
“ suddenly in another. The Rich grew in a Mo-  
“ ment poor, and the Poor as suddenly became  
“ rich ; so that it seemed a Philosopher could no  
“ where have so well instructed his Pupils in the  
“ Contempt of Riches, at least he could no  
“ where have better inculcated the Incertainty of  
“ their Duration.

“ For my own Part, after having considerably  
“ improved my small Estate, I at last entirely de-  
“ molished it. Mr. *Watson* too, after much Va-  
“ riety of Luck, rose from the Table in some

“ Heat,

‘ Heat, and declared he had lost a cool hundred,  
 ‘ and would play no longer. Then coming up  
 ‘ to me, he asked me to return with him to the  
 ‘ Tavern; but I positively refused, saying, I  
 ‘ would not bring myself a second Time into  
 ‘ such a Dilemma, and especially as he had lost  
 ‘ all his Money, and was now in my own Con-  
 ‘ dition.’ “Pooh,” says he, “I have just bor-  
 ‘ rowed a couple of Guineas of a Friend; and  
 ‘ one of them is at your Service.” ‘ He imme-  
 ‘ diately put one of them into my Hand, and I  
 ‘ no longer resisted his Inclination.

‘ I was at first a little shocked at returning to  
 ‘ the same House whence we had departed in so  
 ‘ unhandsome a Manner; but when the Drawer,  
 ‘ with very civil Address, told us, “he believed  
 ‘ we had forgot to pay our Reckoning,” I be-  
 ‘ came perfectly easy, and very readily gave him  
 ‘ a Guinea, bid him pay himself, and acquiesced  
 ‘ in the unjust Charge which had been laid on  
 ‘ my Memory.

‘ Mr. *Watson* now bespoke the most extrava-  
 ‘ gant Supper he could well think of, and tho’  
 ‘ he had contented himself with simple Claret  
 ‘ before, nothing now but the most precious  
 ‘ Burgundy would serve his Purpose.

‘ Our Company was soon encreased by the  
 ‘ Addition of several Gentlemen from the Gam-  
 ‘ ing-Table; most of whom, as I afterwards  
 ‘ found, came not to the Tavern to drink, but  
 ‘ in the Way of Business: for the true Gamesters  
 ‘ pretended to be ill, and refused their Glass,  
 ‘ while they plied heartily two young Fellows,  
 ‘ who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed  
 ‘ they were without Mercy. Of this Plunder I  
 ‘ had

‘ had the good Fortune to be a Sharer, tho’ I was  
‘ not yet let into the Secret.

‘ There was one remarkable Accident attended  
‘ this Tavern Play ; for the Money, by Degrees,  
‘ totally disappeared, so that tho’ at the Begin-  
‘ ning the Table was half covered with Gold,  
‘ yet before the Play ended, which it did not till  
‘ the next Day, being *Sunday*, at Noon, there  
‘ was scarce a single Guinea to be seen on the  
‘ Table; and this was the stranger, as every  
‘ Person present except myself declared he had  
‘ lost; and what was become of the Money,  
‘ unless the Devil himself carried it away, is dif-  
‘ ficult to determine.’

‘ Most certainly he did,’ says *Partridge*, ‘ for  
‘ evil Spirits can carry away any thing without  
‘ being seen, tho’ there were never so many Folk  
‘ in the Room; and I should not have been sur-  
‘ prized if he had carried away all the Company  
‘ of a Set of wicked Wretches, who were at  
‘ play in Sermon-time. And I could tell you a  
‘ true Story, if I would, where the Devil took  
‘ a Man out of Bed from another Man’s Wife,  
‘ and carried him away through the Key-hole of  
‘ the Door. I’ve seen the very House where it  
‘ was done, and no Body hath lived in it these  
‘ thirty Years.’

Tho’ *Jones* was a little offended by the Imper-  
tinnence of *Partridge*, he could not however avoid  
smiling at his Simplicity. The Stranger did the  
same; and then proceeded with his Story, as will  
be seen in the next Chapter.



## C H A P. XIII.

*In which the foregoing Story is farther continued.*

‘ **M**Y Fellow Collegiate had now entered  
‘ me in a new Scene of Life. I soon  
‘ became acquainted with the whole Fraternity  
‘ of Sharpers, and was let into their Secrets. I  
‘ mean into the Knowledge of those gross Cheats  
‘ which are proper to impose on the raw and un-  
‘ experienced : For there are some Tricks of a  
‘ finer Kind, which are only known to a few of  
‘ the Gang, who are at the Head of their Profes-  
‘ sion ; a Degree of Honour beyond my Expec-  
‘ tation ; for Drink, to which I was immoder-  
‘ ately addicted, and the natural Warmth of  
‘ my Passions, prevented me from arriving at any  
‘ great Success in an Art, which requires as much  
‘ Coolness as the most austere School of Philo-  
‘ sophy.

‘ Mr. *Watson*, with whom I now lived in the  
‘ closest Amity, had unluckily the former Fail-  
‘ ing to a very great Excess ; so that instead of  
‘ making a Fortune by his Profession, as some  
‘ others did, he was alternately rich and poor,  
‘ and was often obliged to surrender to his cooler  
‘ Friends over a Bottle which they never tasted,  
‘ that Plunder that he had taken from Culls at  
‘ the public Table.

‘ However, we both made a Shift to pick up  
‘ an uncomfortable Livelihood, and for two Years  
‘ I continued of the Calling, during which Time  
‘ I tasted all the Varieties of Fortune ; sometimes  
‘ flourishing in Affluence, and at others being  
‘ obliged to struggle with almost incredible Diffi-  
‘ culties.

‘ culties. To-day wallowing in Luxury, and  
‘ To-morrow reduced to the coarsest and most  
‘ homely Fare. My fine Clothes being often on  
‘ my Back in the Evening, and at the Pawnshop  
‘ the next Morning.

‘ One Night as I was returning Pennylefs  
‘ from the Gaming-table, I observed a very great  
‘ Disturbance, and a large Mob gathered together in the Street. As I was in no Danger  
‘ from Pick-pockets, I ventured into the Croud,  
‘ where, upon Enquiry, I found that a Man had  
‘ been robbed and very ill used by some Ruffians.  
‘ The wounded Man appeared very bloody, and  
‘ seemed scarce able to support himself on his  
‘ Legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of  
‘ my Humanity by my present Life and Conversation, tho’ they had left me very little of either  
‘ Honesty or Shame, I immediately offered my  
‘ Assistance to the unhappy Person, who thankfully accepted it, and putting himself under my  
‘ Conduct, begged me to convey him to some  
‘ Tavern, where he might send for a Surgeon,  
‘ being, as he said, faint with Loss of Blood.  
‘ He seemed indeed highly pleased at finding one  
‘ who appeared in the Dress of a Gentleman:  
‘ For as to all the rest of the Company present,  
‘ their Outside was such that he could not wisely  
‘ place any Confidence in them.

‘ I took the poor Man by the Arm, and led  
‘ him to the Tavern where we kept our Rendezvous, as it happened to be the nearest at Hand.  
‘ A Surgeon happening luckily to be in the  
‘ House, immediately attended, and applied himself to dressing his Wounds, which I had the  
‘ Pleasure to hear were not likely to be mortal.

‘ The

‘ The Surgeon having very expeditiously and dextrously finished his Business, began to enquire in what Part of the Town the wounded Man lodged; who answered, “ That he was come to Town that very Morning; that his Horse was at an Inn in *Piccadilly*, and that he had no other Lodging, and very little or no Acquaintance in Town.”

‘ This Surgeon, whose Name I have forgot, tho’ I remember it began with an *R*, had the first Character in his Profession, and was Serjeant-Surgeon to the King. He had moreover many good Qualities, and was a very generous, good-natured Man, and ready to do any Service to his Fellow-Creatures. He offered his Patient the Use of his Chariot to carry him to his Inn, and at the same Time whispered in his Ear, “ That if he wanted any Money, he would furnish him.”

‘ The poor Man was not now capable of returning Thanks for this generous Offer: For having had his Eyes for some Time stedfastly on me, he threw himself back in his Chair, crying, O, my Son! my Son! and then fainted away.

‘ Many of the People present imagined this Accident had happened through his Loss of Blood; but I, who at the same Time began to recollect the Features of my Father, was now confirmed in my Suspicion, and satisfied that it was he himself who appeared before him. I presently ran to him, raised him in my Arms, and kissed his cold Lips with the utmost Eagerness. Here I must draw a Curtain over a Scene which I cannot describe: for though I did not lose my Being, as my Father for a while did,  
‘ my

‘ my Senses were however so overpowered with  
‘ Affright and Surprise, that I am a Stranger to  
‘ what past during some Minutes, and indeed till  
‘ my Father had again recovered from his Swoon,  
‘ and I found myself in his Arms, both tenderly  
‘ embracing each other, while the Tears trickled  
‘ a-pace down the Cheeks of each of us.

‘ Most of those present seemed affected by this  
‘ Scene, which we, who might be considered as  
‘ the Actors in it, were desirous of removing from  
‘ the Eyes of all Spectators, as fast as we could;  
‘ my Father therefore accepted the kind Offer of  
‘ the Surgeon’s Chariot, and I attended him in it  
‘ to his Inn.

‘ When we were alone together, he gently  
‘ upbraided me with having neglected to write  
‘ to him during so long a Time, but entirely  
‘ omitted the Mention of that Crime which had  
‘ occasioned it. He then informed me of my  
‘ Mother’s Death, and insisted on my returning  
‘ home with him, saying, “ That he had long  
“ suffered the greatest Anxiety on my Account;  
“ that he knew not whether he had most feared  
“ my Death, or wished it; since he had so many  
“ more dreadful Apprehensions for me. At last  
“ he said, a neighbouring Gentleman, who had  
“ just recovered a Son from the same Place, in-  
“ formed him where I was, and that to reclaim  
“ me from this Course of Life, was the sole Cause  
“ of his Journey to *London*.” He thanked Heaven  
‘ he had succeeded so far as to find me out by  
‘ Means of an Accident which had like to have  
‘ proved fatal to him; and had the Pleasure to  
‘ think he partly owed his Preservation to my  
‘ Humanity, with which he profest himself to be  
‘ more delighted than he should have been with  
‘ my

‘ my filial Piety, if I had known that the Object  
‘ of all my Care was my own Father.

‘ Vice had not so depraved my Heart, as to  
‘ excite in it an Insensibility of so much paternal  
‘ Affection, tho’ so unworthily bestowed. I  
‘ presently promised to obey his Commands in  
‘ my return home with him, as soon as he was  
‘ able to travel, which indeed he was in a very  
‘ few Days, by the Assistance of that excellent  
‘ Surgeon who had undertaken his Cure.

‘ The Day preceding my Father’s Journey  
‘ (before which Time I scarce ever left him) I  
‘ went to take my Leave of some of my most in-  
‘ timate Acquaintance, particularly of Mr. Wat-  
‘ son, who dissuaded me from burying myself,  
‘ as he called it, out of a simple Compliance with  
‘ the fond Desires of a foolish old Fellow. Such  
‘ Solicitations, however, had no Effect, and I  
‘ once more saw my own Home. My Father  
‘ now greatly solicited me to think of Marriage;  
‘ but my Inclinations were utterly averse to any  
‘ such Thoughts. I had tasted of Love already,  
‘ and perhaps you know the extravagant Excesses  
‘ of that most tender and most violent Passion.’

Here the old Gentleman paused, and looked ear-  
nestly at Jones; whose Countenance within a  
Minute’s Space displayed the Extremities of both  
Red and White. Upon which the old Man,  
without making any Observations, renewed his  
Narrative.

‘ Being now provided with all the Necessaries  
‘ of Life, I betook myself once again to Study, and  
‘ that with a more inordinate Application than I  
‘ had ever done formerly. The Books which  
‘ now employed my Time solely, were those, as  
‘ well ancient as modern, which treat of true  
‘ Phi-



‘ Philosophy, a Word, which is by many thought  
‘ to be the Subject only of Farce and Ridicule.  
‘ I now read over the Works of *Aristotle* and  
‘ *Plato*, with the rest of those inestimable Treas-  
‘ ures which ancient *Greece* hath bequeathed to  
‘ the World.

‘ These Authors, tho’ they instructed me in  
‘ no Science by which Men may promise to  
‘ themselves to acquire the least Riches, or world-  
‘ ly Power, taught me, however, the Art of de-  
‘ spising the highest Acquisitions of both. They  
‘ elevate the Mind, and steel and harden it against  
‘ the capricious Invasions of Fortune. They  
‘ not only instruct in the Knowledge of Wisdom,  
‘ but confirm Men in her Habits, and demon-  
‘ strate plainly, that this must be our Guide, if  
‘ we propose ever to arrive at the greatest world-  
‘ ly Happiness; or to defend ourselves with any  
‘ tolerable Security against the Misery which  
‘ every where surrounds and invests us.

‘ To this I added another Study, compared to  
‘ which all the Philosophy taught by the wisest  
‘ Heathens is little better than a Dream, and is  
‘ indeed as full of Vanity as the silliest Jester ever  
‘ pleased to represent it. This is that divine  
‘ Wisdom which is alone to be found in the Holy  
‘ Scriptures: for they impart to us the Know-  
‘ ledge and Assurance of Things much more  
‘ worthy our Attention, than all which this  
‘ World can offer to our Acceptance. Of Things  
‘ which Heaven itself hath condescended to re-  
‘ veal to us, and to the smallest Knowledge of  
‘ which the highest human Wit unassisted could  
‘ never ascend. I began now to think all the  
‘ Time I had spent with the best Heathen Wri-  
‘ ters, was little more than Labour lost: For  
‘ how-

‘ however pleasant and delightful their Lessons  
‘ may be, or however adequate to the right Re-  
‘ gulation of our Conduct with Respect to this  
‘ World only, yet when compared with the  
‘ Glory revealed in Scripture, their highest Do-  
‘ cuments will appear as trifling, and of as little  
‘ Consequence as the Rules by which Children  
‘ regulate their childish little Games and Pastime.  
‘ True it is, that Philosophy makes us wiser, but  
‘ Christianity makes us better Men. Philosophy  
‘ elevates and steels the Mind, Christianity  
‘ softens and sweetens it. The Former makes  
‘ us the Objects of human Admiration, the Lat-  
‘ ter of Divine Love. That insures us a tempo-  
‘ ral, but this an eternal Happiness. — But I am  
‘ afraid I tire you with my Rhapsody.’

‘ Not at all,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ Lud forbid we  
‘ should be tired with good Things.’

‘ I had spent,’ continued the Stranger, ‘ about  
‘ four Years in the most delightful Manner to  
‘ myself, totally given up to Contemplation, and  
‘ entirely unembarrassed with the Affairs of the  
‘ World, when I lost the best of Fathers, and  
‘ one whom I so sincerely loved, that my Grief  
‘ at his Loss exceeds all Description. I now  
‘ abandoned my Books, and gave myself up for  
‘ a whole Month to the Efforts of Melancholy  
‘ and Despair. Time, however, the best Physi-  
‘ cian of the Mind, at length brought me Relief.’

‘ Ay, ay, *Tempus edax Rerum*,’ said *Partridge*.

‘ I then,’ continued the Stranger, ‘ betook my-  
‘ self again to my former Studies, which I may  
‘ say perfected my Cure: For Philosophy and  
‘ Religion may be called the Exercises of the  
‘ Mind, and when this is disordered they are as  
‘ wholesome as Exercise can be to a distempered

‘ Body. They do indeed produce similar Ef-  
 ‘ fects with Exercise: For they strengthen and  
 ‘ confirm the Mind; till Man becomes, in the  
 ‘ noble Strain of *Horace*,

‘ *Fortis, & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,*  
 ‘ *Externi ne quid valeat per lævæ morari:*  
 ‘ *In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.*--- \*

Here *Jones* smiled at some Conceit which intruded itself into his Imagination; but the Stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

‘ My Circumstances were now greatly altered  
 ‘ by the Death of that best of Men: For my  
 ‘ Brother, who was now become Master of the  
 ‘ House, differed so widely from me in his Inclinations, and our Pursuits in Life had been so  
 ‘ very various, that we were the worst of Company to each other; but what made our living  
 ‘ together still more disagreeable, was the little  
 ‘ Harmony which could subsist between the few  
 ‘ who resorted to me, and the numerous Train of  
 ‘ Sportsmen who often attended my Brother from  
 ‘ the Field to the Table: For such Fellows, besides the Noise and Nonsense with which they  
 ‘ persecute the Ears of sober Men, endeavour always to attack them with Affronts and Contempt. This was so much the Case, that neither I myself, nor my Friends, could ever sit  
 ‘ down to a Meal with them, where we were not

\* Firm in himself, who on himself relies,  
 Polish’d and round, who runs his proper Course,  
 And breaks Misfortunes with superior Force.

Mr. FRANCIS.

‘ treated

‘ treated with Derision, because we were unacquainted with the Phrases of Sportsmen. For Men of true Learning, and almost universal Knowledge, always compassionate the Ignorance of others. But Fellows, who excel in some little, low, contemptible Art, are always certain to despise those who are unacquainted with that Art.

‘ In short, we soon separated, and I went by the Advice of a Physician to drink the *Bath Waters*: For my violent Affliction, added to a sedentary Life, had thrown me into a kind of Paralytic Disorder, for which those Waters are accounted an almost certain Cure. The second Day after my Arrival, as I was walking by the River, the Sun shone so intensely hot (tho’ it was early in the Year) that I retired to the Shelter of some Willows, and sat down by the River-side. Here I had not been seated long before I heard a Person on the other Side the Willows, sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly. On a sudden, having uttered a most impious Oath, he cried, “ I am resolved to bear it no longer,” and directly threw himself into the Water. I immediately started, and ran towards the Place, calling at the same Time as loudly as I could for Assistance. An Angler happened luckily to be a fishing a little below me, tho’ some very high Sedge had hid him from my Sight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without some Hazard of our Lives, drew the Body to the Shore. At first we perceived no Sign of Life remaining; but having held the Body up by the Heels (for we soon had Assistance enough) it discharged a vast Quantity of Water at the Mouth, and at length

‘ length began to discover some Symptoms of  
‘ Breathing, and a little afterwards to move both  
‘ its Hands and its Legs.

‘ An Apothecary, who happened to be present  
‘ among others, advised that the Body, which  
‘ seemed now to have pretty well emptied itself  
‘ of Water, and which began to have many convulsive Motions, should be directly taken up,  
‘ and carried into a warm Bed. This was accordingly performed, the Apothecary and myself attending.

‘ As we were going towards an Inn; for we  
‘ knew not the Man’s Lodgings; luckily a Woman met us, who, after some violent Screaming, told us that the Gentleman lodged at her House.

‘ When I had seen the Man safely deposited there, I left him to the Care of the Apothecary, who, I suppose, used all the right Methods with him: for the next Morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his Senses.

‘ I then went to visit him, intending to search out as well as I could the Cause of his having attempted so desperate an Act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked Intentions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into his Chamber, than we both instantly knew each other: For who should this Person be, but my good Friend Mr. *Watson*! Here I will not trouble you with what past at our first Interview: For I would avoid Prolixity as much as possible.’ ‘ Pray let us hear all,’ cries *Partridge*; ‘ I want mightily to know what brought him to *Bath*.’

‘ You shall hear every Thing material,’ answered the Stranger; and then proceeded to relate



late what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing Time to both ourselves and the Reader.

## C H A P. XIV.

*In which the Man of the Hill concludes his History.*

‘ **M**R. *Watson,*’ continued the Stranger, very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy Situation of his Circumstances, occasioned by a Tide of Ill-Luck, had in a Manner forced him to a Resolution of destroying himself.

‘ I now began to argue very seriously with him, in Opposition to this Heathenish, or indeed Diabolical Practice; and said every Thing which occurred to me on the Subject; but to my great Concern, it seemed to have very little Effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me Reason to fear he would soon make a second Attempt of the like horrible Kind.

‘ When I had finished my Discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my Arguments, he looked me stedfastly in the Face, and with a Smile said, “ You are strangely altered, my good Friend, since I remember you. I question whether any of our Bishops could make a better Argument against Suicide than you have entertained me with; but unless you can find Somebody who will lend me a cool Hundred, I must either hang, or drown, or starve; and in my Opinion the last Death is the most terrible of the three.”

‘ I answered him very gravely ; that I was indeed altered since I had seen him last. That I had found Leisure to look into my Follies, and to repent of them. I then advised him to pursue the same Steps ; and at last concluded with an Assurance that I myself would lend him a hundred Pound, if it would be of any Service to his Affairs, and he would not put it into the Power of a Die to deprive him of it.

‘ Mr. *Watson*, who seemed almost composed in Slumber by the former Part of my Discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my Hand eagerly, gave me a thousand Thanks, and declared I was a Friend indeed ; adding, that he hoped I had a better Opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so little by Experience, as to put any Confidence in those damned Dice, which had so often deceived him. “ No, no,” cries he, “ let me but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever Fortune makes a broken Merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her.”

‘ I very well understood the Language of *setting up*, and *broken Merchant*. I therefore said to him with a very grave Face, Mr. *Watson*, you must endeavour to find out some Business, or Employment, by which you may procure yourself a Livelihood ; and I promise you, could I see any Probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger Sum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable Calling ; but as to Gaming, besides the Baseness and Wickedness of making it a Profession, you are really, to my own Knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain Ruin.

“ Why

“ Why now, that’s strange,” answered he ;  
 “ neither you, nor any of my Friends, would  
 “ ever allow me to know any Thing of the Mat-  
 “ ter ; and yet, I believe, I am as good a Hand  
 “ at every Game as any of you all ; and I hearti-  
 “ ly wish I was to play with you only for your  
 “ whole Fortune ; I should desire no better Sport,  
 “ and I would let you name your Game into the  
 “ Bargain : But come, my dear Boy, have you  
 “ the Hundred in your Pocket ? ”

‘ I answered I had only a Bill for 50 *l.* which  
 ‘ I delivered him, and promised to bring him the  
 ‘ rest the next Morning ; and after giving him a  
 ‘ little more Advice, took my Leave.

‘ I was indeed better than my Word : For I  
 ‘ returned to him that very Afternoon. When  
 ‘ I entered the Room, I found Mr. *Watson* sitting  
 ‘ up in his Bed at Cards with a notorious Game-  
 ‘ ster. This Sight, you will imagine, shocked  
 ‘ me not a little ; to which I may add the Mor-  
 ‘ tification of seeing my Bill delivered by Mr.  
 ‘ *Watson* to his Antagonist, and thirty Guineas  
 ‘ only given in Exchange for it.

‘ The other Gamester presently quitted the  
 ‘ Room, and then *Watson* declared he was  
 ‘ ashamed to see me ; “ but, says he, I find  
 “ Luck runs so damnably against me, that I will  
 “ resolve to leave off Play for ever. I have  
 “ thought of the kind Proposal you made me  
 “ ever since, and I promise you there shall be  
 “ no Fault in me, if I do not put it in Execu-  
 “ tion.”

‘ Though I had no great Faith in his Pro-  
 ‘ mises, I produced him the Remainder of the  
 ‘ Hundred in Consequence of my own ; for

‘ which he gave me a Note, and which Note  
‘ was all I ever expected to see in Return for my  
‘ Money.

‘ We were prevented from any further Dis-  
‘ course at present, by the Arrival of the Apo-  
‘ thecary, who with much Joy in his Counte-  
‘ nance, and without even asking his Patient  
‘ how he did, proclaimed there was great News  
‘ arrived in a Letter to himself which he said  
‘ would shortly be public, “ that the Duke of  
“ *Monmouth* was landed in the West with a vast  
“ Army of *Dutch*, and that another vast Fleet  
“ hovered over the Coast of *Norfolk*, and was  
“ to make a Descent there, in order to favour the  
“ Duke’s Enterprize with a Diversion on that  
“ Side.”

‘ This Apothecary was one of the greatest Po-  
‘ liticians of his Time. He was more delighted  
‘ with the most paultry Packet, than with the  
‘ best Patient; and the highest Joy he was capa-  
‘ ble of, he received from having a Piece of  
‘ News in his Possession an Hour or two sooner  
‘ than any other Person in the Town. His Ad-  
‘ vices, however, were seldom authentic; for he  
‘ would swallow almost any thing as a Truth, a  
‘ Humour which many made use of to impose  
‘ upon him.

‘ Thus it happened with what he at present  
‘ communicated; for it was known within a  
‘ short Time afterwards, that the Duke was  
‘ really landed; but that his Army consisted only  
‘ of a few Attendants; and as to the Diversion  
‘ in *Norfolk*, it was entirely false.

‘ The Apothecary staid no longer in the Room,  
‘ than while he acquainted us with his News;  
‘ and then, without saying a Syllable to his Pa-  
‘ tient

‘ tient on any other Subject, departed to spread  
‘ his Advices all over the Town.

‘ Events of this Nature in the Public are ge-  
‘ nerally apt to eclipse all private Concerns. Our  
‘ Discourse, therefore, now became entirely po-  
‘ litical. For my own Part, I had been for some  
‘ Time very seriously affected with the Danger  
‘ to which the Protestant Religion was so visibly  
‘ exposed, that nothing but the immediate Inter-  
‘ position of Providence seemed capable of pre-  
‘ serving it: For King *James* had indeed de-  
‘ clared War against the Protestant Cause. He  
‘ had brought known Papiſts into the Army, and  
‘ attempted to bring them into the Church, and  
‘ into the Univerſity. Popiſh Priests ſwarmed  
‘ thro’ the Nation, appeared publickly in their  
‘ Habits, and boasted that they ſhould ſhortly  
‘ walk in Proceſſion through the Streets. Our  
‘ own Clergy were forbid to preach againſt Po-  
‘ pery, and Biſhops were ordered to ſuſpend thoſe  
‘ who did; and to do the Buſineſs at once, an  
‘ illegal eccleſiaſtical Commiſſion was erected,  
‘ little inferior to an Inquiſition, of which, pro-  
‘ bably, it was intended to be the Ringleader.  
‘ Thus, as our Duty to the King can never be  
‘ called more than our ſecond Duty, he had diſ-  
‘ charged us from this, by making it incompati-  
‘ ble with our preſerving the firſt, which is ſurely  
‘ to Heaven. Beſides this, he had diſſolved his  
‘ Subjects from their Allegiance by breaking his  
‘ Coronation Oath, to which their Allegiance is  
‘ annexed; for he had imprifoned Biſhops, be-  
‘ cauſe they would not give up their Religion;  
‘ and turned out Judges, becauſe they would  
‘ not abſolutely ſurrender the Law into his  
‘ Hands; nay, he ſeized this himſelf; and when



‘ he claimed a dispensing Power, he declared  
‘ himself, in fact, as absolute as any Tyrant ever  
‘ was or can be. I have recapitulated these Mat-  
‘ ters in full, lest some of them should have been  
‘ omitted in History; and I think nothing less  
‘ than such Provocations as I have here menti-  
‘ oned, nothing less than certain and imminent  
‘ Danger to their Religion and Liberties, can  
‘ justify, or even mitigate, the dreadful Sin of  
‘ Rebellion in any People.’

‘ I promise you, Sir,’ says *Jones*, ‘ all these  
‘ Facts, and more, I have read in History; but  
‘ I will tell you a Fact which is not yet recorded,  
‘ and of which I suppose you are ignorant.  
‘ There is actually now a Rebellion on Foot in  
‘ this Kingdom, in Favour of the Son of that  
‘ very King *James*, a profest Papist, more bigot-  
‘ ted, if possible, than his Father, and this car-  
‘ ried on by Protestants, against a King who  
‘ hath never, in *one single Instance*, made the  
‘ least Invasion on our Liberties.’

‘ Prodigious indeed!’ answered the Stranger,  
‘ you tell me what would be incredible of a Na-  
‘ tion which did not deserve the Character that  
‘ Virgil gives of a Woman, *Varium & Mutabile*  
‘ *semper*. Surely this is to be unworthy of the  
‘ Care which Providence seems to have taken of  
‘ us, in the Preservation of our Religion against  
‘ the powerful Designs and constant Machinati-  
‘ ons of Popery. A Preservation so strange and  
‘ unaccountable, that I almost think we may ap-  
‘ peal to it, as to a Miracle for the Proof of its  
‘ Holiness. Prodigious indeed! a Protestant Re-  
‘ bellion in favour of a Popish Prince! The  
‘ Folly of Mankind is as wonderful as their Kna-  
‘ very — But to conclude my Story; I resolved

‘ to

‘ to take Arms in Defence of my Country, of  
 ‘ my Religion, and my Liberty; and Mr. *Wat-*  
 ‘ *son* joined in the same Resolution. We soon  
 ‘ provided ourselves with all Necessaries, and  
 ‘ joined the Duke at *Bridgewater*.

‘ The unfortunate Event of this Enterprize  
 ‘ you are perhaps better acquainted with than  
 ‘ myself. I escaped, together with Mr. *Watson*,  
 ‘ from the Battle at *Sedgemore*, in which Action  
 ‘ I received a slight Wound. We rode near  
 ‘ forty Miles together on the *Exeter* Road, and  
 ‘ then abandoning our Horses, scrambled as well  
 ‘ as we could through the Fields and Bye-Roads,  
 ‘ till we arrived at a little wild Hut on a Com-  
 ‘ mon, where a poor old Woman took all the  
 ‘ Care of us she could, and dressed my Wound  
 ‘ with Salve which quickly healed it.’

‘ Pray, Sir, where was the Wound,’ says  
*Partridge*. The Stranger satisfied him it was in  
 his Arm, and then continued his Narrative.  
 ‘ Here, Sir,’ said he, ‘ Mr. *Watson* left me the  
 ‘ next Morning, in order, as he pretended, to  
 ‘ get us some Provision from the Town of *Cul-*  
 ‘ *lumpton*; but——can I relate it? or can you  
 ‘ believe it?——This Mr. *Watson*, this Friend,  
 ‘ this base, barbarous, treacherous Villain, be-  
 ‘ trayed me to a Party of Horse belonging to  
 ‘ King *James*, and, at his Return, delivered me  
 ‘ into their Hands.

‘ The Soldiers, being six in Number, had  
 ‘ now seized me, and were conducting me to  
 ‘ *Taunton* Goal; but neither my present Situa-  
 ‘ tion, nor the Apprehensions of what might  
 ‘ happen to me, were half so irksome to my  
 ‘ Mind, as the Company of my false Friend,  
 ‘ who, having surrendered himself, was likewise

‘ considered as a Prisoner, tho’ he was better  
 ‘ treated, as being to make his Peace at my Ex-  
 ‘ pence. He at first endeavoured to excuse his  
 ‘ Treachery; but when he received nothing but  
 ‘ Scorn and Upbraiding from me, he soon changed  
 ‘ his Note, abused me as the most atrocious and  
 ‘ malicious Rebel, and laid all his own Guilt to  
 ‘ my Charge, who, as he declared, had solicited,  
 ‘ and even threatened him, to take up Arms  
 ‘ against his gracious, as well as lawful, Sove-  
 ‘ reign.

‘ This false Evidence, (for, in Reality, he had  
 ‘ been much the forwarder of the two) stung me  
 ‘ to the Quick, and raised an Indignation scarce  
 ‘ conceivable by those who have not felt it.  
 ‘ However, Fortune, at length, took Pity on  
 ‘ me; for as we were got a little beyond *Wel-*  
 ‘ *lington*, in a narrow Lane, my Guards received  
 ‘ a false Alarm, that near fifty of the Enemy  
 ‘ were at hand, upon which they shifted for  
 ‘ themselves, and left me and my Betrayal to do  
 ‘ the same. That Villain immediately ran from  
 ‘ me, and I am glad he did, or I should have  
 ‘ certainly endeavoured, though I had no Arms,  
 ‘ to have executed Vengeance on his Baseness.

‘ I was now once more at Liberty, and im-  
 ‘ mediately withdrawing from the Highway into  
 ‘ the Fields, I travelled on, scarce knowing which  
 ‘ Way I went, and making it my chief Care to  
 ‘ avoid all public Roads, and all Towns, nay,  
 ‘ even the most homely Houses; for I imagined  
 ‘ every human Creature whom I saw, desirous of  
 ‘ betraying me.

‘ At last, after rambling several Days about  
 ‘ the Country, during which the Field afforded  
 ‘ me the same Bed, and the same Food, which  
 ‘ Nature

‘ Nature bestows on our Savage Brothers of the  
 ‘ Creation, I at length arrived in this Place,  
 ‘ where the Solitude and Wildness of the Coun-  
 ‘ try invited me to fix my Abode. The first  
 ‘ Person with whom I took up my Habitation  
 ‘ was the Mother of this old Woman, with whom  
 ‘ I remained concealed, till the News of the glo-  
 ‘ rious Revolution put an End to all my Appre-  
 ‘ hensions of Danger, and gave me an Opportu-  
 ‘ nity of once more visiting my own Home ;  
 ‘ and of enquiring a little into my Affairs, which  
 ‘ I soon settled as agreeably to my Brother as to  
 ‘ myself ; having resigned every thing to him,  
 ‘ for which he paid me the Sum of a thousand  
 ‘ Pound, and settled on me an Annuity for Life.

‘ His Behaviour in this last Instance, as in all  
 ‘ others, was selfish and ungenerous. I could  
 ‘ not look on him as my Friend, nor indeed did  
 ‘ he desire that I should ; so I presently took my  
 ‘ Leave of him, as well as of my other Ac-  
 ‘ quaintance ; and from that Day to this my  
 ‘ History is little better than a Blank.’

‘ And is it possible, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘ that you  
 ‘ can have resided here from that Day to this ?’  
 ‘ O no, Sir,’ answered the Gentleman, ‘ I have  
 ‘ been a great Traveller, and there are few Parts  
 ‘ of *Europe* with which I am not acquainted.’  
 ‘ I have not, Sir,’ cried *Jones*, ‘ the Assurance  
 ‘ to ask it of you now. Indeed it would be cruel,  
 ‘ after so much Breath as you have already spent.  
 ‘ But you will give me leave to wish for some  
 ‘ further Opportunity of hearing the excellent  
 ‘ Observations which a Man of your Sense and  
 ‘ Knowledge of the World must have made in  
 ‘ so long a Course of Travels.’ ‘ Indeed, young  
 ‘ Gentleman,’ answered the Stranger, ‘ I will en-  
 ‘ deavour

‘ deavour to satisfy your Curiosity on this Head  
 ‘ likewise, as far as I am able.’ *Jones* attempted  
 fresh Apologies, but was prevented; and while  
 he and *Partridge* sat with greedy and impatient  
 Ears, the Stranger proceeded as in the next Chap-  
 ter.

## C H A P. XV.

*A brief History of Europe. And a curious Dis-  
 course between Mr. Jones and the Man of the  
 Hill.*

‘ **I** N *Italy* the Landlords are very silent. In  
 ‘ *France* they are more talkative, but yet ci-  
 ‘ vil. In *Germany* and *Holland* they are generally  
 ‘ very impertinent. And as for their Honesty,  
 ‘ I believe it is pretty equal in all those Countries.  
 ‘ The *Valets a Louage* are sure to lose no Oppor-  
 ‘ tunity of cheating you: And as for the *Pottili-*  
 ‘ ons, I think they are pretty much alike all the  
 ‘ World over. These, Sir, are the Observations  
 ‘ on Men which I made in my Travels. My  
 ‘ Design, when I went abroad, was to divert  
 ‘ myself by seeing the great Variety with which  
 ‘ God hath been pleased to enrich the several  
 ‘ Parts of this Globe. A Variety, which as it  
 ‘ must give great Pleasure to a contemplative Be-  
 ‘ holder, so doth it greatly display the vast Powers  
 ‘ of its omnipotent Author. Indeed, to say the  
 ‘ Truth, there is but one Work in his whole  
 ‘ Creation that doth him any Dishonour, and  
 ‘ with that I have long since avoided holding any  
 ‘ Conversation.

‘ You will pardon me,’ cries *Jones*, but I  
 ‘ have always imagined, that there is in this very  
 ‘ Work



‘ Work you mention, as great Variety as in all  
 ‘ the rest ; for besides the Difference of Inclina-  
 ‘ tion, Customs and Climates have, I am told,  
 ‘ introduced the utmost Diversity into Human  
 ‘ Nature.’ ‘ Very little indeed,’ answered the  
 other ; ‘ those who travel in order to acquaint  
 ‘ themselves with the different Manners of Men,  
 ‘ might spare themselves much Pains, by going  
 ‘ to a Carnival at *Venice* ; for here they will see at  
 ‘ once all which they can discover in the several  
 ‘ Courts of *Europe*. The same Hypocrisy, the  
 ‘ same Fraud ; in short, the same Follies and  
 ‘ Vices, dressed in different Habits. In *Spain*  
 ‘ these are equipped with much Gravity ; and in  
 ‘ *Italy*, with vast Splendor. In *France*, a Knave  
 ‘ is dressed like a Fop ; and in the Northern  
 ‘ Countries, like a Sloven. But Human Nature  
 ‘ is every where the same, every where the Ob-  
 ‘ ject of Detestation and Avoidance.

‘ Thus, Sir, I have ended the History of my  
 ‘ Life ; for as to all that Series of Years in which  
 ‘ I have retired here, they afford no Variety to  
 ‘ entertain you, and may almost be considered as  
 ‘ one Day.’

*Jones* thanked the Stranger for the Trouble he  
 had taken in relating his Story, and then expres-  
 sed some Wonder, how he could possibly endure  
 a Life of such Solitude ; ‘ in which,’ says he,  
 ‘ you may well complain of the Want of Variety.  
 ‘ Indeed I am astonished how you have filled up,  
 ‘ or rather killed, so much of your Time.’

‘ I am not at all surprized, answered the other,  
 ‘ that to one whose Affections and Thoughts are  
 ‘ fixed on the World, my Hours shall appear to  
 ‘ have wanted Employment in this Place ; but  
 ‘ there is one single Act, for which the whole  
 ‘ Life

‘ Life of Man is infinitely short. What Time  
‘ can suffice for the Contemplation and Worship  
‘ of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being,  
‘ among the Works of whose stupendous Crea-  
‘ tion, not only this vast Globe, but even those  
‘ numberless Luminaries which we may here be-  
‘ hold spangling all the Sky, tho’ they should  
‘ many of them be Suns lighting different Sy-  
‘ stems of Worlds, may possibly appear but as a  
‘ few Atoms, opposed to the whole Earth which  
‘ we inhabit? Can a Man who, by Divine Me-  
‘ ditations, is admitted, as it were, into the  
‘ Conversation of this ineffable, incomprehen-  
‘ sible Majesty, think Days, or Years, or Ages,  
‘ too long, for the Continuance of so ravishing  
‘ an Honour? Shall the trifling Amusements, the  
‘ palling Pleasures, the silly Business of the  
‘ World, roll away our Hours too swiftly from  
‘ us; and shall the Pace of Time seem sluggish  
‘ to a Mind exercised in Studies so high, so im-  
‘ portant, and so glorious! And as no Time is  
‘ sufficient, so neither is any Place improper for  
‘ this great Concern. On what Object can we  
‘ cast our Eyes, which may not inspire us with  
‘ Ideas of his Power, of his Wisdom, and of his  
‘ Goodness? It is not necessary, that the rising  
‘ Sun should dart his fiery Glories over the Ea-  
‘ stern Horizon; nor that the boisterous Winds  
‘ should rush from their Caverns, and shake the  
‘ lofty Forest; nor that the opening Clouds  
‘ should pour their Deluges on the Plains: It is  
‘ not necessary, I say, that any of these should  
‘ proclaim his Majesty; there is not an Insect,  
‘ not a Vegetable, of so low an Order in the  
‘ Creation, but it is honoured with bearing Marks  
‘ of the Attributes of its great Creator; Marks  
‘ not

‘ not only of his Power, but of his Wisdom and  
 ‘ Goodness. Man alone, the King of this Globe,  
 ‘ the last and greatest Work of the Supreme Be-  
 ‘ ing, below the Sun; Man alone hath basely  
 ‘ dishonoured his own Nature, and by Dishonesty,  
 ‘ Cruelty, Ingratitude, and accursed Treachery,  
 ‘ hath called his Maker’s Goodness in Question,  
 ‘ by puzzling us to account how a benevolent  
 ‘ Being should form so imperfect and so vile an  
 ‘ Animal. Yet this is the Being from whose  
 ‘ Conversation you think, I suppose, that I have  
 ‘ been unfortunately restrained; and without  
 ‘ whose blessed Society, Life, in your Opinion,  
 ‘ must be tedious and insipid.

‘ In the former Part of what you said,’ replied  
*Jones*, ‘ I most heartily and readily concur; but  
 ‘ I believe, as well as hope, that the Abhorrence  
 ‘ which you express for Mankind, in the Con-  
 ‘ clusion, is much too general. Indeed you here  
 ‘ fall into an Error, which, in my little Expe-  
 ‘ rience, I have observed to be a very common  
 ‘ one, by taking the Character of Mankind from  
 ‘ the worst and basest among them; whereas in-  
 ‘ deed, as an excellent Writer observes, nothing  
 ‘ should be esteemed as characteristical of a Spe-  
 ‘ cies, but what is to be found among the best  
 ‘ and most perfect Individuals of that Species.  
 ‘ This Error, I believe, is generally committed  
 ‘ by those who, from Want of proper Caution in  
 ‘ the Choice of their Friends and Acquaintance,  
 ‘ have suffered Injuries from bad and worthless  
 ‘ Men; two or three Instances of which are  
 ‘ very unjustly charged on all Human Race.

‘ I think I had Experience enough of them,’  
 answered the other. ‘ My first Mistress, and my  
 ‘ first Friend, betrayed me in the basest Manner,  
 ‘ and

‘ and in Matters which threatened to be of the  
‘ worst of Consequences, even to bring me to a  
‘ shameful Death.’

‘ But you will pardon me,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ if I  
‘ desire you to reflect who this Mistress, and who  
‘ that Friend was. What better, my good Sir,  
‘ could be expected in Love derived from the  
‘ Stews, or in Friendship first produced and nou-  
‘ rished at the Gaming-Table! To take the Cha-  
‘ racters of Women from the former Instance, or  
‘ of Men from the latter, would be as unjust as  
‘ to assert, that Air is a nauseous and unwhole-  
‘ some Element, because we find it so in a *Jakes*.  
‘ I have lived but a short Time in the World,  
‘ and yet have known Men worthy of the high-  
‘ est Friendship, and Women of the highest  
‘ Love.’

‘ It is possible,’ answered the Stranger; ‘ but  
‘ you have lived, you confess, a very short Time  
‘ only in the World; I was somewhat older than  
‘ you when I was of the same Opinion.’

‘ You might have remained so still,’ replies  
*Jones*, ‘ if you had not been unfortunate, I will  
‘ venture to say incautious, in the placing your  
‘ Affections. If there was indeed much more  
‘ Wickedness in the World than there is, it  
‘ would not prove such general Assertions against  
‘ human Nature, since much of this arrives by  
‘ mere Accident, and many a Man who commits  
‘ Evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his Heart.  
‘ In Truth, none seem to have any Title to as-  
‘ sert human Nature to be necessarily and univer-  
‘ sally evil, but those whose own Minds afford  
‘ them one Instance of this natural Depravity;  
‘ which is not, I am convinced, your Case.’

‘ And

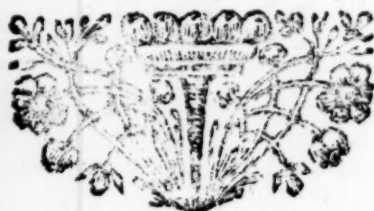
‘ And such,’ said the Stranger, ‘ will be always the most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to persuade us of the Baseness of Mankind, than a Highwayman will inform you that there are Thieves on the Road. This would indeed be a Method to put you on your Guard, and to defeat their own Purposes. For which Reason tho’ Knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse particular Persons; yet they never cast any Reflection on Human Nature in general.’ The old Gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as *Jones* despaired of making a Convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no Answer.

The Day now began to send forth its first Streams of Light, when *Jones* made an Apology to the Stranger for his having staid so long, and perhaps having detained him from his Rest. The Stranger answered, ‘ He never wanted Rest less than at present; for that Day and Night were indifferent Seasons to him, and that he commonly made use of the former for the Time of his Repose, and of the latter for his Walks and Lucubrations. However,’ said he, ‘ it is now a most lovely Morning, and if you can bear any longer to be without your own Rest or Food, I will gladly entertain you with the Sight of some very fine Prospects, which I believe you have not yet seen.’

*Jones* very readily embraced this Offer, and they immediately set forward together from the Cottage. As for *Partridge*, he had fallen into a profound Repose, just as the Stranger had finished his Story; for his Curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent Discourse was not forcible enough in  
its



its Operation to conjure down the Charms of Sleep. *Jones* therefore left him to enjoy his Nap; and as the Reader may perhaps be, at this Season, glad of the same Favour, we will here put an End to the Eighth Book of our History.



THE

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK IX.

*Containing twelve Hours.*

CHAP. I.

*Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may  
not write such Histories as this.*

**A**MONG other good Uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory Chapters, I have considered them as a Kind of Mark or Stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent Reader to distinguish, what is true and genuine in this historic Kind of Writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such Mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable Reception which two or three  
Au-

Authors have lately procured for their Works of this Nature from the Public, will probably serve as an Encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a Swarm of foolish Novels, and monstrous Romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of Booksellers, or to the great Loss of Time, and Depravation of Morals in the Reader; nay, often to the spreading of Scandal and Calumny, and to the Prejudice of the Characters of many worthy and honest People.

I question not but the ingenious Author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix *Greek* and *Latin* Mottos to every Paper from the same Consideration of guarding against the Pursuit of those Scribblers, who, having no Talents of a Writer but what is taught by the Writing-master, and yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same Titles with the greatest Genius, than their good Brother in the Fable was of braying in the Lion's Skin.

By the Device therefore of his Motto, it became impracticable for any Man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least one Sentence in the learned Languages. In the same Manner I have now secured myself from the Imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any Degree of Reflection, and whose Learning is not equal to an Essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest Merit of such historical Productions can ever lie in these introductory Chapters; but, in Fact, those Parts which contain mere Narrative only, afford much more Encouragement to the Pen of an Imitator, than those which are composed of Observation and Reflection. Here

I mean such Imitators as *Rowe* was of *Shakespear*, or as *Horace* hints some of the *Romans* were of *Cato*, by bare Feet and four Faces.

To invent good Stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare Talents, and yet I have observed few Persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the Romances and Novels with which the World abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the Authors would not have attempted to shew their Teeth (if the Expression may be allowed me) in any other Way of Writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen Sentences on any other Subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim* \*, may be more truly said of the Historian and Biographer, than of any other Species of Writing: For all the Arts and Sciences (even Criticism itself) require some little Degree of Learning and Knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an Exception; but then it demands Numbers, or something like Numbers; whereas to the Composition of Novels and Romances, nothing is necessary but Paper, Pens and Ink, with the manual Capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their Productions shew to be the Opinion of the Authors themselves; and this must be the Opinion of their Readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal Contempt, which the World, who always denominate the Whole from the Majority, have cast on all historical Writers, who do not draw their

\*—Each desperate Blockhead dares to write,  
Verse is the Trade of every living Wight.

FRANCIS.

Mate-

Materials from Records. And it is the Apprehension of this Contempt, that hath made us so cautiously avoid the Term Romance, a Name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though as we have good Authority for all our Characters, no less indeed than the vast authentic Book of Nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our Labours have sufficient Title to the Name of History. Certainly they deserve some Distinction from those Works, which one of the wittiest of Men regarded only as proceeding from a Pruritus, or indeed rather from a Looseness of the Brain.

But besides the Dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all Kinds of Writing, there is just Reason to apprehend, that by encouraging such Authors, we shall propagate much Dishonour of another Kind; I mean to the Characters of many good and valuable Members of Society: For the dullest Writers, no more than the dullest Companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of Language to be indecent and abusive. And surely if the Opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that Works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a Tendency to make others so.

To prevent therefore for the future, such intemperate Abuses of Leisure, of Letters, and of the Liberty of the Press, especially as the World seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some Qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high Degree necessary to this Order of Historians.

The



The first is Genius, without a rich Vein of which, no Study, says *Horace*, can avail us. By Genius I would understand that Power, or rather those Powers of the Mind, which are capable of penetrating into all Things within our Reach and Knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential Differences. These are no other than Invention and Judgment; and they are both called by the collective Name of Genius, as they are of those Gifts of Nature which we bring with us into the World. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great Errors: For by Invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative Faculty; which would indeed prove most Romance-Writers to have the highest Pretensions to it; whereas by Invention is really meant no more, (and so the Word signifies) than Discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious Penetration into the true Essence of all the Objects of our Contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the Concomitancy of Judgment: For how we can be said to have discovered the true Essence of two Things, without discerning their Difference, seems to me hard to conceive; now this last is the undisputed Province of Judgment, and yet some few Men of Wit have agreed with all the dull Fellows in the World, in representing these two to have been seldom or never the Property of one and the same Person.

But tho' they should be so, they are not sufficient for our Purpose without a good Share of Learning; for which I could again cite the Authority of *Horace*, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that Tools are of no Service to a Workman, when they are not sharpened

by Art, or when he wants Rules to direct him in his Work, or hath no Matter to work upon. All these Uses are supplied by Learning: For Nature can only furnish us with Capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the Tools of our Profession; Learning must fit them for Use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, Part at least, of the Materials. A competent Knowledge of History and of the *Belles Lettres*, is here absolutely necessary; and without this Share of Knowledge at least, to affect the Character of an Historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a House without Timber or Mortar, or Brick or Stone. *Homer* and *Milton*, who, though they added the Ornament of Numbers to their Works, were both Historians of our Order, were Masters of all the Learning of their Times.

Again, there is another Sort of Knowledge beyond the Power of Learning to bestow, and this is to be had by Conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the Characters of Men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned Pedants, whose Lives have been entirely consumed in Colleges, and among Books: For however exquisitely human Nature may have been described by Writers, the true practical System can only be learnt in the World. Indeed the like happens in every other Kind of Knowledge. Neither Physic, nor Law, are to be practically known from Books. Nay, the Farmer, the Planter, the Gardener, must perfect by Experience what he hath acquired the Rudiments of by Reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. *Miller* may have described the Plant, he himself would advise his Disciple to see it in the Garden. As we must perceive, that after the  
nicest

nicest Strokes of a *Shakespear*, or a *Johnson*, of a *Wycherly*, or an *Otway*, some Touches of Nature will escape the Reader, which the judicious Action of a *Garrick*, of a *Cibber*, or a *Clive* \*, can convey to him ; so on the real Stage, the Character shews himself in a stronger and bolder Light, than he can be described. And if this be the Case in those fine and nervous Descriptions, which great Authors themselves have taken from Life, how much more strongly will it hold when the Writer himself takes his Lines not from Nature, but from Books ! Such Characters are only the faint Copy of a Copy, and can have neither the Justness nor Spirit of an Original.

Now this Conversation in our Historian must be universal, that is, with all Ranks and Degrees of Men : For the Knowledge of what is called High-Life, will not instruct him in low, nor *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior Part of Mankind, teach him the Manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the Knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant ; yet he will even here fall greatly short of Perfection : for the Follies of either Rank do in reality illustrate each other. For Instance, the Affectation of High-Life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the Simplicity of the Low ; and again, the Rudeness and Barbarity of

\* There is a peculiar Property in mentioning this great Actor, and these two most justly celebrated Actresses in this Place ; as they have all formed themselves on the Study of Nature only ; and not on the Imitation of their Predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them ; a Degree of Merit which the servile Herd of Imitators can never possibly arrive at.

this latter, strikes with much stronger Ideas of Absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to the Politeness which controuls the former. Besides, to say the Truth, the Manners of our Historian will be improved by both these Conversations: For in the one he will easily find Examples of Plainness, Honesty, and Sincerity; in the other of Refinement, Elegance, and a Liberality of Spirit; which last Quality I myself have scarce ever seen in Men of low Birth and Education.

Nor will all the Qualities I have hitherto given my Historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good Heart, and be capable of feeling. The Author who will make me weep, says *Horace*, must first weep himself. In reality, no Man can paint a Distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting Scenes have been writ with Tears. In the same Manner it is with the Ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my Reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any Time, that instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the Case at some Passages in this Chapter, from which Apprehension I will here put an End to it.

## C H A P. II.

*Containing a very surprizing Adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his Walk with the Man of the Hill.*

**A**U R O R A now first opened her Casement, Anglickè, the Day began to break, when Jones walked forth in Company with the Stranger,

and

and mounted *Mazard Hill*; of which they had no sooner gained the Summit, than one of the most noble Prospects in the World presented itself to their View, and which we would likewise present to the Reader; but for two Reasons. *First*, We despair of making those who have seen this Prospect, admire our Description. *Secondly*, We very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

*Jones* stood for some Minutes fixed in one Posture, and directing his Eyes towards the South; upon which the old Gentleman asked, What he was looking at with so much Attention? ‘Alas,’ answered he, with a Sigh, ‘I was endeavouring to trace out my own Journey hither. Good Heavens! what a Distance is *Gloucester* from us! What a vast Tract of Land must be between me and my own Home.’ ‘Ay, ay, young Gentleman,’ cries the other, ‘and, by your Sighing, from what you love better than your own Home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the Object of your Contemplation is not within your Sight, and yet I fancy you have a Pleasure in looking that Way.’ *Jones* answered with a Smile, ‘I find, old Friend, you have not yet forgot the Sensations of your Youth.—I own my Thoughts were employed as you have guessed.’

They now walked to that Part of the Hill which looks to the North-West, and which hangs over a vast and extensive Wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a Distance the most violent Screams of a Woman, proceeding from the Wood below them. *Jones* listened a Moment, and then, without saying a Word to his Companion (for indeed the Occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather



ther slid, down the Hill, and without the least Apprehension or Concern for his own Safety, made directly to the Thicket whence the Sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the Wood before he beheld a most shocking Sight indeed, a Woman stript half naked, under the Hands of a Ruffian, who had put his Garter round her Neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a Tree. *Jones* asked no Questions at this Interval; but fell instantly upon the Villain, and made such good Use of his trusty Oaken Stick, that he laid him sprawling on the Ground, before he could defend himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the Prosecution of his Blows, till the Woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his Business.

The poor Wretch then fell upon her Knees to *Jones*, and gave him a thousand Thanks for her Deliverance: He presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary Accident which had sent him thither for her Relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that Heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy Instrument of her Protection. ‘Nay,’ answered she, ‘I could almost conceive you to be some good Angel; and to say the Truth, you look more like an Angel than a Man, in my Eye.’ Indeed he was a charming Figure, and if a very fine Person, and a most comely Set of Features, adorned with Youth, Health, Strength, Freshness, Spirit and Good Nature, can make a Man resemble an Angel, he certainly had that Resemblance.

The redeemed Captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelic Species: She seemed

to

to be, at least, of the middle Age, nor had her Face much Appearance of Beauty; but her Cloaths being torn from all the upper Part of her Body, her Breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the Eyes of her Deliverer, and for a few Moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the Russian on the Ground beginning to move, *Jones* took the Garter which had been intended for another Purpose, and bound both his Hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his Face, he discovered, greatly to his Surprise, and perhaps not a little to his Satisfaction, this very Person to be no other than Ensign *Northerton*. Nor had the Ensign forgotten his former Antagonist, whom he knew the Moment he came to himself. His Surprise was equal to that of *Jones*; but I conceive his Pleasure was rather less on this Occasion.

*Jones* helped *Northerton* upon his Legs, and then looking him stedfastly in the Face, ‘I fancy, Sir,’ said he, ‘you did not expect to meet me any more in this World, and I confess I had as little Expectation to find you here. However, Fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me Satisfaction for the Injury I have received, even without my own Knowledge.’

‘It is very much like a Man of Honour indeed,’ answered *Northerton*, ‘to take Satisfaction by knocking a Man down behind his Back. Neither am I capable of giving you Satisfaction here, as I have no Sword; but if you dare behave like a Gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a Man of Honour ought.’

‘Doth it become such a Villain as you are,’ cries *Jones*, ‘to contaminate the Name of Ho-

‘nour by assuming it? But I shall waste no Time  
‘in Discourse with you—Justice requires Satisfac-  
‘tion of you now, and shall have it.’ Then turning to the Woman, he asked her, if she was near her Home; or if not, whether she was acquainted with any House in the Neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent Cloaths, in order to proceed to a Justice of the Peace.

She answered, she was an entire Stranger in that Part of the World. *Jones* then recollecting himself, said he had a Friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in Fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our Heroe departed, sat himself down on the Brow, where, though he had a Gun in his Hand, he with great Patience and Unconcern, had attended the Issue.

*Jones* then stepping without the Wood, perceived the old Man sitting as we have just described him: He presently exerted his utmost Agility, and with surprizing Expedition ascended the Hill.

The old Man advised him to carry the Woman to *Upton*, which, he said, was the nearest Town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of Conveniencies. *Jones* having received his Direction to the Place, took his Leave of the Man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct *Partridge* the same Way, returned hastily to the Wood.

Our Heroe, at his Departure to make this Enquiry of his Friend, had considered, that as the Russian’s Hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked Purposes on the poor Woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the Reach of her Voice, and could

return

return soon enough to prevent any Mischief. He had moreover declared to the Villain, that if he attempted the least Insult, he would be himself immediately the Executioner of Vengeance on him. But *Jones* unluckily forgot that tho' the Hands of *Northerton* were tied, his Legs were at Liberty; nor did he lay the least Injunction on the Prisoner, that he should not make what Use of these he pleased. *Northerton* therefore having given no Parole of that Kind, thought he might, without any Breach of Honour, depart, not being obliged, as he imagined, by any Rules, to wait for a formal Discharge. He therefore took up his Legs, which were at Liberty, and walked off thro' the Wood, which favoured his Retreat; nor did the Woman, whose Eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her Deliverer, once think of his Escape, or give herself any Concern or Trouble to prevent it.

*Jones* therefore, at his Return, found the Woman alone. He would have spent some Time in searching for *Northerton*; but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the Town whither they had been directed. 'As to the Fellow's Escape,' said she, 'it gives me no Uneasiness: For Philosophy and Christianity both preach up Forgiveness of Injuries. But for you, Sir, I am concerned at the Trouble I give you; nay indeed my Nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the Face; and if it was not for the Sake of your Protection, I should wish to go alone.'

*Jones* offered her his Coat; but, I know not for what Reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest Solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the Causes of her Confusion.

'With regard to the former,' says he, 'I have

‘ done no more than my Duty in protecting you;  
 ‘ and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it,  
 ‘ by walking before you all the Way; for I  
 ‘ would not have my Eyes offend you, and I  
 ‘ could not answer for my Power of resisting the  
 ‘ attractive Charms of so much Beauty.’

Thus our Heroe and the redeemed Lady walked in the same Manner as *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* marched heretofore: But tho’ I cannot believe that *Jones* was designedly tempted by his Fair One to look behind him, yet as she frequently wanted his Assistance to help her over Stiles, and had besides many Trips and other Accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better Fortune than what attended poor *Orpheus*; for his brought his Companion, or rather Follower, safe into the famous Town of *Upton*.

### C H A P. III.

*The Arrival of Mr. Jones, with his Lady, at the Inn; with a very full Description of the Battle of Upton.*

**T**HO’ the Reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this Lady was, and how she fell into the Hands of Mr. *Northerton*; we must beg him to suspend his Curiosity for a short Time, as we are obliged, for some very good Reasons, which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his Satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. *Jones* and his fair Companion no sooner entered the Town, than they went directly to that Inn which, in their Eyes, presented the fairest Appearance to the Street. Here *Jones*, having ordered a Servant to shew a Room above Stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled Fair hastily follow-



following, was laid hold on by the Master of the House, who cried, ' Hey day, where is that Beggar Wench going? Stay below Stairs, I de- fire you ;' but *Jones* at that Instant thundered from above, ' Let the Lady come up,' in so au- thoritative a Voice, that the good Man instantly withdrew his Hands, and the Lady made the best of her Way to the Chamber.

Here *Jones* wished her Joy of her safe Arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the Landlady up with some Cloaths. The poor Woman thanked him heartily for all his Kindness, and said, she hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand Times more. During this short Conversation, she covered her white Bosom as well as she could possibly with her Arms : For *Jones* could not avoid stealing a fly Peep or two, tho' he took all imaginable Care to avoid giving any Offence.

Our Travellers had happened to take up their Residence at a House of exceeding good Repute, whither *Irish* Ladies of strict Virtue, and many Northern Lassies of the same Predicament, were accustomed to resort in their Way to *Bath*. The Landlady therefore would by no Means have ad- mitted any Conversation of a disreputable Kind to pass under her Roof. Indeed so foul and con- tagious are all such Proceedings, that they conta- minate the very innocent Scenes where they are committed, and give the Name of a bad House, or of a House of ill Repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that such strict Chastity as was preserved in the Temple of *Vesta* can possibly be maintained at a public Inn. My good Landlady did not hope for such a Blessing, nor would any of the Ladies I have spoken of, or

indeed any others of the most rigid Note, have expected or insisted on any such Thing. But to exclude all vulgar Concubinage, and to drive all Whores in Rags from within the Walls, is within the Power of every one. This my Landlady very strictly adhered to, and this her virtuous Guests, who did not travel in Rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable Degree of Suspicion, to imagine that Mr. *Jones* and his ragged Companion had certain Purposes in their Intention, which, tho' tolerated in some Christian Countries, connived at in others, and practised in all; are however as expressly forbidden as Murder, or any other horrid Vice, by that Religion which is universally believed in those Countries. The Landlady therefore had no sooner received an Intimation of the Entrance of the abovesaid Persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious Means for their Expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly Instrument, with which, in Times of Peace, the Chambermaid was wont to demolish the Labours of the industrious Spider. In vulgar Phrase, she had taken up the Broomstick, and was just about to sally from the Kitchen, when *Jones* accosted her with a Demand of a Gown, and other Vestments, to cover the half-naked Woman above Stairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human Temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal Virtue, Patience, than Solicitations of extraordinary Offices of Kindness, on Behalf of those very Persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this Reason *Shakespear* hath artfully introduced his *Desdemona* soliciting Favours for *Cassio* of her Husband, as the Means of enflaming not  
only

only his Jealousy, but his Rage, to the highest Pitch of Madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his Passion on this Occasion, than even when he beheld his valued Present to his Wife in the Hands of his supposed Rival. In Fact, we regard these Efforts as Insults on our Understanding, and to such the Pride of Man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My Landlady, though a very good-tempered Woman, had, I suppose, some of this Pride in her Composition; for *Jones* had scarce ended his Request, when she fell upon him with a certain Weapon, which, tho' it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its Appearance with either Death or Wound, hath been however held in great Dread and Abhorrence by many wise Men; nay, by many brave ones; insomuch that some who have dared to look into the Mouth of a loaded Cannon, have not dared to look into a Mouth where this Weapon was brandished; and rather than run the Hazard of its Execution, have contented themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking Figure in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance.

To confess the Truth, I am afraid Mr. *Jones* was one of these; for tho' he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid Weapon, he could not be provoked to make any Resistance; but in a most cowardly Manner applied, with many Entreaties, to his Antagonist to desist from pursuing her Elows: In plain *English*, he only begged her with the utmost Earnestness to hear him; but before he could obtain his Request, my Landlord himself entered into the Fray, and embraced that Side of the Cause which seemed to stand very little in need of Assistance.

There

There are a Sort of Heroes who are supposed to be determined in their chusing or avoiding a Conflict, by the Character and Behaviour of the Person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their Man, and *Jones*, I believe, knew his Woman; for tho' he had been so submissive to her, he was no sooner attacked by her Husband, than he demonstrated an immediate Spirit of Resentment, and enjoined him Silence under a very severe Penalty; no less than that, I think, of being converted into Fuel for his own Fire.

The Husband, with great Indignation, but with a Mixture of Pity, answered, ' You must pray first to be made able; I believe I am a better Man than yourself; ay, every Way, that I am;' and presently proceeded to discharge half a dozen Whores at the Lady above Stairs, the last of which had scarce issued from his Lips, when a swinging Blow from the Cudgel that *Jones* carried in his Hand assaulted him over the Shoulders.

It is a Question whether the Landlord or the Landlady was the most expeditious in returning this Blow. My Landlord, whose Hands were empty, fell to with his Fist, and the good Wife, uplifting her Broom, and aiming at the Head of *Jones*, had probably put an immediate End to the Fray, and to *Jones* likewise, had not the Descent of this Broom been prevented, — not by the miraculous Intervention of any Heathen Deity, but by a very natural, tho' fortunate Accident; viz. by the Arrival of *Partridge*; who entered the House at that Instant (for Fear had caused him to run every Step from the Hill) and who, seeing the Danger which threatned his Master, or Companion, (which you chuse to call him) prevented so sad a Catastrophe, by catching hold of the Land-



Landlady's Arm, as it was brandished aloft in the Air.

The Landlady soon perceived the Impediment which prevented her Blow ; and being unable to rescue her Arm from the Hands of *Partridge*, she let fall the Broom ; and then leaving *Jones* to the Discipline of her Husband, she fell with the utmost Fury on that poor Fellow, who had already given some Intimation of himself, by crying, ' Zounds ! do you intend to kill my Friend ? '

*Partridge*, though not much addicted to Battle, would not however stand still when his Friend was attacked ; nor was he much displeased with that Part of the Combat which fell to his Share : He therefore returned my Landlady's Blows as soon as he received them ; and now the Fight was obstinately maintained on all Parts, and it seemed doubtful to which Side Fortune would incline, when the naked Lady, who had listened at the Top of the Stairs to the Dialogue which preceded the Engagement, descended suddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair Inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor Woman who was boxing with *Partridge* ; nor did that great Champion desist, but rather redoubled his Fury, when he found fresh Succours were arrived to his Assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the Side of the Travellers (for the bravest Troops must yield to Numbers) had not *Susan* the Chambermaid come luckily to support her Mistress. This *Susan* was as two-handed a Wench (according to the Phrase) as any in the Country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed *Islefiris* herself, or any of her subject *Amazons* ; for her Form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such Encounters. As her Hands and Arms were formed



formed to give Blows with great Mischief to an Enemy, so was her Face as well contrived to receive Blows without any great Injury to herself: Her Nose being already flat to her Face; her Lips were so large, that no Swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard, that a Fist could hardly make any Impression on them. Lastly, her Cheek-Bones stood out, as if Nature had intended them for two Bastions to defend her Eyes in those Encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined.

This fair Creature entering the Field of Battle, immediately filed to that Wing where her Mistress maintained so unequal a Fight with one of either Sex. Here she presently challenged *Partridge* to single Combat. He accepted the Challenge, and a most desperate Fight began between them.

Now the Dogs of War being let loose, began to lick their bloody Lips; now Victory with Golden Wings hung hovering in the Air. Now Fortune taking her Scales from her Shelf, began to weigh the Fates of *Tom Jones*, his Female Companion, and *Partridge*, against the Landlord, his Wife, and Maid; all which hung in exact Ballance before her; when a good-natured Accident put suddenly an End to the bloody Fray, with which half of the Combatants had already sufficiently feasted. This Accident was the Arrival of a Coach and four; upon which my Landlord and Landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at their Entreaty obtained the same Favour of their Antagonists; but *Susan* was not so kind to *Partridge*; for that *Amazonian* Fair having overthrown and bestrid her Enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her Hands, with-

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without any Regard to his Request of a Cessation of Arms, or to those loud Exclamations of Murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had *Jones* quitted the Landlord, than he flew to the Rescue of his defeated Companion, from whom he with much Difficulty drew off the enraged Chambermaid; but *Partridge* was not immediately sensible of his Deliverance; for he still lay flat on the Floor, guarding his Face with his Hands, nor did he cease roaring till *Jones* had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the Battle was at an End.

The Landlord who had no visible Hurt, and the Landlady hiding her well scratched Face with her Handkerchief, ran both hastily to the Door to attend the Coach, from which a young Lady and her Maid now alighted. These the Landlady presently ushered into that Room where Mr. *Jones* had at first deposited his fair Prize, as it was the best Apartment in the House. Hither they were obliged to pass through the Field of Battle, which they did with the utmost Haste, covering their Faces with their Handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the Notice of any one. Indeed their Caution was quite unnecessary: For the poor unfortunate *Helen*, the fatal Cause of all the Bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own Face, and *Jones* was no less occupied in rescuing *Partridge* from the Fury of *Susan*; which being happily effected, the poor Fellow immediately departed to the Pump to wash his Face, and to stop that bloody Torrent which *Susan* had plentifully set a flowing from his Nostrils.

## C H A P. IV.

*In which the Arrival of a Man of War puts a final End to Hostilities, and causes the Conclusion of a firm and lasting Peace between all Parties.*

A Serjeant and a File of Musqueteers, with a Defenter in their Custody, arrived about this Time. The Serjeant presently enquired for the principal Magistrate of the Town, and was informed by my Landlord, that he himself was vested in that Office. He then demanded his Billets, together with a Mug of Beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the Kitchen Fire.

Mr. Jones was at this Time comforting the poor distressed Lady, who sat down at a Table in the Kitchen, and leaning her Head upon her Arm, was bemoaning her Misfortunes; but lest my fair Readers should be in Pain concerning a particular Circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the Room above Stairs, she had so well covered herself with a Pillowbere which she there found, that her Regard to Decency was not in the least violated by the Presence of so many Men as were now in the Room.

One of the Soldiers now went up to the Serjeant, and whispered something in his Ear; upon which he stedfastly fixed his Eyes on the Lady, and having looked at her for near a Minute, he came up to her, saying, 'I ask Pardon, Madam, but I am certain I am not deceived, you can be no other Person than Captain Waters's Lady.'

The poor Woman, who in her present Distress had very little regarded the Face of any Person present,

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present, no sooner looked at the Serjeant, than she presently recollected him, and calling him by his Name, answered, 'That she was indeed the unhappy Person he imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one should know me in this Disguise.' To which the Serjeant replied, 'he was very much surprized to see her Ladyship in such a Dress, and was afraid some Accident had happened to her. 'An Accident hath happened to me, indeed,' says she, 'and I am highly obliged to this Gentleman (pointing to *Jones*) that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it.' 'Whatever the Gentleman hath done,' cries the Serjeant, I am sure the Captain will make him Amends for it; and if I can be of any Service, your Ladyship may command me, and I shall think myself very happy to have it in my Power to serve your Ladyship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the Captain will well reward them for it.'

The Landlady who heard from the Stairs all that past between the Serjeant and Mrs. *Waters*, came hastily down, and running directly up to her, began to ask Pardon for the Offences she had committed, begging that all might be imputed to Ignorance of her Quality: For, 'Lud! Madam,' says she, 'how should I have imagined that a Lady of your Fashion would appear in such a Dress? I am sure, Madam, if I had once suspected that your Ladyship was your Ladyship, I would sooner have burnt my Tongue out, than have said what I have said: And I hope your Ladyship will accept of a Gown, till you can get your own Cloaths.'

'Prithee Woman,' says Mrs. *Waters*, 'cease your Impertinence: How can you imagine I should concern myself about any thing which

‘ which comes from the Lips of such low Creatures as yourself. But I am surprized at your Assurance in thinking, after what is past, that I will condescend to put on any of your dirty Things. I would have you know, Creature, I have a Spirit above that.

Here *Jones* interfered, and begg’d Mrs. *Waters* to forgive the Landlady, and to accept her Gown: ‘ For I must confess,’ cries he, ‘ our Appearance was a little suspicious when first we came in; and I am well assured, all this good Woman did, was, as she professed, out of Regard to the Reputation of her House.

‘ Yes, upon my truly was it,’ says she; the Gentleman speaks very much like a Gentleman, and I see very plainly is so; and to be certain the House is well known to be a House of as good Reputation as any on the Road, and tho’ I say it, is frequented by Gentry of the best Quality, both *Irish* and *English*. I defy any Body to say black is my Eye, for that Matter. And, as I was saying, if I had known your Ladyship to be your Ladyship, I would as soon have burnt my Fingers as have affronted your Ladyship; but truly where Gentry come and spend their Money, I am not willing that they should be scandalized by a Set of poor shabby Vermin, that wherever they go, leave more Lice than Money behind them; such Folks never raise my Compassion: For to be certain, it is foolish to have any for them, and if our Justices did as they ought, they would be all whipt out of the Kingdom; for to be certain it is what is most fitting for them. But as for your Ladyship, I am heartily sorry your Ladyship hath had a Misfortune, and if your Ladyship will do me the Honour to wear my Cloaths

‘ till



‘till you can get some of your Ladyship’s own,  
‘to be certain the best I have is at your Lady-  
‘ship’s Service.’

Whether Cold, Shame, or the Persuasions of  
Mr. *Jones* prevailed most with Mrs. *Waters*, I  
will not determine; but she suffered herself to be  
pacified by this Speech of my Landlady, and re-  
tired with that good Woman, in order to apparel  
herself in a decent Manner.

My Landlord was likewise beginning his Ora-  
tion to *Jones*, but was presently interrupted by  
that generous Youth, who shook him heartily by  
the Hand; and assured him of entire Forgiveness,  
saying, ‘If you are satisfied, my worthy Friend,  
‘I promise you I am;’ and indeed in one Sense  
the Landlord had the better Reason to be satisfied;  
for he had received a Bellyfull of Drubbing,  
whereas *Jones* had scarce felt a single Blow.

*Partridge*, who had been all this Time wash-  
ing his bloody Nose at the Pump, returned into  
the Kitchen at the Instant when his Master and  
the Landlord were shaking Hands with each  
other. As he was of a peaceable Disposition, he  
was pleased with those Symptoms of Reconcilia-  
tion; and tho’ his Face bore some Marks of *Su-  
san*’s Fist, and many more of her Nails, he ra-  
ther chose to be contented with his Fortune in  
the last Battle, than to endeavour at bettering it  
in another.

The heroic *Susan* was likewise well contented  
with her Victory, tho’ it had cost her a Black-  
Eye, which *Partridge* had given her at the first  
Onset. Between these two, therefore, a League  
was struck, and those Hands which had been the  
Instruments of War, became now the Mediators  
of Peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect Calm, at which the Serjeant, tho' it may seem so contrary to the Principles of his Profession, testified his Approbation. ' Why now, that's friendly, ' said he ; D—n me, I hate to see two People ' bear Ill-will to one another, after they have had ' a Tussel. The only Way when Friends quar- ' rel, is to see it out fairly in a friendly Manner, ' as a Man may call it, either with Fist, or ' Sword, or Pistol, according as they like, and ' then let it be all over: For my own Part, d—n ' me if ever I love my Friend better than when ' I am fighting with him. To bear Malice is ' more like a *Frenchman* than an *Englishman*.'

He then proposed a Libation as a necessary Part of the Ceremony at all Treaties of this Kind. Perhaps the Reader may here conclude that he was well versed in antient History; but this, tho' highly probable, as he cited no Authority to support the Custom, I will not affirm with any Confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his Opinion on very good Authority, since he confirmed it with many violent Oaths.

*Jones* no sooner heard the Proposal, than immediately agreeing with the learned Serjeant, he ordered a Bowl, or rather a large Mug, filled with the Liquor used on these Occasions to be brought in, and then began the Ceremony himself. He placed his Right Hand in that of the Landlord, and seizing the Bowl with his Left, uttered the usual Words, and then made his Libation. After which the same was observed by all present. Indeed there is very little Need of being particular in describing the whole Form, as it differed so little from those Libations of which so much is recorded in ancient Authors, and their modern Transcribers. The principal Difference lay in

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two Instances: For first, the present Company poured the Liquor only down their Throats; and, 2dly, The Serjeant, who officiated as Priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the antient Form in swallowing much the largest Draught of the whole Company, and in being the only Person present who contributed nothing towards the Libation, besides his good Offices in assisting at the Performance.

The good People now ranged themselves round the Kitchen Fire, where good Humour seemed to maintain an absolute Dominion, and *Partridge* not only forgot his shameful Defeat, but converted Hunger into Thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable Assembly for a while, and attend Mr. *Jones* to Mrs. *Waters's* Apartment, where the Dinner which he had bespoke was now on the Table. Indeed it took no long Time in preparing, having been all drest three Days before, and required nothing more from the Cook than to warm it over again.

### C H A P. V.

*An Apology for all Heroes who have good Stomachs, with a Description of a Battle of the amorous Kind.*

**H**EROES, notwithstanding the high Ideas, which by the Means of Flatterers they may entertain of themselves, or the World may conceive of them, have certainly more of Mortal than Divine about them. However elevated their Minds may be, their Bodies at least (which is much the major Part of most) are liable to the worst Infirmities, and subject to the vilest Offices of human Nature. Among these latter the Act of Eating, which hath by several wise Men been  
con-

considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the Philosophic Dignity, must be in some Measure performed by the greatest Prince, Heroe, or Philosopher upon Earth ; nay, sometimes Nature hath been so frolicksome as to exact of these dignified Characters, a much more exorbitant Share of this Office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest Order to perform.

To say the Truth, as no known Inhabitant of this Globe is really more than Man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the Necessities of Man demand ; but when those great Personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low Offices to themselves ; as when by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now after this short Preface, we think it no Disparagement to our Heroe to mention the immoderate Ardour with which he laid about him at this Season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether *Ulysses*, who by the Way seems to have had the best Stomach of all the Heroes in that eating Poem of the *Odysey*, ever made a better Meal. Three Pounds at least of that Flesh which formerly had contributed to the Composition of an Ox, was now honoured with becoming Part of the individual Mr. *Jones*.

This Particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our Heroe's temporary Neglect of his fair Companion ; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in Considerations of a very different Nature, which passed unobserved by *Jones*, till he had entirely satisfied that Appetite which a Fast of twenty-four Hours had procured him ; but his Dinner was no sooner ended, than his Attention to other  
Matters

Matters revived; with these Matters therefore we shall now proceed to acquaint the Reader.

Mr. *Jones*, of whose personal Accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was in reality, one of the handsomest young Fellows in the World. His Face, besides being the Picture of Health, had in it the most apparent Marks of Sweetness and Good-Nature. These Qualities were indeed so characteristical in his Countenance, that while the Spirit and Sensibility in his Eyes, tho' they must have been perceived by an accurate Observer, might have escaped the Notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this Good-nature painted in his Look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine Complexion, that his Face had a Delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an Air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine Person and Mein; which latter had as much in them of the *Hercules*, as the former had of the *Adonis*. He was besides active, genteel, gay and good-humoured, and had a Flow of Animal Spirits, which enlivened every Conversation where he was present.

When the Reader hath duly reflected on these many Charms which all centered in our Heroe, and considers at the same Time the fresh Obligations which Mrs. *Waters* had to him, it will be a Mark of more Prudery than Candour to entertain a bad Opinion of her, because she conceived a very good Opinion of him.

But whatever Censures may be passed upon her, it is my Business to relate Matters of Fact with Veracity. Mrs. *Waters* had, in Truth, not only a good Opinion of our Heroe, but a very great



Affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in Love, according to the present universally received Sense of that Phrase, by which Love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable Objects of all our Passions, Appetites, and Senses, and is understood to be that Preference which we give to one Kind of Food rather than to another.

But tho' the Love to these several Objects may possibly be one and the same in all Cases, its Operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in Love with an excellent Surloin of Beef, or Bottle of *Burgundy*; with a *Damask Rose*, or *Cremona Fiddle*; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other Arts or Tricks to gain the Affection of the said Beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the Absence, not in the Presence of the beloved Object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their Ingratitude and Deafness, with the same Reason as *Pasiphae* doth of her Bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the Coquetry practised with good Success in the Drawing Room, on the much more sensible, as well as tender, Hearts of the fine Gentlemen there.

The contrary happens, in that Love which operates between Persons of the same Species, but of different Sexes. Here we are no sooner in Love, than it becomes our principal Care to engage the Affection of the Object beloved. For what other Purpose indeed are our Youth instructed in all the Arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a View to this Love, I question whether any of those Trades which deal in setting off and adorning the human Person would procure a Livelihood. Nay, those great Polishers of our Manners, who are by some thought

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thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the Brute Creation, even Dancing-Masters themselves, might possibly find no Place in Society. In short, all the Graces which young Ladies and young Gentlemen too learn from others; and the many Improvements which, by the Help of a Looking-glass, they add of their own, are in Reality those very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, so often mentioned by *Ovid*; or, as they are sometimes called in our own Language, *The whole Artillery of Love*.

Now Mrs. *Waters* and our Heroe had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this Artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a Description hitherto unessayed either in Prose or Verse, we think proper to invoke the Assistance of certain Aerial Beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our Aid on this Occasion.

‘ Say then, you Graces, you that inhabit the  
‘ heavenly Mansions of *Seraphina*’s Countenance;  
‘ for you are truly Divine, are always in her  
‘ Presence, and well know all the Arts of charm-  
‘ ing; say, what were the Weapons now used to  
‘ captivate the Heart of Mr. *Jones*.’

‘ First, from two lovely blue Eyes, whose  
‘ bright Orbs flashed Lightning at their Dis-  
‘ charge, flew forth two pointed Ogles. But  
‘ happily for our Heroe, hit only a vast Piece of  
‘ Beef which he was then conveying into his  
‘ Plate, and harmless spent their Force. The  
‘ fair Warrior perceived their Miscarriage, and  
‘ immediately from her fair Bosom drew forth a  
‘ deadly Sigh. A Sigh, which none could have  
‘ heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at  
‘ once to have swept off a dozen Beaus; so soft,  
‘ so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating Air

' must have found its subtle Way to the Heart of  
 ' our Heroe, had it not luckily been driven from  
 ' his Ears by the coarse Bubbling of some bot-  
 ' tled Ale, which at that Time he was pouring  
 ' forth. Many other Weapons did she assay ;  
 ' but the God of Eating (if there be any such  
 ' Deity ; for I do not confidently assert it) pre-  
 ' served his Votary ; or perhaps it may not be  
 ' *Dignus vindice nodus*, and the present Security  
 ' of *Jones* may be accounted for by natural  
 ' Means : For as Love frequently preserves from  
 ' the Attacks of Hunger, so may Hunger possi-  
 ' bly, in some Cases, defend us against Love.

' The Fair One, enraged at her frequent Dis-  
 ' appointments, determined on a short Cessation  
 ' of Arms. Which Interval she employed in  
 ' making ready every Engine of Amorous War-  
 ' fare for the renewing of the Attack, when Din-  
 ' ner should be over.

' No sooner then was the Cloth removed, than  
 ' she again began her Operations. First, having  
 ' planted her Right Eye side-ways against Mr.  
 ' *Jones*, she shot from its Corner a most pene-  
 ' trating Glance ; which, tho' great Part of its  
 ' Force was spent before it reached our Heroe,  
 ' did not vent itself absolutely without Effect.  
 ' This the Fair One perceiving, hastily with-  
 ' drew her Eyes, and leveled them downwards  
 ' as if she was concerned for what she had done :  
 ' Tho' by this Means she designed only to draw  
 ' him from his Guard, and indeed to open his  
 ' Eyes, through which she intended to surprize  
 ' his Heart. And now, gently lifting up those  
 ' two bright Orbs which had already begun to  
 ' make an Impression on poor *Jones*, she dis-  
 ' charged a Volley of small Charms at once from  
 ' her whole Countenance in a Smile. Not a

‘ Smile of Mirth, nor of Joy ; but a Smile of  
 ‘ Affection, which most Ladies have always ready at their Command, and which serves them  
 ‘ to show at once their Good-Humour, their  
 ‘ pretty Dimples, and their white Teeth.

‘ This Smile our Heroe received full in his  
 ‘ Eyes, and was immediately staggered with its  
 ‘ Force. He then began to see the Designs of  
 ‘ the Enemy, and indeed to feel their Success.  
 ‘ A Parley now was set on Foot between the  
 ‘ Parties ; during which the artful Fair so slyly  
 ‘ and imperceptibly carried on her Attack, that  
 ‘ she had almost subdued the Heart of our Heroe,  
 ‘ before she again repaired to Acts of Hostility.  
 ‘ To confess the Truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones  
 ‘ maintained a Kind of *Dutch* Defence, and  
 ‘ treacherously delivered up the Garrison, without duly weighing his Allegiance to the fair  
 ‘ *Sophia*. In short, no sooner had the amorous  
 ‘ Parley ended, and the Lady had unmasked the  
 ‘ Royal Battery, by carelessly letting her Handkerchief drop from her Neck, than the Heart  
 ‘ of Mr. Jones was entirely taken, and the fair  
 ‘ Conqueror enjoyed the usual Fruits of her  
 ‘ Victory.’

Here the Graces think proper to end their Description, and here we think proper to end the Chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*A friendly Conversation in the Kitchen, which had a very common, tho’ not very friendly Conclusion.*

WHILE our Lovers were entertaining themselves in the Manner which is partly described in the foregoing Chapter ; they were

likewise furnishing out an Entertainment for their good Friends in the Kitchen. And this in a double Sense, by affording them Matter for their Conversation, and, at the same Time, Drink to enliven their Spirits.

There were now assembled round the Kitchen Fire, besides my Landlord and Landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. *Partridge*, the Serjeant, and the Coachman who drove the young Lady and her Maid.

*Partridge* having acquainted the Company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the Situation in which Mrs. *Waters* had been found by *Jones*, the Serjeant proceeded to that Part of her History which was known to him. He said, she was the Wife of Mr. *Waters*, who was a Captain in their Regiment, and had often been with him at Quarters. ‘Some Folks,’ says he, ‘used indeed to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a Church or no. But, for my Part, that’s no Business of mine; I must own, if I was put to my Corporal Oath, I believe she is little better than one of us; and I fancy the Captain may go to Heaven when the Sun shines upon a rainy Day. But if he does, that is neither here nor there; for he won’t want Company. And the Lady, to give the Devil his Due, is a very good Sort of Lady, and loves the Cloth, and is always desirous to do strict Justice to it; for she hath begged off many a poor Soldier, and, by her Good-will, would never have any of them punished. But yet, to be sure, Ensign *Northerton* and she were very well acquainted together, at our last Quarters, that is the very Right and Truth of the Matter. But the Captain he knows nothing about it; and as  
‘long



‘ long as there is enough for him too, what does  
 ‘ it signify? He loves her not a bit the worse,  
 ‘ and I am certain would run any Man through  
 ‘ the Body that was to abuse her, therefore I  
 ‘ don’t abuse her, for my Part. I only repeat  
 ‘ what other Folks say; and to be certain, what  
 ‘ every body says, there must be some Truth in.’  
 ‘ Ay, ay, a great deal of Truth, I warrant you,’  
 cries *Partridge*; ‘ *Veritas odium parit.*’ ‘ All a  
 ‘ Parcel of scandalous Stuff,’ answered the Mis-  
 ‘ tress of the House. ‘ I am sure, now she is  
 ‘ dress’d, she looks like a very good Sort of Lady,  
 ‘ and she behaves herself like one; for she gave  
 ‘ me a Guinea for the Use of my Cloaths.’ ‘ A  
 ‘ very good Lady indeed,’ cries the Landlord;  
 ‘ and if you had not been a little too hasty, you  
 ‘ would not have quarrell’d with her as you did  
 ‘ at first.’ ‘ You need mention that with my  
 ‘ truly,’ answered she; if it had not been for  
 ‘ your Nonsense, nothing had happened. You  
 ‘ must be meddling with what did not belong to  
 ‘ you, and throw in your Fool’s Discourse.’  
 ‘ Well, well,’ answered he, ‘ what’s past can-  
 ‘ not be mended, so there’s an End of the Mat-  
 ‘ ter.’ ‘ Yes,’ cries she, ‘ for this once; but  
 ‘ will it be mended ever the more hereafter?  
 ‘ This is not the first Time I have suffered for  
 ‘ your Numscull’s Pate. I wish you would al-  
 ‘ ways hold your Tongue in the House, and  
 ‘ meddle only in Matters without Doors which  
 ‘ concern you. Don’t you remember what hap-  
 ‘ pened about seven Years ago?’—‘ Nay, my  
 ‘ Dear,’ returned he, ‘ don’t rip up old Stories.  
 ‘ Come, come, all’s well, and I am sorry for  
 ‘ what I have done.’ The Landlady was going  
 to reply, but was prevented by the Peace-making  
 Serjeant, sorely to the Displeasure of *Partridge*,

who was a great Lover of what is called Fun, and a great Promoter of those harmless Quarrels which tend rather to the Production of comical than tragical Incidents.

The Serjeant asked *Partridge* whither he and his Master were travelling. ‘None of your ‘Magisters,’ answered *Partridge*; ‘I am no ‘Man’s Servant, I assure you; for tho’ I have ‘had Misfortunes in the World, I write Gentle- ‘man after my Name; and as poor and simple ‘as I may appear now, I have taught Grammar- ‘School in my Time. *Sed hei mihi non sum quod ‘fui.*’ ‘No Offence, I hope, Sir,’ said the Serjeant; ‘where then, if I may venture to be ‘so bold, may you and your Friend be travel- ‘ling?’——‘You have now denominated us ‘right,’ says *Partridge*. ‘*Amici sumus.* And ‘I promise you my Friend is one of the greatest ‘Gentlemen in the Kingdom,’ (at which Words both Landlord and Landlady pricked up their Ears.) ‘He is the Heir of Squire *Allworthy.*’ ‘What, the Squire who doth so much Good all ‘over the Country?’ cries my Landlady. ‘Even ‘he,’ answered *Partridge*. ‘Then I warrant,’ says she, ‘he’ll have a swinging great Estate ‘hereafter.’ ‘Most certainly,’ answered *Partridge*. ‘Well,’ replied the Landlady, ‘I thought ‘the first Moment I saw him he looked like a ‘good Sort of Gentleman; but my Husband ‘here, to be sure, is wiser than any body.’ ‘I ‘own, my Dear,’ cries he, ‘it was a Mistake.’ ‘A Mistake indeed!’ answered she; ‘but when ‘did you ever know me to make such Mistakes?’ ‘—But how comes it, Sir,’ cries the Landlord, ‘that such a great Gentleman walks about the ‘Country afoot?’ ‘I don’t know,’ returned *Partridge*; ‘great Gentlemen have Humours some- ‘times.

' times. He hath now a dozen Horfes and Ser-  
 ' vants at *Gloucester*; and nothing would serve  
 ' him, but laſt Night, it being very hot Wea-  
 ' ther, he muſt cool himſelf with a Walk to yon  
 ' high Hill, whither I likewise walked with him  
 ' to bear him Company; but if ever you catch  
 ' me there again: For I was never ſo frightened  
 ' in all my Life. We met with the ſtrangeſt  
 ' Man there.' ' I'll be hanged,' cries the Land-  
 ' lord, ' if it was not the Man of the Hill, as they  
 ' call him; if indeed he be a Man; but I know  
 ' ſeveral People who believe it is the Devil that  
 ' lives there.' ' Nay, nay, like enough,' ſays  
*Partridge*; ' and now you put me in the Head  
 ' of it, I verily and ſincerely believe it was the  
 ' Devil; tho' I could not perceive his cloven  
 ' Foot; but perhaps he might have the Power  
 ' given him to hide that, ſince evil Spirits can  
 ' appear in what Shapes they pleaſe.' ' And  
 ' pray, Sir,' ſays the Serjeant, ' no Offence I  
 ' hope; but pray what Sort of a Gentleman is  
 ' the Devil? For I have heard ſome of our Offi-  
 ' cers ſay, There is no ſuch Perſon; and that it  
 ' is only a Trick of the Parsons, to prevent their  
 ' being broke; for if it was publickly known  
 ' that there was no Devil, the Parsons would be  
 ' of no more Uſe than we are in Time of Peace.'  
 ' Thoſe Officers,' ſays *Partridge*, ' are very great  
 ' Scholars, I ſuppoſe.' ' Not much of Schol-  
 ' lards neither,' answered the Serjeant; ' they  
 ' have not half your Learning, Sir, I believe;  
 ' and to be ſure, I thought there muſt be a Devil,  
 ' notwithstanding what they ſaid, tho' one of  
 ' them was a Captain; for methought, thinks I  
 ' to myſelf, if there be no Devil, how can  
 ' wicked People be ſent to him, and I have read  
 ' all that upon a Book.' ' Some of your Offi-  
 ' cers,

‘ cers,’ quoth the Landlord, ‘ will find there is a Devil, to their Shame, I believe. I don’t question but he’ll pay off some old Scores, upon my Account. Here was one quartered upon me half a Year, who had the Conscience to take up one of my best Beds, tho’ he hardly spent a Shilling a Day in the House, and suffered his Men to roast Cabbages at the Kitchen Fire, because I would not give them a Dinner on a Sunday. Every good Christian must desire there should be a Devil for the Punishment of such Wretches.’ ‘ Harkee, Landlord,’ said the Serjeant, ‘ don’t abuse the Cloth; for I won’t take it.’ ‘ D—n the Cloth,’ answered the Landlord, ‘ I have suffered enough by them.’ ‘ Bear Witness, Gentlemen,’ says the Serjeant, ‘ he curses the King, and that’s High Treason.’ ‘ I curse the King! you Villain,’ said the Landlord. ‘ Yes you did,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘ you cursed the Cloth, and that’s cursing the King. It’s all one and the same; for every Man who curses the Cloth, would curse the King if he durst; so for Matter o’ that, it’s all one and the same Thing.’ ‘ Excuse me there, Mr. Serjeant,’ quoth Partridge, ‘ that’s a *Non Sequitur*.’ ‘ None of your outlandish Linguo,’ answered the Serjeant, leaping from his Seat; ‘ I will not sit still and hear the Cloth abused.’—‘ You mistake me, Friend,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I did not mean to abuse the Cloth; I only said your Conclusion was a *Non Sequitur* \*.’ ‘ You are another,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘ an you come to that. No more a *Sequitur* than yourself. You are a Pack of Rascals, and I’ll prove it; for I will

\* This Word, which the Serjeant unhappily mistook for an Affront, is a Term in Logic, and means that the Conclusion doth not follow from the Premises.

‘ fight

‘fight the best Man of you all for twenty Pound.’ This Challenge effectually silenced *Partridge*, whose Stomach for drubbing did not so soon return, after the hearty Meal which he had lately been treated with; but the Coachman, whose Bones were less sore, and whose Appetite for Fighting was somewhat sharper, did not so easily brook the Affront, of which he conceived some Part at least fell to his Share. He started therefore from his Seat, and advancing to the Serjeant, swore he looked on himself to be as good a Man as any in the Army, and offered to box for a Guinea. The military Man accepted the Combat, but refused the Wager; upon which both immediately stript and engaged, till the Driver of Horses was so well mauled by the Leader of Men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small Remainder of Breath in begging for Quarter.

The young Lady was now desirous to depart, and had given Orders for her Coach to be prepared; but all in vain; for the Coachman was disabled from performing his Office for that Evening. An antient Heathen would perhaps have imputed this Disability to the God of Drink, no less than to the God of War; for, in Reality, both the Combatants had sacrificed as well to the former Deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was *Partridge* in a much better Situation. As for my Landlord, Drinking was his Trade; and the Liquor had no more Effect on him, than it had on any other Vessel in his House.

The Mistress of the Inn being summoned to attend Mr. *Jones* and his Companion; at their Tea, gave a full Relation of the latter Part of the foregoing Scene; and at the same time expressed great Concern for the young Lady, ‘who,’ she said,



said, ' was under the utmost Uneasiness at being prevented from pursuing her Journey. She is a sweet pretty Creature,' added she, ' and I am certain I have seen her Face before. I fancy she is in Love, and running away from her Friends. Who knows but some young Gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a Heart as heavy as her own.'

*Jones* fetched a hearty Sigh at those Words; of which, tho' Mrs. *Waters* observed it, she took no Notice while the Landlady continued in the Room; but after the Departure of that good Woman, she could not forbear giving our Heroe certain Hints of her suspecting some very dangerous Rival in his Affections. The aukward Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* on this Occasion convinced her of the Truth, without his giving her a direct Answer to any of her Questions; but she was not nice enough in her Amours to be greatly concerned at the Discovery. The Beauty of *Jones* highly charmed her Eye; but, as she could not see his Heart, she gave herself no Concern about it. She could feast heartily at the Table of Love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same Repast. A Sentiment which, if it deals but little in Refinement, deals however much in Substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish than the Desires of those Females who can be contented enough to abstain from the Possession of their Lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

## C H A P. VII.

*Containing a fuller Account of Mrs. Waters, and by what Means she came into that distressful Situation from which she was rescued by Jones.*

**T**HOUGH Nature hath by no Means mixed up an equal Share either of Curiosity or Vanity in every human Composition, there is perhaps no Individual to whom she hath not allotted such a Proportion of both, as requires much Art and Pains too, to subdue and keep under. A Conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any Degree deserve the Characters of Wisdom or Good-Breeding.

As *Jones* therefore might very justly be called a well-bred Man, he had stifled all that Curiosity which the extraordinary Manner in which he had found *Mrs. Waters*, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few Hints to the Lady; but when he perceived her industriously avoiding any Explanation, he was contented to remain in Ignorance, the rather as he was not without Suspicion, that there were some Circumstances which must have raised her Blushes, had she related the whole Truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our Readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same Ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon Pains to inform ourselves of the real Fact, with the Relation of which we shall conclude this Book.

This Lady then had lived some Years with one Captain *Waters*, who was a Captain in the same Regiment to which Mr. *Northerton* belonged.

She

She past for that Gentleman's Wife, and went by his Name; and yet, as the Serjeant said, there were some Doubts concerning the Reality of their Marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. *Waters*. I am sorry to say it, had for some Time contracted an Intimacy with the above mentioned Ensign, which did no great Credit to her Reputation. That she had a remarkable Fondness for that young Fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal Lengths, is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that Women never grant every Favour to a Man but one, without granting him that one also.

The Division of the Regiment to which Captain *Waters* belonged, had two Days preceded the March of that Company to which Mr. *Northerton* was the Ensign; so that the former had reached *Worcester*, the very Day after the unfortunate Rencounter between *Jones* and *Northerton*, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. *Waters* and the Captain, that she would accompany him in his March as far as *Worcester*, where they were to take their Leave of each other, and she was thence to return to *Bath*, where she was to stay till the End of the Winter's Campaign against the Rebels.

With this Agreement Mr. *Northerton* was made acquainted. To say the Truth, the Lady had made him an Assignment at this very Place, and promised to stay at *Worcester* till his Division came thither; with what View, and for what Purpose must be left to the Reader's Divination: For though we are obliged to relate Facts, we

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are not obliged to do a Violence to our Nature by any Comments to the Disadvantage of the loveliest Part of the Creation.

*Northerton* no sooner obtained a Release from his Captivity, as we have seen, than he hastened away to overtake *Mrs. Waters*; which, as he was, a very active nimble Fellow, he did at the last mentioned City, some few Hours after Captain *Waters* had left her: At his first Arrival he made no Scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate Accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: For he totally extracted every Particle of what could be called Fault, at least in a Court of Honour, though he left some Circumstances which might be questionable in a Court of Law.

Women, to their Glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested Passion of Love, which seeks only the Good of its Object, than Men. *Mrs. Waters*, therefore, was no sooner apprized of the Danger to which her Lover was exposed, than she lost every Consideration besides that of his Safety; and this being a Matter equally agreeable to the Gentleman, it became the immediate Subject of Debate between them.

After much Consultation on this Matter, it was at length agreed, that the Ensign should go a-cross the Country to *Hierford*, whence he might find some Conveyance to one of the Sea-Ports in *Wales*, and thence might make his Escape abroad. In all which Expedition *Mrs. Waters* declared she would bear him Company; and for which she was able to furnish him with Money, a very material Article to Mr. *Northerton*, she having then in her Pocket three Bank Notes

to the Amount of 90*l.* besides some Cash, and a Diamond Ring of pretty considerable Value on her Finger. All which she, with the utmost Confidence, revealed to this wicked Man, little suspecting she should by these Means inspire him with a Design of robbing her. Now as they must, by taking Horses from *Worcester*, have furnished any Pursuers with the Means of hereafter discovering their Rout, the Ensign proposed, and the Lady presently agreed to make their first Stage on Foot; for which Purpose the Hardness of the Frost was very seasonable.

The main Part of the Lady's Baggage was already at *Bath*, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small Quantity of Linnen, which the Gallant undertook to carry in his own Pockets. All Things, therefore, being settled in the Evening, they arose early the next Morning, and at Five o'Clock departed from *Worcester*, it being then above two Hours before Day. But the Moon which was then at the full, gave them all the Light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. *Waters* was not of that delicate Race of Women who are obliged to the Invention of Vehicles for the Capacity of removing themselves from one Place to another, and with whom consequently a Coach is reckoned among the Necessaries of Life. Her Limbs were indeed full of Strength and Agility, and as her Mind was no less animated with Spirit, she was perfectly able to keep Pace with her nimble Lover.

Having travelled on for some Miles in a High Road, which *Northerton* said he was informed led to *Hereford*, they came at the Break of Day to the Side of a large Wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a Moment with himself,



himself, expressed some Apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a Way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair Companion to strike with him into a Path which seemed to lead directly through the Wood, and which at length brought them both to the Bottom of *Mazard-Hill*.

Whether the execrable Scheme which he now attempted to execute, was the Effect of previous Deliberation, or whether it now first came into his Head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely Place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any Interruption; he suddenly slipped his Garter from his Leg, and laying violent Hands on the poor Woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable Fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential Appearance of *Jones* did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. *Waters*, that she was not of the weakest Order of Females; for no sooner did she perceive by his tying a Knot in his Garter, and by his Declarations, what his hellish Intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her Defence, and so strongly struggled with her Enemy, screaming all the while for Assistance, that she delayed the Execution of the Villain's Purpose several Minutes, by which Means Mr. *Jones* came to her Relief, at that very Instant when her Strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the Russian's Hands, with no other Loss than that of her Cloaths, which were torn from her Back, and of the Diamond Ring, which during the Contention either dropped from her Finger, or was wrenched from it by *Northerton*.

Thus, Reader, we have given thee the Fruits of a very painful Enquiry, which for thy Satisfaction we have made into this Matter. And here we have opened to thee a Scene of Folly, as well as Villainy, which we could scarce have believed a human Creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this Fellow was at that Time firmly persuaded, that he had already committed a Murther, and had forfeited his Life to the Law. As he concluded therefore that his only Safety lay in Flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor Woman's Money and Ring, would make him Amends for the additional Burthen he was to lay on his Conscience.

And here, Reader, we must strictly caution thee, that thou dost not take any Occasion from the Misbehaviour of such a Wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a Body of Men, as are the Officers of our Army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider, that this Fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the Birth nor Education of a Gentleman, nor was a proper Person to be enrolled among the Number of such. If therefore his Baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his Commission.

*The End of the Second Volume.*

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